





# POETRY.

**Lines.**  
TO A BROTHER ON LEAVING FOR MINNESOTA.

Farewell, brother, thou art leaving  
Friends and kin, far off to roam,  
Anxious hearts for thee are pleading,  
In thy lovely, humble home.  
When a lone and friendless stranger,  
May no grief thy bosom swell,  
Heaven shield thee from all danger—  
Farewell, brother, fare thee well!

Many reasons I've presented  
Why thou shouldst remain at home,  
But thou, alas! art discontented,  
And determined art to roam.  
Should disease or ill assail thee,  
While "none" strangers thou shalt dwell,  
Turn to friends who ne'er will fail thee—  
Farewell, brother, fare thee well!

Remember those who can't forget thee,  
While an exile thou shalt roam;  
Pray that might may ever let thee  
Lose thy love of friends and home.  
Brother dear, while thou art reading  
Words my line refused to tell,  
Know for thee my heart is pleading—  
Farewell, brother, fare thee well!

From every ill may God protect thee,  
Where'er thou shalt roam;  
In thy wandering path direct thee,  
And restore thee to thy home.  
Brother dear, we now are parting,  
When to meet no one can tell;  
Tears within our eyes are starting—  
Farewell, brother, fare thee well!

AUNT NANCY.  
Will our fair correspondent accept our grateful acknowledgments.—[En.]

For the Boston Cultivator.

**Village Sketches...No. 2.**  
LILLIE SINCLAIR.

"I have something to tell you, Evelyn," cried charming Lillie Sinclair, as she entered my room one merry May morning, "and I hope you will be pleased with the intelligence, but I think not so much as I am."

"But I cannot tell that I shall be pleased, if you don't relieve my suspense by informing me what this wonderful intelligence is," answered I, as Lillie took a seat by my side, and raised her lovely face to mine.

"Well, Evelyn, if you will listen, I'll tell you. Yesterday morning, I received a letter from cousin Emma, desiring Frank and myself to join her and Alfred at the Dell, whence we are all to depart for the Springs. We shall go from here to-morrow morning. Frank is delighted with the plan, and so am I; and I know you are, Evelyn, as you ever are, with anything that will contribute to my happiness."

"Yes, Lillie, if it will make you happy, I am pleased with it; but I shall miss your society much. It will be very lonely to sit by the window, with no dear Lillie to converse with, and no Frank to say odd things and make us laugh, will it not, Lillie?"

"That is as you fancy, I suppose," she answered, laughing, "but I am in haste, for we are to depart so soon, I am not yet in readiness. I hope to have another chat with you before I leave—adieu, dear Eva, for the present," and with a light step and happy countenance, she left the room.

The following morning, Frank Sinclair and his young wife left our quiet village, to join Alfred and Emma Liston, on their way to the Springs. Lillie's heartfelt "Heaven bless you, dear Evelyn," was as warmly returned, and I entered my home, feeling lonely, indeed.

Lillie Ardon had been my playmate from childhood. Beautiful, gentle, and possessing a heart overflowing with warm affections, she gained the love of all, were they high or low. Though early left a friendless and penniless orphan, she was kindly cared for by the sister of her mother, and beneath her roof she grew to be the belle of our village. A merry smile was ever seen upon her ruby lip, and her eyes were brightest, and her brow the fairest of all the village maidens, while her ringing laugh and merry smile, brought joy to every heart.

A happy day was that with her kind protectors, which saw their darling Lillie the bride of the noble Frank Sinclair,—her young heart's first and only choice. Never was she more lovely, or he more nobly beautiful, than when they stood at the altar, and were linked together by the holy ties of marriage. But three short weeks had flown past on the wing of time, when our fair Lillie left us with her young husband for the Springs.

Alfred and Emma Liston were the cousins of Lillie. In the busy and stirring city they had spent their lives, but a frequent correspondence had been kept up between them and their sweet cousin until they knew, and fully appreciated her virtues and high character. A merry party was that which started for that fashionable resort, the Springs; for the sunny gaiety of Lillie, and the brilliant wit of Emma, made even the darkest cloud appear like sunshine.

Days passed, yet no message came from Lillie. I feared that some evil had befallen her, as I knew that her mind was too pure to be so contaminated by the glitter of fashion as to forget her village friends. O how we missed her joyous laugh and winning tones; but we little thought we should never, never hear them again.

It was a balmy June morning, that I sat by my window, musing upon the possibility of receiving tidings of Lillie that day, when I heard a slow step approaching, and looking up, I saw Alfred Liston standing by my side, but how changed! the fire had fled from his dark eye, and in its place was a mournful expression, which, to my anxious gaze, seemed a forerunner of evil tidings. His face was deathly pale, and the compressed lips, showed that the agony within was fearful.

"Where is Lillie?" I exclaimed, unable to control my agony longer.

"Dead!" he answered, in a voice of agony that thrilled to my very soul.

A dizziness seemed to overwhelm my senses, and I sank insensible upon the floor. For hours I was unconscious of what passed around me, but when reason again returned, it brought the fearful reality—Lillie was in the unseen world! Bitterly I wept, that I should never see that fair face again, but it was useless, and I prepared myself to listen calmly to the particulars of her death, as related by the sorrowing Alfred Liston.

They had arrived at the Springs in due time, our charming Lillie having delighted all with her beauty and vivacity, and endeared herself to her cousins by her warm-hearted, confiding gentleness. At the Springs, the brilliant Emma, and her stranger cousin, were warmly welcomed by a large circle of society, and for the first few days, nothing had occurred to mar their enjoyment. One bright afternoon, they started with their horses for a ride, anticipating much pleasure from the excursion, in which many of their friends joined. As they were chatting gaily together, they scarce heeded the dark clouds that were heavily veiling the sky, until a loud peal of thunder, preceded by a flash of lightning, attracted their attention, and warned them to return; but ere they had ridden far, the rain fell in torrents, and darkness closed upon them, enlivened only by the gleaming lightning, and deep rolling thunder!

On they sped, at every flash looking to see if their companions had followed, until they were startled by a gleam, more brilliant than the preceding ones, and then a quick, wild scream, telling the fearful truth, that some one of their company had fallen a victim to the fiery element! In that fearful darkness, they knew it would be madness to attempt the finding of their friend, and still they flew on, swifter than before.

When they arrived at their destination, their first act was to ascertain if their company were safe. With surprise and horror, they found that Lillie Sinclair, the young and beautiful, was not with them! After the storm had passed, her lifeless body was found, cold in death's embrace forever! Nought could appease the agony of the frantic husband; he clasped to his heart his lifeless Lillie, declaring that he would enter the spirit-land with her whom he most loved on earth, and when they rose to separate him from the corpse, he too, was dead!

They were to be brought to our village for burial. Never was there a sadder company than those who stood by the dead forms of Frank Sinclair, and his once gay Lillie.—Emma was overwhelmed with grief, too deep for tears, as she gazed upon the face of her darling cousin, so soon to be laid in the grave! So sudden, and so unexpected had the fearful summons come, that our village was one scene of sorrow and wailing.

Often, when only the pale moon and holy stars are watching me, do I seek our churchyard, and at the flower-covered grave of my early friends, muse upon the vanity of life. A simple stone marks where they are dreamlessly slumbering, and over them sweet flow'rets are planted by those who loved them well in life, and have not forgotten them in death.

When I see a young maiden snatched unwarned away by the hand of death, in the bloom of youth and beauty, a strange feeling of sadness comes over me, and I think of Lillie Sinclair!

EVELYN ELLINGWOOD.

## Noblemen.

The noblest men I know on earth,  
Are those whose hands are brown with toil;  
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,  
Hew down the woods and till the soil;  
And win thereby a prouder fame  
Than following king or warrior's name.

The working men, whatever their task,  
To carve the stones or bear the hod—  
They wear upon their honest brow  
The royal stamp and seal of God!  
And brighter are their drops of sweat,  
Than diamonds in a coronet!

God bless the noble working men,  
Who rear the cities of the plain;  
Who dig the mines and build the ships,  
And drive the commerce of the main!  
God bless them! for their swarthy hands  
Have wrought the glory of all lands! S. S.

## YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### Success.

"Endeavors have a value more or less,  
Just as they're recommended by success."

We see this truth exemplified in every walk of life, in every age, and in every country. For instance, what should we have heard of Napoleon, if he had been unsuccessful in carrying out his ambitious schemes? History would at best have placed his name among the list of those who have been traitors to their kings and countries—of those who have attempted to build their own fame upon the downfall of others—of those to whom all succeeding generations might justly point the finger of scorn. But his success makes him quite a different person. History looks with favor upon his bloody career—the motives which actuated him, the means which he employed to obtain his ends—all those scenes in which he was chief actor, and from which the heart turns away, sickened and disgusted, are lost sight of in the brilliancy and splendor and success which attended him.

Look at our own Washington. Where would be the epithets of "Father of his Country," "The Immortal Washington," &c., if he had not been successful in his great undertaking? Would his name have been passed down to posterity, as one of which all Americans may be proud, under other circumstances? But let us look under the surface of this matter. To what was the success of these men owing? Was it because, to use a popular phrase, "fortune favored them with her smiles?" Do we not, on the contrary, find the secret of Napoleon's success in the possession of a strong, indomitable will? A will which the frowns of fate could not break—a will fully determined to overcome all but immovable obstacles! Was not the success of Washington owing to his firm, unshaken faith in the justness of the cause for which he was ready to sacrifice every comfort—even life itself? This it was that enabled him to maintain a mild and hopeful demeanor, amid the despondency and despair of those around him. It was this principle, carried out into action, which ensured his success.

When a person becomes celebrated, when he has obtained the object for the possession of which he has devoted all his energies, we often hear many of his sayings repeated; in which a determination to obtain the object was expressed, as if those sayings were prophetic; whereas, the fact is, that the spirit which prompted those sayings, also suggested the means by which the end could be obtained. We conclude, then, that, in whatever vocation we engage, if we commence our work with a fixed determination to succeed, success will surely crown our efforts.

SABELLA.

[For the Christian Mirror.]

## THE LAND OF REST.

There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary are at rest.

There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor.

The small and the great are there; and the Servant is free from his Master. Job. 3: 17, 18, 19.

Where is that land?—Is it far away  
In the golden West, where the sun-set ray  
Pours on it ever its soft, sweet light—  
The joy of day with the calm of night?  
Does the evening Star, that loves to play  
On the ling'ring hour 'twixt night and day,  
And the Crescent, hang with a changeless smile  
Ever and aye on that unknown isle?

Has the forest-bird a sweeter song,  
Than the Persian Bul-bul's, clear and long?  
Do sweeter roses blossom there,  
Than attar-breathing Ghaze-poor's are?  
Whisper the winds in the sylvan bower,  
With Aeolian harp's mysterious power?  
I fain would know what the charm may be  
That there hath wrought so blessedly.

Vision of Beauty! Scene of peace!  
The wicked, there, from troubling cease;  
The weary heart hath sweet repose,  
The weary cheek puts on the rose;  
The prisoners group in joyous rest  
Where breezes pure fan every breast,—  
Where limb and thought are free as air;  
And the oppressor's voice is heard not there.

Vision of Beauty! Earth, oh where  
Is man so blessed, art thou so fair?  
The Roses blush, and the fountains play  
On the splendid shores of the Marmora;  
The myrtle blooms and the orange glows  
Where the sparkling Guadalupe flows;  
Tis Eden all, to the ear and eye,—  
But the wicked trouble, the weary sigh.

The mocking-bird sings clear and sweet;  
The Quail peeps out from the golden wheat;  
The Sun is bright and the scene is gay,  
Where our own Potomac winds its way;  
But many a prisoner vainly sighs  
For breezy fields and the blessed skies,  
Servant from Master is not free,  
Nor the oppressor's voice ceased there to be.

Nature, than thine, a voice more strong,  
The wicked, weary and captive throng,  
Summons from sin, from toil, from chains—  
'Tis the voice of Death in his dark domains.  
We pass his shades to the far-off shore,  
Where Eden's bliss is known once more;  
Her Rose and Sun-set to Earth were given,  
But her Heart of love is found in Heaven.

ELIZA.

## Poetical.

devoted zeal of a Christian. His was a character that concealed beneath the humble garb of an indigent foreigner, pleading favor at a gay and haughty court, a soul of mighty capacity, and a soaring hope which, though day after day disappointed, year after year delayed, still struggled for the realization of its idol scheme, and still continued so confident of success, that it scorned the idea of compromising, that it might more speedily accomplish its end.

If we look at him when a boy at Genoa—enjoying no extensive advantages for education, such as the children of the poorest parents in this, the glorious land of the free and happy, enjoy—if we behold him at that age, under the care of his uncle, for the first time tossed on the waves of that ocean which through his instrumentality was to bear the blessing and the curse of civilization to a countless people—if we trace him in the private walks of social life, in the various changes of society, looking at his opening manhood, and at his transactions with his fellow-men, when he moved among them, as one bearing the same burdens, and swayed by the same impulses;—in all these different phases and vicissitudes, we can but behold his peculiar genius. It is exhibited in his restlessness, in his impatience of restraint, and his unheard of tenacity to his own opinion, not less than in his cheerful disposition, his urbanity of manners, and his childish simplicity.

But when we behold him the man of years, of mature judgment, sailing forth among men, to be laughed at by the rabble, as one whose head was turned, and to be met by those who should be wiser and more charit-

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

Much has been written about woman's love, but we doubt if that "glory of a woman" was ever so forcibly expressed in a few words as in the following stanzas, which we take from an English paper:—

Come from your long, long roving,  
On the sea so wild and rough,  
Come to me tender and loving,  
And I shall be blest enough.

Of men though you be unforgiven,  
Though priest be unable to shrive,  
I'll pray till I weary all heaven,  
If only you come back alive.

Where your sails have been unfurling,  
What winds have blown on your brow,  
I know not, and ask not my darling,  
So that you come to me now.

Sorrowful, sinful and lonely,  
Poor and despised though you be,  
All are nothing, if only  
You turn from the tempter to me.

## CALIFORNIA POETRY.

The following is from the Marysville (Cal.) Herald, and warns one to read its impassioned eloquence:—

### A TRUE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

A WANDERER from my distant home,  
From those who blest me with their love,  
With boundless plains beneath my feet,  
And foreign skies my head above;  
I look around me sternly here,  
And smother feelings strong and deep,  
While o'er my brow, are gath'ring dark,  
The thoughts that from my spirit leap.

I think of her whose bosom sweet  
Has pillowed oft my aching head,  
Whose eye would brighten at my voice,  
Whose ear was quick to know my tread;  
I think of her, the fondly loved,  
Whose heart and soul have mixed with mine,  
Till life had nothing more to give,  
Yet asked of Heaven no boon divine;

Of her whose fift fate I held,  
As Heaven doth hold a trembling star;  
Whose smiles were mine, whose tears were mine,  
And hopes and joys to make or mar.  
I think of joys which saw us laugh,  
I think of hours which made us weep,  
Of dark estrangements unexplained,  
The causes wrapt in mystery deep.

I think how brightly beamed her glance,  
How heaved her form with rapture wild,  
When parted madly from her side,  
She sought and found me reconciled.  
Oh, lovely one, that pines for me!  
How well she soothed each maddening  
And from the ruins of my soul

### PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

A man who wishes to achieve real greatness, should never lean for support upon others, nor depend on anything outside of himself. His final success will be just exactly that which his mental, moral, and spiritual development can command, and nothing more. It is true that stupid people, by factitious circumstances, often achieve a superficial eminence, which the unthinking suppose to be real greatness. For instance, that royal idiot, the Duke of Cambridge, has been appointed commander-in-chief of the British army; but what sensible man would not rather have the self-earned fame of his slighted rival, the gallant Sir De Laey Evans, whose deeds will blaze upon the historic page forever? Who can tell over the catalogue of the monarchs of England and France? and who can ever live in the civilized world without knowing Napoleon, and Pitt, and Cromwell, and Washington? Fictitious greatness may be conferred by others; real greatness can only be achieved by oneself.

### WHY ARE THEY NOT PUNISHED?

Nearly every morning the daily papers contain accounts of what they term "stabbing affrays," in which more or less people's lives are let out through ghastly wounds. But we never read that any of the stabbers are punished: they are "bailed" by some unknown person, and that is generally the last of them—until they stab other victims, and then the same farce is played over again.

Bright dreams attend thee, gentle one,  
The brightest and the best;  
For sorrows scarce can fall upon  
A maid so purely blest.

CRIS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Foretelling Events.

Mr. Editor:—It is recorded in history, that when Bonaparte decided on divorcing his wife Josephine, he gave, as a reason, that he had been raised up to do a work which would require a period of thirty years to accomplish, calculating therefore, on such an extension of life. It is added, the period here assigned by the Emperor as the bounds of his wishes and expectations with regard to life, was the exact term of years which one of Oliver Cromwell's subjects and admirers pitched upon for the life of the Protector, then lying on his death-bed! A noted independent Preacher, when Cromwell was sick, and of which sickness he died, declared that God had revealed to him, that he should recover and live thirty years longer, for that God had raised him up for a work which could not be done in less time. But Oliver's death being published two days after, the said Divine, publicly in prayer expostulated with God for the defect of his prophecy in these words, "Lord, thou hast lied unto us; yea, thou hast lied unto us." It is a fact, that Napoleon dated the decline of his fortune from the period of his marriage to Maria Louisa, but I chuse to date it from the time of his divorce from Josephine. P.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### The first evening in Paradise.

Night was too beautiful! I arose and ooked from the casement; the full orb'd noon looked down upon me, and gentle whispers seemed to speak thus to my meditative fancy.

"When I was created and hung in the firmament, no mortal eye met my admiring view, but silently and majestically I journeyed through the Heavens—performing my nightly vigils—bathing the new formed planet in silvery light, pouring forth the full radiance of my glorious beams, as profusely as though I were created to shine unseen—when lo! two bright orbs directed upward upon my glowing face—produced—not a blush, but a softer, gentler light, from my aow ambitious rays. In vain I attempted to rivet these sparkling eyes upon my startled visage; they turned from me and rested upon a rival, methought with a fonder and more admiring gaze. I listened, and heard low, musical tones, and a sweet voice warbled these words:—

"Oh, Adam, this is not less beautiful, though less dazzling than the other. Methinks that should be called King of Day, this Queen of Night. How beautiful appears hill and dale, tree and shrub, river and sparkling fountain, and the green velvet carpet beneath our feet, as they repose in sleeping innocence, immersed in the glorious effulgence of these liquid, dazzling rays. Oh, Adam was this beauteous, lovely Paradise made for us, for our enjoyment? And what are we, and why are we here, and who is this great and good Being who placed us here?"

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Flowers.

(I love the young and bright-eyed flowers  
That round me sweetly bloom;  
I love them when they first appear  
From out their wintry tomb.

We see them, when the forest trees  
Put on their green array,  
And sweetly on the air is borne  
The songsters happy lay.

How rich they spread their many hues  
To an admiring gaze,  
And fling away their sweet perfume  
In warm, bright Summer's haze.

They are not proud—no where is pride  
Among the lovely flowers;  
They meekly, gratefully receive  
The sunshine and the showers.

Would, like the flowers that I might be,  
So pure and fair as they;  
As tranquil and as pleasant rest,  
Beside life's rugged way.

In sunshine, be as grateful, bow  
As meek when storm-clouds lower,  
And when Fate summons me from earth,  
Die, like a gentle flower! MATTY.

## FEMALE BEAUTY.

A cultivated mind and good heart will give an intelligent and even beautiful expression to the face. The features may be irregular, and the complexion bad, but if the heart is gentle, and the mind well-stored, the woman will be handsome. We have known women, who at first sight were positively homely, yet who became very handsome, even fascinating, upon further acquaintance.

Chloe Ray



THE midnight winds are wailing by,  
Dark clouds float swiftly through the sky,  
And to my ear how drearily  
Comes up the moaning of the sea.

The sea—whose shore I tread alone—  
The sea—o'er which my hopes have flown—  
The sea—by many a loved one crossed—  
That parts the living and the lost!

O! land beyond the moaning sea,  
What hides thy sunlight hills from me?  
When shall I reach thy tranquil shore,  
And tremble to think of the sea no more!

## THE BETRAYED.

BY MARY VINLEY.

"Thou hast loved and thou hast suffered,  
Thou hast been forsaken long."  
"She sleeps, as sleeps the blossom  
Amid the silent air."

THE soft spring zephyrs, laden with the perfume of bursting buds and half-blown flowers, is wafted through the open casement to the bedside of Effie Emory; and the pure sunlight steals through the parted curtains, while one bright beam lingers in unbroken beauty on the pale, pale sad brow of the sleeper, with her thin hands folded on her bosom, and the long silken eye-lashes drooping on her faded cheek. She sleeps! and dreams of health are haunting her slumbers. Again she is wandering through the leafy forest, leaning on the strong arm of her betrothed husband. Now they are resting on a mossy seat, under a grand old elm tree, while bright winged birds are flitting through its waving branches, singing their joyous songs. But she scarcely sees or hears them. She only gazes on that brow of massive intellect, and into those dark, flashing eyes. She hears only his rich thrilling love tones, as he breathes to her in passionate fondness, vows of eternal love and never-dying affection, that awakens in her heart all the deepest, purest impulses of her gifted nature, and made that leafy forest dell an Eden home of trusting joy. Resting her head, with its wealth of long glossy curls, on his bosom, while he fondly clasps her hands in his, she gazed upward through the green leaves to the glad, free heaven, and wonders, in her young and guileless heart, if there was ever a being in the wide world so truly blest and so happy in the love of another, as she is in his; if clouds of sorrow ever could darken the beautiful, beautiful future? No; in her light heart softly whispers, "Life will be to me one pure, dear gushing stream of undimmed happiness, and I thank God for it." Then, as the sun slowly sinks behind the mountain, leaving the flowery dell half in sunshine, half in shade, he tenderly places his arm around her frail form, and they wander slowly home in that golden sunset hour, while he, in tones of music, and in lofty, brilliant words, points out to her the glorious beauties of that sunset scene, until large tears gather in her blue eyes, and flow down her flushed cheek, and her heart thrills strangely, even in slumber, as he presses the good night kiss on her trembling lips as they part at the cottage gate.

Sleep on, beautiful one! in that bright dream thou hast forgotten the crushing misery that has worn thy young life away, of the dark hour of temptation, of the bitter agony of thy poor, sorrowing, sin-stained heart, of the sad, fearful parting when he gathered her fondly to his bosom, and promised, in one short month, to return and make you his bride. Yes, thou hast forgotten, in that sweet dream, the long month of wild, restless, watching for a loved step that came not, for the music of a voice whose slightest tone had power to thrill thy heart with a nameless joy. But never again will thy yearning heart listen to his impassioned words of burning eloquence; for earth's sorrows are fast closing on thy crushed heart, gentle sleeper. Thou hast forgotten the long, weary hours thou hast passed in the old vine-wreathed portico, dressed in thy bridal robes of flowing white, with sweet orange flowers twined in your long silken tresses, watching, waiting his coming. How oft, while sitting there, when the bright moonlight fell in soft richness on the gorgeous autumn beauties, and the pale stars looked lovingly on thy sad young face, and spirit hands seemed beckoning thee heavenward, and soft angel-voices seemed floating around thee, trying to soothe thy troubled spirit; have you widely yet trustingly thought of him who had so cruelly made thy heart a home of broken hopes and blasted anticipations, without one gleam of happiness, with naught but a plaintive wail forever gushing from thy aching heart, in low, mournful moans of agony, instead of the gay, joyous songs that burst in musical glee from thy pure heart in girlhood's sunny hours, before dark shadows, with their crushing weight, fell on thy radiant pathway of life, thought how oft he had told you, in an almost fearful voice, how dearly the day would pass without thy presence, and how eagerly he would hasten to thy side in one short month; how his love for her was so pure, so high, so heaven-wrought, so far above the cold, selfish love of the mass.

And, oh! you believed him! Poor, darling,

gifted Effie! you little dreamt what a bitter future life had for thee. And when months passed, and he came not, you grew strangely wild, and frantically prayed for death, for the cold grave to hide you from the world's scorn. At last reason forsook her throne, and you became a raving maniac; and when you awoke from that fearful dream, a frail babe nestled close to your girlish bosom; and, as you gazed with a sad, tender joy on its sweet, young face, a pure hope stole softly into your wearied heart, you would live for your babe, his babe, and perhaps he would yet return and claim you all his own at the marriage altar.

Months passed, and your little Alla grew wondrously beautiful, and you became almost happy in gazing on her fair brow—for she had the same massive forehead, the same dark, brilliant eyes, the same glossy hair curling over the white temples, like that of her worshipped father. But when one short year had passed, she drooped and died on your bosom, like some bright, frail autumnal flower. Then they took her from your frenzied grasp, and laid her tiny form in the coffin, and placed her beneath the soft green turf, amid the cold, pale sleepers of the quiet churchyard.

Sweet little Alla! thou hast found a glorious home in the land of the sinless, and thy lone mother is fast hastening to that bright home, to that pure and merciful being, who has tenderly said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." See, she smiles, and softly whispers, "Edgar, dear Edgar," and then a pale, careworn woman enters the room, and bends fondly over her. She starts at the sound of footsteps, and the white eyelids slowly open and unveil those soul-full eyes, radiant in their joyous beauty, while a smile of hope and love lightens up her whole countenance. But tis only for a moment, and then all those bright, trusting, hopeful feelings of former happiness are crushed back in cold Alpine torrents in her trembling heartstrings, and her slight form shrinks at the fearful reality. Then the tears gushed from her eyes as she feebly raised her arms to twine them around her sister's neck, and drew her hand close to her feebly throbbing heart, murmuring in a voice soft and low as a broken music tone,

"It is only a dream, Mary, darling; but such a dear, soul-feasting dream. Edgar has been true to me, I know; he must have died very suddenly, and we have never heard of his death. Oh! I have been dreaming of his fond, beautiful love words, and they have made me so happy again. I feel much weaker to-night, sister," and her arms drooped wearily to her side. She raised her dark, mournful eyes to heaven, and her pale lips moved in fervent supplication to "Our Father," and then said,—"Sister, forgive me for the great wrong I have inflicted upon our family, as God has forgiven me. Remember I was but a poor, frail, petted child of fifteen when I first met Edgar Hayton. And I loved him, oh, heaven! how I have loved him! more than myself, more than my Maker! But don't weep so, darling sister. How short and quick my breath comes. Mary, sing to me that dear song he loved so well; please take my hand in yours while you sing, they are very cold. I shall rest soon."

Her sister clasped Effie's thin, cold hands within her own, and brushing the tears from her eyes, she sung:

### SWEET ARE MY DREAMS OF THEE.

"Sweet are my dreams when far away,  
O! sweet are my dreams of thee;  
In midnight's hour, or hours of gloom,  
How sweet are my dreams of thee.  
I dreamed that we were forced to part,  
And sad were my dreams of thee;  
I wandered forth with a bleeding heart,  
And sad were my dreams of thee."

But once again thou wert by my side,  
And sweetly smiled on me,  
I thought thou wert pledged to be my bride,  
And sweet were my dreams of thee.  
And oh! my dreams were not in vain,  
For true thou hast proved to be;  
I hail thee now, as my own loved bride,  
And sweet are my dreams of thee."

And her voice was one gush of melody, sweetly, richly through the humble apartment, and, and awaking all the treasured memories past, in Effie's sad, trusting heart.

### Chapter II.

COME with me, gentle reader, away, far from that cottage home, to the busy, bustling city of C. Is not this a princely mansion? There is a grand festival here to-night; lights are flashing, thrilling music is stealing from the open casement, and light, graceful figures are flitting through the mazy dance, and the young hearts are keeping time to the wild strains of bursting melody. Do you see that intellectual looking man standing apart from the crowd, with deep lines of care on his lofty brow, and a strange, restless look in his dark, piercing eyes, as he watches his young wife as she gazes on her queenly form, for she is the daughter of the wealthy and aristocratic families of the city, the happy bride of Edgar Hayton.

How magnificently she looks to-night, how and wailing.

that deep crimson satin, with jewels flashing in her dark, luxuriant hair, and her snowy arms clasped with pearls. Now she is surrounded by the wealth-worshipping, heartless aristocrats of the city, when, by the request of a foreign lord, she sings and plays—"Tis but an hour since first we met." See, Edgar turns shuddering from the throng, and leans out of the window, for, in imagination, Effie's soft, silvery voice seems floating around him again, and her blue eyes gaze prayerfully into his, tearfully pleading for his love. How memory brings her slight, frail form so plainly before him, with that pure, angelic brow, whose innocence and genius was so brightly stamped with God's own light. Now the tears gather in his dark eyes while he listens to that song, for the last time he heard it was amid nature's thrilling beauties, where the bright green earth and glorious heavens seemed to sing a song of love together, while Effie was reclining her fair head upon his bosom, and as note after note gushed forth from her full happy heart, myriads of birds seemed to echo her voice through the broad and sweeping forest, in sweet, wild strains of melody. And she sang it for him alone, not to display her deep, rich voice to a brilliant advantage in the crowded saloon of fashion. Then, as a tide of old clinging memories swept over his soul, he sadly whispers,

"O, dear, injured Effie! my frail, gifted darling! how cruelly I have wronged thee! but it is nought but mocking agony to think of it now. 'Tis past, yet, Effie, my loved spirit bride, how you did love me, with that pure, girlish affection. Demon! accursed demon that I was, thus to abuse thy perfect confidence in me! O, God! is there a rest for a heart so sin-stained as mine? And yet how happy I might have been with thee, Effie, dearest, in some far-off cottage home. But, for this wealth, I have sold my happiness, and made life a sad and weary load to one of earth's purest creatures." Then, as his young wife came tripping towards him, her handsome face radiant with smiles, he impatiently exclaims, in a low suppressed tone, "O, how mightily I am getting the blues. Live in a cottage on a crust of bread; but I do not believe in that," and he swept the dark hair from his brow, and the burning tears from his eyes, as his wife came gaily up to him, and laid her white, jewelled hand lightly on his arm, saying, in a laughing tone,

"Well, Edgar, what in the name of fate are you so perfectly entranced in thinking about? A truce to your thoughts, and come and join me in the next grand polka."

Thanking her in a smiling, courteous manner, he drew her arm within his, and in a few moments he seemed the gayest of the gay. But was he happy? O, no!

"For her pale and shadowy beauty  
Still haunts his vision yet."

### Chapter III.

"The moon looks calmly down when man is dying,  
The earth still holds her sway;  
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keep sighing,  
Naught seems to pause or stay."

LET us look once more upon Effie. Again she sleeps, but 'tis the calm, sweet, dreamless sleep of death, and she is, ah! so beautiful now, with those white eyelids closed forever over her wavy blue eyes, with the thin hands folded meekly over the cold, pulseless heart. Kind friends have placed pale lilies and white rosebuds in the icy

would be the epitaphs of "Father of his Country," "The Immortal Washington," &c., if he had not been successful in his great undertaking? Would his name have been passed down to posterity, as one of which all Americans may be proud, under other circumstances? But let us look under the surface of this matter. To what was the success of these men owing? Was it because, to use a popular phrase, "fortune favored them with her smiles?" Do we not, on the contrary, find the secret of Napoleon's success in the possession of a strong, indomitable will? A will which the frowns of fate could not break—a will fully determined to overcome all but immovable obstacles! Was not the success of Washington owing to his firm, unshaken faith in the justice of the cause for which he was ready to sacrifice every comfort—even life itself?

This it was that enabled him to maintain a mild and hopeful demeanor, amid the despondency and despair of those around him. It was this principle, carried out into action, which ensured his success.

When a person becomes celebrated, when he has obtained the object for the possession of which he has devoted all his energies, we often hear many of his sayings repeated, in which a determination to obtain the object was expressed, as if those sayings were prophetic; whereas, the fact is, that the spirit which prompted those sayings, also suggested the means by which the end could be obtained. We conclude, then, that, in whatever vocation we engage, if we commence our work with a fixed determination to succeed, success will surely crown our efforts.

SABELLA.

## HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

We present herewith a portrait of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, elected governor of the State of Maine, Sept. 8th, 1856. It was drawn for us by Mr. Charles Barry, from a photograph by Burnham Brothers, of Bangor, Me., and may be regarded as a reliable likeness. Hannibal Hamlin was born in the town of Paris, in the county of Oxford, in the State of Maine, in 1810, and is in the full vigor and prime of life, being forty-six years of age. His father, Doct. Cyrus Hamlin, was the son of Capt. Eleazar Hamlin, of Massachusetts, who commanded a company of infantry in the Massachusetts line during the whole war of the Revolution. His mother was Anna Livermore, the daughter of Deacon Elijah Livermore, the proprietor and first settler of the town of Livermore, removing thence from the town of Waltham, in Massachusetts, in the year 1774. Hannibal Hamlin, in 1832, settled in the town of Hampden, about five miles from the city of Bangor, and commenced the practice of law. In a few years he was elected a Representative to the Legislature by the Democratic party, and was subsequently re-elected four times. He was twice elected speaker, and discharged the duties of that office with ability. In 1842 he was elected a Representative to Congress, and was subsequently re-elected. In 1847 he was elected to the United States Senate to fill a vacancy, and in 1850 he was elected for a full term, which expires March 4, 1857. As chairman of the important Committee on Commerce, he has discharged the responsible duties of his station acceptably. At the Republican convention held in Portland, Maine, July last, Mr. Hamlin received an unanimous nomination for governor of the State. He accepted the nomination, resigned his office as chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and in a speech, declined acting any further with the Democratic party, and avowed himself in favor of the Republican party. Prior to the election in Maine, upon the 8th of September, Mr. Hamlin thoroughly canvassed the State, passing through the seaboard region from Kittery to Calais, and speaking to large mass meetings in all the principal towns. He then went northward to the Valley of the Aroostook, then west across the whole northern part of the State to Fryeburg on the New Hampshire line. He thence came to Bangor through the central part of the State, addressing his fellow-citizens in all the principal towns upon the route. The result of the election was as follows: Hamlin, 69,471; Wells (the incumbent) 44,967; Patten, 6668.



HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF MAINE.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### For the Boston Cultivator. Character of Columbus.

Men often arise to posts of honor and distinction, and are proclaimed great by partisans and enthusiastic townsmen, who merit nothing for their intrinsic worth or talents, being mere common men, perhaps of the baser sort, but favored with wealth, with relations possessing influence, or, more than all, the favorites of fortune, they suddenly emerge from obscurity, wield the sceptre of power, and look down contemptuously on those— their superiors in all that truly elevates mankind—who are left to delve laboriously for daily bread, or wait with disappointed hearts the long delayed reward of merit. But though in the strife and bustle of the ever-recurring present, true greatness is unnoticed, true merit allowed no reward, posterity will not be ungrateful, and history shall so embalm the memory of the deservedly great man, that his reward will be no less than the praise of ages!

Don Christopher Columbus was a man who combined the envious, undying spirit of a votary to ambition, with the humble, devoted zeal of a Christian. His was a character that concealed beneath the humble garb of an indigent foreigner, pleading favor at a gay and haughty court, a soul of mighty capacity, and a soaring hope which, though day after day disappointed, year after year delayed, still struggled for the realization of its idol scheme, and still continued so confident of success, that it scorned the idea of compromising, that it might more speedily accomplish its end.

If we look at him when a boy at Genoa—enjoying no extensive advantages for education, such as the children of the poorest parents in this, the glorious land of the free and happy, enjoy—if we behold him at that age, under the care of his uncle, for the first time tossed on the waves of that ocean which through his instrumentality was to bear the blessing and the curse of civilization to a countless people—if we trace him in the private walks of social life, in the various changes of society, looking at his opening manhood, and at his transactions with his fellow-men, when he moved among them, as one bearing the same burdens, and swayed by the same impulses;—in all these different phases and vicissitudes, we can but behold his peculiar genius. It is exhibited in his restlessness, in his impatience of restraint, and his unheard of tenacity to his own opinion, not less than in his cheerful disposition, his urbanity of manners, and his childish simplicity.

But when we behold him the man of years, of mature judgment, sallying forth among men, to be laughed at by the rabble, as one whose head was turned, and to be met by those who should be wiser and more charit-

ble with a cold repulse, we cannot but admire the devotion of the man, and scarce refrain from wonder, that when all doubted, he should still so firmly believe. This is one convincing proof that he was no common man, for such decision, such faith, is not met with in common men. Years of disappointed hope, not unmixed with corroding care—years in which he bitterly lamented the untoward fate that blighted his hopes, and in which his heart oft grew sick within him at the uncertainty of success—because crowned heads with fickle minds now flattered, now provoked, now discouraged, and because even before one glimmer of success enlivened his soul, the gray hairs of age whitened—years of delay, if possible, worse than death itself passed, and still no change for the better. But his energies never flagged; though sobered, though deeply taught in human experience, still that early hope remained in all its truth and simplicity. When resolved, at last, to turn his back on the country of his adoption forever, and already far on his way, we behold him recalled by the tardy court; and as, with sorrowful steps, poorly clad, and alone, he wanders he scarce knows whither, a messenger, as though from the gates of Paradise, informs him of the happy change in his prospects, and with joy he returns. Now dawns the day—the glorious reward of his years of night!

Once on the ocean, and beyond the reach of all known navigators, with an impatient and fractious crew around him, that greatness and depth of character, uncommon at first, but rendered tenfold more so by the labors and cares of his peculiar course of life, began to be developed, to the astonishment of those around, if not to his own surprise; for we seldom know ourselves, until the force of circumstances reveals our frailties and our virtues.

And when the new world greets his eyes, arrayed in all its tropical verdure, abounding in nutritious fruits and crystal streams, inhabited by countless hosts of peaceful inhabitants, and his dearest hope and most visionary scheme is accomplished, proving him to be one among millions—a man more persevering, more far-sighted in his calling, than could be produced in the nations of the world combined—guaranteeing to him a place in the roll of fame, which should forever rank him among the foremost—we behold no pride, no assumption of honor to himself, but, kneeling on the green bank, where first he and his followers set foot, he humbly returns thanks to the Almighty God, and then, as a second step, claims all the discovery for his patrons, the King and Queen of Spain! Returning home, to be idolized by the nation, eulogized by the world, to have every wish gratified, every mandate obeyed, we discover no disposition to arrogate honor or

power; he simply desires to hold to the terms of that agreement, made when all was dark, and when the world laughed him to scorn; neither does he ask high-sounding titles, so common in those days of chivalry; on the contrary, he is content with a trifling distinction—the cognomen of Admiral—and goes down to his grave at last, after continuing to endure untold hardships, calmly and resignedly, in full hope of a happier existence beyond the grave.

He was clearly a man such as appears only at long intervals upon the earth, and one who leads mankind to conquests which he himself rarely enjoys. His was a character not faultless, but noble, sublime ever. As the mighty continent he discovered embraced every variety of soil, climate, scenery and production—exhibited the most glorious studies of nature, and the sublimest visions of the beautiful—so he was pure, lofty, and uncontaminated by surrounding influences!

J. A. H.

### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

#### Astronomical Clock.

We understand that a curious astronomical clock is at present being constructed in the vicinity of Liverpool, by E. Henderson, from a series of very intricate calculus and complicated projections, which has engrossed a large share of his time and attention since 1844. This is calculated so finely, that in many of the motions by the wheel-work it will not err one minute in 1,000 years.—These calculations, we understand, have received the unqualified approbation of the leading scientific men and astronomers of the day, both in Britain and foreign countries, where the calculator is known. The clock will show the minutes and hours of the day; the sun's place in the ecliptic; the day of the month, perpetually, and take leap year into account; the moon's age, place and phases; the apparent diurnal revolution of the moon; the ebb and flow of the sea at any port in the world; the golden number, epoch, solar cycle, Roman indication, Sunday letter, and Julian period; the mean time of the rising and setting of the sun on every day of the year, with its terms and fixed and moveable feasts. The day of the week will also be indicated, and the year will be registered for 10,000 years past or to come. The quickest moving wheel will revolve in one minute, the slowest in 10,000 years from the date. The clock will go 100 years without requiring to be wound up, which is unequalled in horological science. The clock will contain about 170 wheels and pinions, and upward of 300 distinct pieces. [Liverpool Albion]



# POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.  
A Sketch.

A storm was on the lake;  
And fiercely came the winds with rushing sound.  
High rose the waves with crested heads, amid  
The thickening gloom, which, like a sable pall,  
Enveloped earth and sky. Tossed on the lake,  
Mid wind and spray, a struggling boat essayed  
To reach the shore, but wilder came the storm,  
And the rude waves leaped up as though they faint  
Would bury in their sullen depths the hapless crew.  
And there, upon the billows tossed, amid  
The tempest drear, the Saviour calmly slept!  
No shadow of fear was on his placid brow,  
But peacefully he lay, as though above,  
The summer sky had blue and cloudless beamed.  
With failing steps, and voices tremulous,  
His frail disciples came, and from his sleep  
Their master woke, and then upon the blast  
Was heard his gentle voice, bidding the winds  
And waves "be still!" Back from the sky the clouds  
Rolled heavily. Forth came the glorious sun,  
And 'mid all Nature's smiles, the waters sank  
To rest. With mild reproach the Saviour's eye  
Upon his trembling followers beamed. Sadly  
His lips enquired, "Where is your faith?"

Alas!  
'Tis easier to trust when all is bright  
And fair—when no dark clouds the sky of life  
Obscure—no storm of sorrow passes by!  
But oft, when wrapped in gloom our pathway lies—  
When on our hearts grief's withering touch is felt,  
How prone are we to fear and tremble, lest  
We sink to rise no more. But like the weak  
Disciples, we may flee to Christ and find  
In Him a help in every time of need.

E. C. LOOMIS.

## THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

Another year has passed away! Eighteen  
hundred and forty-nine is no more. Well do  
I remember the first morn of its existence.—  
The "I wish you a happy new year," which I  
then received at every hand still rings in my  
ear and seems but as yesterday! Those smiling  
faces and happy voices of youthful hilar-  
ity are still fresh on the tablet of my memory,  
and I can fancy I see them as I did then. But  
since that period one year has rolled by, "ne-  
ver to return!" And would it not be well, now  
at its close and in the morning of the new  
year, briefly to review the past—to note in  
what we have advanced and mark the changes  
in the fortunes of those around us? We shall  
find in so doing, that many have lost near and  
dear friends; that the old year was to many  
the last they were to spend in this life. Per-  
haps we have followed a father or a mother,  
a brother or a sister, or some other near and  
highly-valued friend to their dwelling-house  
of clay—the place appointed for all living—  
yet we are spared, and again witness the dawn  
of another year, under happy circumstances,  
and sanguine expectations. We shall notice,  
that here and there one and another have left  
the place they then occupied, and removed to  
another section of the world, and are now toil-  
ing perhaps for gold. Some have been pros-  
perous, and enjoyed richly of the things of  
this life, while others have labored and bat-  
tled with poverty, without even the necessar-  
ies of life! And while the nations of the  
earth have been rocked by convulsions and  
revolutions have succeeded revolutions, yet  
our blessed country remains in peace, and af-  
fords protection to many a poor exile who  
seeks hospitality upon our shores.

The past year has been a prosperous one—  
although for a time the angel of death hover-  
ed over us, and carried away many of our fel-  
low men, it has nevertheless, been fraught  
with many rich blessings. In it the husband-  
man has sowed his seed, and received in re-  
turn a rich harvest; the mechanic has labored  
and by the "sweat of his brow has eaten his  
bread in peace." The merchant has bought,  
sold, and got gain, and we are still a free,  
happy, and united people, enjoying richly of  
the "good things" of this life; still living  
within the sound of the "church-going-bell,"  
and under the influence of the sanctuary and  
its sacred privileges. And as the Old Year  
has departed, and at the dawn of another, let  
us endeavor to form new plans and resolutions  
of action, that at the end of it, we shall not  
regret its departure. Let us learn to live, not  
for ourselves, but for the good of mankind,  
and so to live, that should the present year  
be our last, we may end our days in peace  
and tranquility.

Amherst, N. H.

J. W. T.

# MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.  
Secret Societies.

Mr. Editor,—Your "new correspondent,"  
in referring to my communication on this sub-  
ject, of July 21, and my admission on this  
subject, says, "We are at a loss to conceive  
how the negative argument can be success-  
fully conducted." To this, I reply, when I made  
these admissions, I expected they would be  
strongly urged in their favor, and I believe,  
deliberately counted the cost of meeting  
them. And I do declare myself ready in due  
time, to proceed in the argument. There is,  
however, in the mean time, some underbrush  
to be removed out of the way, before proceed-  
ing to the main argument.

Your new correspondent says further, "if  
such be the opinion of the opposer of these  
societies, the Odd Fellows and Sons of Tem-  
perance may take courage, nerved by the con-  
sciousness, that even their opposer, avowed  
to them perfect purity of motive, and honesty  
of intention." I cannot believe for a moment,  
that any reader of the Cultivator will suppose  
that I meant by purity of motive, "sinless  
perfection," for this would settle the whole  
question at once. As far as my opinion is  
concerned, I promptly deny his right to infer  
my individual opinion about it. Whatever  
this opinion may be, I am bound to consider  
by my admissions, any "purity of motive" o  
honesty of intention, as not applying distinct-  
ly and positively, any further than to the first  
founder of these societies; as to their preten-  
sions since, this is entirely an open question.  
And this construction I have the more right to  
insist upon, from the fact, that I am entirely  
destitute of any personal acquaintance with  
the members of such societies, and hence my  
opinion of the usefulness of such secret so-  
cieties, is founded on general principles, ap-  
plicable to all combinations of individuals  
for any purpose whatever, except the family  
relation.

The candid reader will perceive at once,  
that it is my intention to treat this question  
just as if it was an entirely new project in  
forming some such new society, to be sup-  
ported or condemned on principles applic-  
able to all mankind. And now to the issue.

My objection, to these societies is founded  
on that plain declaration of sacred writ, "the  
heart is deceitful above all things, and des-  
perately wicked." Hence then, the projects  
of such societies are as much infested by the  
leprosy of inbred sin as others; the same de-  
ceitful propensities of the human heart, are  
as common to them as others, and no more  
so. In connection with this plain declaration  
of scripture, as to the existence of this wick-  
edness and deceitfulness of the human heart,  
we have also in the question appended to this  
declaration, "who can know it," as plainly im-  
plied as any thing can be, the utter insuffi-  
ciency of human sagacity to fathom the depths  
of human depravity.

I shall maintain that this trait of the human  
character remains the same (unless changed  
by the Holy Spirit) as it did in the days of  
Jeremiah, in the days of our Saviour and his  
apostles—"the dark ages," or the "nineteenth  
century." The diffusion of light and knowl-  
edge, has indeed modified its development,  
but its inherent character remains the same.  
From this statement, it will plainly appear  
that the arts of knavery and falsehood, must  
assume new disguises, to obtain any cur-  
rency among mankind. From these premises  
it will plainly appear, that no professions of  
faith, or adoption of certain fundamental  
principles, can insure to us the continued pur-  
ity and usefulness of those combinations,  
which adopt them. It is by these works  
alone they are to be judged, and to judge of  
their works we must be permitted to know  
them.

And finally, I shall maintain that it is the  
duty as well as the interest of every individ-  
ual, to expose this deceitfulness, and wicked-  
ness to the utmost of his power, to strip  
knavery and falsehood of all its disguises;  
and the best interests of mankind imperiously  
demand it.

Sept. 1849.

UNCLE ZACH.

# Capital Punishment.

Mr. Editor:—Marriage and Capital Pun-  
ishment seem, for some time past, to have  
come in for a pretty large share of space in  
your miscellaneous columns. Discussions on  
the former topic, if not absolutely closed, to  
the exclusion of more last words, are fast  
verging to an end. The latter, should no new  
turn in the mode of treatment be taken, I fear  
will prove interminable, unless vetoed by a  
stern editorial interposal. May I be allowed  
to suggest an alternative, which if it finds fa-  
vor and is adopted, will give hopeful promise,  
either of much valuable instruction upon a  
most important point of government and mor-  
als in future essays, or of hastening to a pe-  
riod an unsatisfactory and unprofitable waste  
of words, having no tendency to enlighten  
men's understandings, or to give relief to their  
consciences? Settle three questions; and this

may be done without running into any tedious  
debate or extended series of arguments, pro-  
ving nothing but the predilections of the writ-  
ter, what he likes or dislikes.

Question I. Is government, including all  
penalties for crime, an ordinance of God, or  
is it an institution of man's devising, and to  
be moulded into a form to suit his taste?

Upon this question, all your correspond-  
ents hitherto, I believe, are so far agreed, as  
to allow an appeal to the Supreme Ruler, as to  
what is right and fit in relation to this sub-  
ject. Then,

Question II. Have we any where to go but  
to the divine Oracle, to find how breaches of  
the moral law should be punished?

Question III. Do not the Scriptures, which  
contain this Oracle, authorize and require  
such revenge, not as man's but as God's, as  
consists in the execution of wrath upon him  
who doeth evil?

These questions may be amply discussed  
and fairly settled, by a very few brief quota-  
tions from the sacred writers, one in particu-  
lar in Paul to the Romans, if, as we ought, we  
carefully connect the xii and xiii chapters, or  
so much of them as is applicable to the duties  
of social life. If your correspondents will,  
hereafter, when they have matter to propound  
on this subject, govern themselves by the hint  
now offered in these remarks, I am confident  
that they and all their readers will be gainers  
by it; and the pages of the Cultivator be not  
less interesting and useful.

J. F.

# ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

The above is an ancient adage, based upon  
truth, although generally forgotten at the pres-  
ent age, until its veracity is tested and proved;  
and by its proof, overwhelming oft the once  
joyous heart, with grief and sorrow. How  
frequently is youth tempted to the pursuit of  
some brilliant phantom, or glittering prize,  
which, when gained, disappoints its eager  
possessor, by being nothing but a gilded toy,  
or shining bauble, or tinsel vanity. Sad is  
the spectacle of a young lady, decorated with  
all the rich finery of the fashionable world,  
possessing the charms of a pretty countenance  
and sparkling wit, yet betraying a heart as  
destitute of moral and religious feeling, as  
barren in sound principle as the Arabian desert,  
with a mind as void of cultivation as the  
Alpine summit! Lamentable proof, that not  
all is gold that glitters!

Oft, too, a young gentleman of prepossess-  
ing appearance and showy talents, urges his  
way even into select society, and gains their  
confidence; but, by and by, perchance at too  
late an hour, the thin plating of mind and  
heart is effaced, displaying to the public eye  
the deception and vice beneath, while the gold  
is wanting. Alas! how few examine suffi-  
ciently the shining dust, if perchance there  
may be valued treasures mingled with it. Sad  
the thought, yet no less a reality, that often  
Innocence is deceived by false pretensions and  
vain appearances, to number new associates,  
form ties of endearing friendship, and even  
enter an union that even death alone can dis-  
solve, to reap for its reward bitter disappoint-  
ment, and the keenest anguish, when once the  
delusive mask is laid aside! That gold only  
is pure, is valuable, which will abide the fire;  
well would it then be, if we were careful to  
improve the opportunities presented of discern-  
ing its virtues, that we might be enabled  
to distinguish between the solid treasure and  
that which only glitters.

ROSILLA FLORIANA.

For the Waverley Magazine.

# Nellie.

IN the days that now are past,  
When no cloud my sky o'ercast,  
Ere my heart had sorrow known—  
Ere my hopes were overblown—  
Loved I then a rustic belle—  
Pretty laughing blue-eyed Nell.

O! what happy days were ours,  
Culling life's most fragrant flowers—  
Straying by the rippling stream—  
Rapt in many a waking dream—  
Dreaming of that happy time,  
When sweet Nellie should be mine.

But my hopes were doomed to die;  
In my Nellie's grave they lie.  
Nevermore by rippling stream,  
Rapt in many a waking dream,  
With my Nellie shall I roam,  
For the angels called her home.

E. H. PEIRCE.

Original.

# PATCHWORK.

BY GEO. R. FOULTON.

THIS is a stormy time—Old Boreas is playing fan-  
tastic tricks, and the deuce is to pay with  
out-of-door movables of all kinds. God protect  
the poor in such a season; and may the spirit that  
keeps look out for "Jack" up aloft, descend to the  
hearts of the needy of the earth. The past winter  
has been one almost without precedent, in point  
of vigor and length; and a wail has gone up from  
thousands of the poverty stricken children of our  
race, in every corner of our broad land.

"God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb;"  
and perhaps the very trials the poor have been  
called upon to suffer, have an end which may come  
to a good, which we finite mortals cannot see.

"There is a divinity which shapes  
Our ends, rough hew them as we will."  
Anon the merry Spring will come, with its sweet  
buds, blossoms, fragrance, and balminess; the  
birds shall again carol brilliant notes from tree  
and spray; the rivers and their tributaries, the  
bubbling brooks of the hill side, shall thrill forth  
gentle music; the grass shall spring from the  
opening earth, and the breezes shall soften as they  
pass over beds of modest violets, and a wilderness  
of blushing roses.

Nay, the Spring is youth's ever-recurring em-  
blem, filled with charming things to be perfected  
by the matron Summer, with her host of nymphs.  
Blow, ye balmy winds! blow soft o'er a land un-  
blest by tropical perfumes, and southern climes;  
and bring to us a reminiscence of the lands ye  
have lately kissed in your glee! Apropos of kiss-  
es, listen how they kissed in the "Olden Time."

"Three foreign travellers in England have pleas-  
antly remarked upon an old custom which would  
now be considered "more honored in the breach  
than the observance." The custom alluded to is  
that of kissing. Chalcondyles, the Greek, who  
visited our respected ancestors between four and  
five centuries ago, was highly surprised, delighted,  
and edified with this novel mode. He says of it:  
"As for English females and children, their cus-  
toms are liberal in the extreme. For instance,  
when a visitor calls at a friend's house, his first  
act is to kiss his friend's wife: he is then duly in-  
stalled as a guest. Persons meeting in the street  
follow the same custom, and no one sees anything  
improper in the action." Nicander Nucius, another  
Greek traveller, of a century later, also adverts  
to this osculatory fashion. "The English," he  
says, "manifest much simplicity and lack of jeal-  
ousy in their customs as regards females; for not  
only do members of the same family and house-  
hold kiss them on the lips with complimentary  
salutations and enfolding of the arms about the  
waist; but even strangers, when introduced, fol-  
low the same mode; and it is one which does not  
appear to them in any degree unbecoming." The  
third commentator is Erasmus, and it is astonish-  
ing how lively the Dutchman becomes when ex-  
patriating on this ticklish subject. Writing from  
England to Andrelinus in 1499, he says, unctuous-  
ly: "They have a custom, too, which can never  
be sufficiently commended. On your arrival you  
are welcomed with kisses. If you return, the em-  
braces are repeated. Do you receive a visit, your  
first entertainment is of kisses. Do you guests de-  
part, you distribute kisses amongst them. Where-  
ever you meet them, they greet you with a kiss.  
In short, whichever way you turn, there is noth-  
ing but kissing. Ah, Faustus, if you had once  
tasted the tenderness, the fragrance of these kiss-  
es, you would wish to stay in England, not for a  
ten years' voyage, like Solon's, but as long as you  
lived!" I leave the bachelors to pronounce upon  
the merits of this custom—which must have had  
its disadvantages, too—a qualified remark, which  
I the more feel bound to make, as, were I to join  
in the ecstatic laudation of the grave Dutchman—  
why, to use Hood's words, "I have my fears about  
my ears; I'm not a single man."

And, as *germane* to the subject of kissing, we beg  
leave to present the following remarks on mar-  
riage, by one who talks as if experience had taught  
him these things.

"The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees  
were clogged with frozen snow upon the moun-  
tains, came down to the brooks of the valleys,  
hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the  
stream; but there the frost overtook them, and  
bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen  
took them in their stronger snare. It is the un-  
happy chance of many men, finding many incon-  
veniences upon the mountains of single life, they  
descend into the valley of marriage to refresh their  
trouble; and there they enter into fetters, and are  
bound to sorrow by the cords of their own or wo-

Original.

# Sonnet.—Evening.

LOWLY the shadows creep along the plain,  
The sun just peeps a farewell o'er the hill,  
The home-returning bee is singing his last strain,  
And the loud winds of Day are hushed and still!  
Vermillion dyes streak the fair western skies,  
And scarce a fleecy cloud in the calm ether flies.  
The kine come forth from green, umbrageous shades  
And seek the fountains in the lowland glades.  
The yeoman comes to sit without his door,  
In meek content, he's happy, though he's poor.  
The queen-like moon unveils her modest face,  
And trustfully sets forth on her continuous race.  
Quiet reigns over all. Day's flag is furled—  
And God's right arm is spread o'er all the world!

CLARA AUGUSTA.

Farmington, N. H.

# A Model Valentine.

The following "Valentine" was sent by a "miserable  
withered old Bach," to Miss Sophronia Adelaide Scrog-  
gins, of Scrogginsville.

"YOU are forgotten, the future's bright,  
The past is buried, my heart is light!  
The bird at even sings  
A sweeter song;  
The light of morning brings  
A happier throng  
Of recollections, of times past, long ago;  
But life is brighter, happier, now.

"You are forgotten, by fate 'tis decreed  
Our paths to different ends must lead!  
Mine to joys and happiness  
Forevermore!  
Yours to tears and wretchedness  
Till life is o'er;  
You are forgotten, I bid you good bye,  
Believe me, Miss Scroggins, I tell you no lie."

It will be some consolation to "the fair," to  
know that he "forgot" to eat his breakfast the  
next morning—but did not "forget" to die in the  
evening. This production was his last effort  
VAN SOMERBY.

# GLEANINGS FROM THE PRESS.

..... ANECDOTE OF A RUSSIAN LADY.—An  
amusing anecdote was told me by a French lady.  
One of her country women was engaged as dress-  
ing-maid to a lady of rank in Russia; one day,  
while combing out her mistress's long black hair,  
she hurt her head; the lady turned round and  
gave her a slap in the face. The Frenchwoman,  
who had hold of her hair, which she was on the  
point of tying, so that it was all gathered in her  
hand, grasped it tightly, and then inflicted a sound  
correction on the lady's ears with the hairbrush.  
Perhaps it may be thought that she was imme-  
diately punished by being taken to the police,  
or, at the least, summarily dismissed from the  
household. Far from it; the maid knew the char-  
acter of the Russians well, and also what she was  
about; she was perfectly aware that her mistress  
would not dare to expose her, on account of the  
disgrace to herself; for it would be an indelible  
one for a noble lady to have been beaten (in any  
place but Count Orloff's office), and especially by a  
maiden; she therefore not only took the whole  
quietly, but presented the French woman with  
thirty silver roubles and a new gown to buy her  
silence; she was ever after treated with much con-  
sideration, and at the time the anecdote was told  
to me she was still in the same situation.

..... A CHANGE OF MIND.—The Boston  
Journal relates the following anecdote of Hon.  
Jeremiah Mason, the distinguished lawyer. Mr.  
Mason was something of a giant in physical as  
well as mental proportions, and in youth must  
have possessed a powerful frame. In ordinary po-  
sition, he did not, however, appear above ordi-  
nary stature, not only from great length of limb,  
but from a habit of stooping which he had acquired.  
While in the vigor and strength of early manhood,  
Mr. Mason happened one very cold day to be  
driving along a road in the country, half buried up  
under warm buffalo robes, and looking rather in-  
significant to the casual observer;—at least, so he  
appeared to an impudent teamster who approached  
in an opposite direction, occupying so large a por-  
tion of the road with his team that passing was a  
difficult matter for another vehicle. As they  
nearly each other, Mr. Mason courteously request-  
ed the teamster to turn out and give him room;  
but the saucy varlet, with an impudent look at the  
apparently small youth, peremptorily refused, and  
told him to turn out himself. Mr. Mason, who in-  
stantly perceived there was but one course to pur-  
sue, quietly stopped his horse, laid the reins over  
the dasher, and slowly began to roll down the  
robes, at the same time drawing up his legs and  
gradually rising from his seat. The teamster si-  
lently watched these motions; but as the legs ob-  
tained a foundation, and foot after foot of Mr. Ma-  
son's mammoth proportions came into view, a look  
of astonishment, like a circle in the water, spread  
over his hitherto calm face, and with a deprecating  
gesture he presently exclaimed, "That'll do, stran-  
ger—don't rise any more—I'll turn out." Mr.  
Mason soon had the track to himself, and our be-  
wildered teamster drove off at a brisk pace.—  
"Creation!" said he, as he touched up the off  
leader with his whip; "I wonder how high that  
critter would have gone if I hadn't stopped him?"

..... TRAILING DRESSES.—Being a young  
housekeeper, my greatest grievance is, in having  
lady visitors come in with dresses so long as to  
soil my elegant carpets with the horrid street-  
sweepings attached to their skirts. If they choose  
to wipe the muddy crossings dry, and clean the  
coal from sidewalks, left an inch thick by careless  
housemaids, and soak up the oil spilled from paint-  
er's tin cans, and (awful to tell!) imbibe the to-  
bacco juice, visible wherever one walks, beneath  
their feet, why, oh! why should these benefactors  
of the public highways come into my clean, neat-  
as-a-new-pie three-story brick house, to destroy  
my nice door-mats, hall oil-cloth, and parlor  
'Saxony' carpets? Can't a party 'for shortening  
ladies' skirts' be formed, and the proceeds arising



from the sale of these half-yards of silk, velvet, brocade, flannel, linen, etc., etc., be applied to clothing the poor? Remnants are always saleable, and the materials thus collected might easily be converted into umbrellas, aprons, bags, pin-cushions, penwipers, hoods, slippers, and a thousand articles for fairs, sewing societies, 'crutches,' 'bees,' and similar institutions, the charitable have established, to circulate the money, which, if left to itself, would rust in bachelors' pockets, or disappear in the smoke of their cigars. Pray, Messrs. Editors and most honorable Mayor, take this my first 'complaint' into speedy consideration, and act quickly on the proposition offered for your deliberation.

**An old woman to whom a Buffalo sharper owes several hundred dollars, which she cannot get, has adopted the expedient of taking her knitting-work and sitting, from morning until night, under a tree in front of his residence.**

**Heaven sends good figures. It is only woman's enemy who would tempt her to wear crinoline.**

#### The Cottage Under the Hill.

No lordly elm trees are swaying there;  
But the rustic oak and the cedar fair,  
That grow by the winding rill,  
Their tall heads wave on the summer air,  
O'er the cottage under the hill.

She robin loves at the twilight hour,  
Ere he fliteth away to his resting bower,  
His evening song to trill;  
And the wild bee sings from the violet flower,  
By the cottage under the hill.

The wild vine hangs from the moss roof low;  
And always with a motion sweet and slow,  
As over the grass so still  
The western zephyrs softly blow,  
By the cottage under the hill.

When the shades of night creep o'er the lea,  
Three prattlers group round a strong man's knee,  
And their eyes with weeping fill,  
As he telleth of her who sleeps under the tree,  
By the cottage under the hill.

No gold or silver are stored within,  
But a crowned monarch would sigh to win  
The peace so holy, still  
That bodeth far from the court of sin,  
In the cottage under the hill.

Original.

#### MISCELLANEA.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

WE have seen some fine things from the pen of a comparatively new contributor to the pages of the Waverley, Luther G. Riggs. The first poem which attracted our attention from the pen of this young and promising writer, appeared in The Ladies National Magazine some six months since, and was entitled "Fear." It is a brilliant little gem, and we quote it entire.

"Fear is like the cloud that sheds  
Its gloom across the summer's sky;  
When life is freshest, some wild dream  
Of grief is ever hovering high.  
Where the bright wells of gladness spring,  
Hope will the youthful heart decoy;  
But Fear is hovering there to fling  
A shadow on the path of joy.

"A rainbow never spans the sky,  
But some dark spirit of the storm,  
With sable plume is hovering high  
To watch its soft and fairy form.  
Life's pathway lies 'mid siles and tears—  
The wedding path—the funeral toll—  
But though o'ershadowed still by fears,  
Hope is the sunlight of the soul."

The following lines from the same pen are very beautiful, also.

"There's beauty in the summer's sky,  
When from his ocean bed,  
Like a strong man refreshed by sleep,  
The sun uplifts his head;  
And when behind the western rocks  
At eventide he goes,  
How beautiful are the crimson clouds  
That curtain his repose."

How many hearts can respond to the following, o'er which life's darkest clouds have passed, and whose shadows still linger round their pathway.

"O, for the bright and glad some hours  
Where, like a wandering stream,  
My spirit caught from earth and sky  
The light of every beam;  
When it into my laughing eye  
A tear-drop chanced to start,  
'Twas banished in a moment by  
The sunshine of the heart."

We will make one more extract from the poems of Mr. Riggs, which contains some fine thoughts expressed in a felicitous manner, bordering more upon the descriptive than the foregoing—

"At silent eve, the breeze that comes  
O'er many a perfumed forest glade!  
Brings memories of the hawthorn's bloom,  
The clover's scent—the orchard's shade."

The way hour of rest—of prayer,  
Of converse with familiar friends—  
When freed from earth's corroding cares,  
Our purer thoughts to Heaven ascend."

Time, study, and experience promises to place the author of the above lines among our first literary aspirants; and having youth on his side, we hope we may one day see him in the front ranks of the literati of our country.

The following, entitled "The Snow of Age," we casually met in our reading, and striking our fancy, we borrowed it to adorn our miscellanea. The author's name was not appended, although it would afford us great pleasure to give credit for it if we knew to whom credit was due.

"We have just stumbled upon the following pretty piece of mosaic, laying amid a multitude of those less attractive: 'No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts.'"

The figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The scripture represents age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white.

"The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters, whose hair is turning gray, that it looks as if Time had lightly splashed its snows upon it in passing.

"It never melts"—no, never. Age is inexorable; its wheels must move onward; they know not any retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again," but he grows old as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he cannot find it; he may sigh for the secret of the alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze backward with an eye longing upon the rosy schemes of early year, but as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carrying him further and further away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

"It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blossoms upon the valley and mountain, but soon the sweet spring follows and smites it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran; there is no spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay; its single flakes fall unnoticed, and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase, until we lay the old man in his grave; there it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness, for there is no age in heaven.

Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, and eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old; if any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them.

"A word of advice to the wise," from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Newell Graves, may be read with profit by those who do not pretend to belong to that small class of the community. We append them.

"Whenever you hear that a person has slandered you, pay no attention to it, but pass right straight along in the path of rectitude, and it will never injure you a particle.

"If you are honest, upright and virtuous, it will take sensible people but a short time to find it out; think you they will heed such low malice which emanates only from the mouths of your inferiors, who are desirous of pulling you down to their own degraded level?"

"No, you never yet knew an individual possessed of a large share of virtue, integrity, or good sense, who would stoop so low as to slander his neighbor. Even should he discover imperfections, he has more important business to attend to, than to meddle with such low affairs, and sense enough to know that none on earth are perfect.

"Always bear in mind that it is your superiors only who have the power to injure you—your inferiors cannot."

"If you had no virtues you would have but few or no enemies."

"There never yet lived a good or great man who had not enemies."

"It is the best fruit which the birds pick—but not that which is unripe or rotten. Remember this."

Hear what the same lady says in regard to self-conceit; she certainly views it in the right light, and a perusal of her remarks may lead to self-examination—as every one possesses more or less of it—and an attempt to banish it from the heart, and substitute in its place humility—for instead of being proud of what we do know, we all have great reason to be ashamed that there still remains so much we do not know. Hence, a becoming humility—which is far more suitable to fallen human nature than indulging in the folly of

#### SELF-CONCEIT.

"There are a great many people in the world who take a vast deal of pains in trying to convince others that they are much better and wiser than anybody else, or, rightly expounded, would make themselves a great deal better than they really are."

Self-conceit is a vice which grows up in the heart so insensibly—steals unobserved into the mind on so many occasions—forms itself upon such strange pretensions, and veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances—sometimes that of modesty itself, that there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betrayed, or which requires a greater help of good sense to guard against.

"Of all the follies incident upon human nature, egotism pays its possessors the very lowest rate of interest; for allowing that we succeed in convincing one that we are better, wiser, richer, or in any respect superior to him, what do we gain? Nothing at all, but only have excited his envy or hatred instead of his admiration or respect."

"We admit that self-conceit is to a certain extent very necessary among men or women either, for very little is thought by society now-a-days of those who think little of themselves. An over

modest man is a mere nobody, while the over conceited one is not only a silly hypocrite but the very best dunce in existence."

Haman was overcharged with self-conceit because he alone was admitted to the Queen's banquet, and his distinction raised him fifty cubits higher than he had ever dreamed or thought of. It is undoubtedly a nice point to locate the exact boundary between modest meekness and egotistical conceit; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and we would place it, if we could, just halfway between public opinion and self-esteem.

"How often does a person, by pretending to greater knowledge of any topic under discussion than he actually possesses, deprive himself of the opportunity offered of gaining information upon a subject of which he is really ignorant. It is far better to let the world charge us with honest ignorance than to let it charge us with honest ignorance."

"It seems to us that there are very many men and women in society who would have us believe that the Almighty selected some very superior material for the special purpose of their individual creation, and often use such great exertions to convince us of their own importance that they forcibly remind us of Aesop's Frog, who unfortunately burst just before he attained quite the size of an ox."

Original.

#### FLOWERS.

"Ye are the stars of night;  
And dear to me  
Is each small twinkling gem  
That wanders free."

ACCORDING to Linnaeus, the vegetable world contains twenty thousand species, besides the innumerable varieties arising from the accidents of climate and culture.

We young florists think we have accomplished a feat worthy of note, when we have garnished our gardens with a hundred varieties. We should emphatically consider the culture of flowers as a "labor of love;" but most generally our money-loving papas teach us to consider it as a labor of Hercules, time thrown away, seeds misplanted, &c.; but it should not be so; for the science of botany was thoroughly understood, it would prove not only the most pleasing, but the most beneficial to man. It would lead him into the hidden mysteries of agriculture, and teach him the rich developments of the earth.

'Tis in the torrid zone, where the cold winds of winter never blow, and where the soft and genial breeze of summer forever kisses the earth with warmth, that flowers appear in all their witching loveliness.

'Tis there the botanist may feed his enraptured soul with delight; there he can gaze with joy on a perfect paradise of flowers; every color, class, size or variety which his fancy may desire, he can select; for truly he is in a field of fragrant beauty, "Stamped with a glory wreath of waving light."

Where flowers of every hue, tendered by Him who rules above, bloom in wild profusion on the serene bosom of nature.

Here, in the temperate zone, where frosty winter chills the earth alternately, may be found many lovely flowers. Even here in my own beloved Tennessee—hemmed in on all sides by mountains—there blooms many a "bonnie gem" to gladden the lone heart; and, with proper care, flowers of every hue

"Would their petals wide expand,  
To grace and beautify our land."

Even in the cold domains of the frozen north, where winter reigns supreme, there grows something beautiful to relieve the eye.

There vegetation dwells, but slow expand  
From icy prisons the flowers of that bleak land.

To all the habitable globe God has given flowers; and, in their silent beauty, the contemplative soul may read a lesson: for these fair fragile flowers but blossom for a day. Mortality is our portion, and we sink, like them, to earth. But how unlike them are our lives!

They bloom happily, live happily, and die happily. We, alas! rise up on the tempestuous ocean of time—we bask awhile in the genial rays of joy and gladness—friends greet us on every side—but, unlike the flowers, we are endowed with souls, minds, and rationality, soon we arrive at maturity—the happy hours of childhood are gone, forever gone; then we tread in an unknown path—we strive to fill the places which God designed us; quick the scorpions of malice, hatred, envy, and revenge sting us to the quick; meanwhile we float on adown the stream of time—we pass through the dark tempestuous night—day breaks, and we exclaim, "Where are we?"

No friendly voice greets us in this strange land. We feel ourselves alone, alone! The mad waters of suspicion rush upon our feeble deck, and we sink, and are forgotten the next moment.

Such, indeed, are the realities of life; for cold is the charity of the world, colder still the charities of the human heart. But if I am ever alone in the wide world with not one generous friend or pitying foe, may God in mercy strew some flowers in my way.

Then, though deep and dismal thunder roll,  
And rend the earth from pole to pole—  
Though I should pass the dark, dark valley,  
I should not fear, or tremble, or tarry;  
For they to God will be my guide,  
And I shall wish for nought on earth beside."

There is religion in a flower. Its "still small

voice" forever points us heavenward; there bloom on forever, ye stars of earth; ye breathe a requiem to the troubled soul soft and low—ye bring a hope of immortality beyond the grave; ye are the emblems of purity, love, and truth; and may now learn to nourish and cherish these sweet flowers; and may we all, like them, bloom in an endless eternity.

ALLA LAWRENCE.

#### THE WANTS OF THE AGE.

What wants the age? Heart-earnest men  
To spread the truth, the truth defend;  
Such on the earth we need again  
As God in ancient times did send:  
Men reckless of wealth or fame,  
Of ignominy, scorn, or shame,  
The stake, the fagot, or the flame;  
Their only object God: and truth their only aim.

What wants the age? Heaven-giving powers,  
The seeds of discord to remove;  
To make this dismal earth of ours  
A scene of eye increasing love.  
To banish hatred, strife and feud,  
And Error's evil bringing brood;  
To gain the pure, the true, the good,  
To join our struggling race in one great brotherhood.

#### A Song.

A MAID reclined beside a stream  
At mid of summer day,  
And, half awake and half a-dream,  
She watched the ripples play.  
She marked the waters fall and heave,  
The deepening shadows throng,  
And heard, as darkened down the eve,  
That river's babbling song.  
And thus it sung, with tinkling tongue,  
That rippling, shadowy river—  
"Youth's brightest day will fade away  
Forever and forever!"

The twilight past, the moon at last  
Rose broadly o'er the night,  
Each ripple gleams beneath her beams  
As wrought in silver light,  
The heaving waters glide along,  
But, mingling with their voice,  
The nightingale now pours his song,  
And makes the shades rejoice.  
And thus he sung with tuneful tongue,  
That bird beside the river—  
"When youth is gone true love shines on  
Forever and forever."

#### The Poor Doctor.

THE man of large experience has seen human life in many pitiable as well as interesting conditions; and although it is by far more agreeable to look upon the bright side of human nature than upon the dark, yet the Doctor may be allowed, at least, to take a hasty glance of the poor side of his own craft.

The "poor doctor" is a somewhat noticeable individual, inasmuch as he is to be found in every district of the city, and in most country places. Moreover, he is not so invariably visited with opprobrium as some other classes of poor men are. To be sure, it is very inconvenient to him, and forbids his attaining the distinction of "fashionable;" yet he may in a middling sense, be deemed respectable. There is also a vague impression existing to the effect that the "poor doctor" may possibly be in possession of a knowledge of certain mystical substances that might possibly be turned to account in case of an emergency, when the family doctor (who of course, belongs to another sphere) happens to be out of town, or laid up with the gout. Then, again, the "poor doctor" is entitled to some consideration for his willingness to get up in the night to visit the servants, when it would not be safe to let them go until morning, or to the hour when the regular attendant makes his usual call; and then his charges are really very reasonable, although, it is not safe to admit this, for fear that he would raise the price for his services in the future.

Really, then, the "poor doctor" ought to receive some little encouragement and respect. To be sure, he often occupies the basement in this city of high rents; yet, when he comes out, he looks and dresses quite tidily—not elegantly by no means, but respectfully. From these considerations, the "poor doctor" is often made the subject of the deepest commiseration. It is so comfortable to think that he is near at hand, and always so ready for a call in case of accident, when it would be impossible to get the family physician (who lives at some distance) in time, "what a pity it is that he does not succeed!" When little Charlie was taken with such a dreadful croup in the night, we sent for a "poor doctor," who lived near, and he seemed to handle the case very handsomely—indeed, I think he saved his life. We sent, at the same time, for our own doctor, but before he arrived the little fellow was entirely out of danger. To be sure he took the case on his hands, and made out a pretty figure of a bill for his subsequent treatment, to prevent his ever getting it again, while the "poor doctor" only charged—indeed I do not remember how much, for really I do not remember ever hearing of the bill. Poor fellow! I do hope he will manage to get along—

I am willing to do anything for him I can; but, then, rents are so expensive, and of course he must keep up appearances, and he is really not able to keep a carriage, and who, that is anybody, will employ a doctor that does not ride?

The "poor doctor" sometimes gets in debt; ah! the vagabond! What business has he to live beyond his means? No man should exceed his income, and a man that can't earn a good living, and keep out of debt, is no man at all. The "poor doctor," let it be said, in extenuation of his offence, was never known to refuse to earn a living, but he has not the power to create sickness nor force employment.

The "poor doctor," when a student, was on terms of equality with his class. He had some money then, and few knew how much, and his opportunities were as frequent as he wished to mingle with the gay world. Then he was looked up to and sometimes flattered, for fancy painted him a fine gentleman, as well as doctor, who would soon be riding about the city in a handsome carriage, and perhaps eligible—really desirable as an acquaintance, if nothing more. These fancies the "poor doctor" has not been able to fulfil, and now, he often meets with a fallen eye, his old companions—those who have whispered pleasant words in his ear—those who have been his confidants in many things. Young men he has known as boys, have grown up to a place in the counting-room, and a fine house up town, as regularly as the sapling grows up to become a tree, and they wonder why the doctor does not keep pace with the times, little thinking that he is engrained for a better order of fruit, and of uncertain growth. One by one they step over upon the fashionable side altogether, and the "poor doctor" is left to wander on alone. These things pinch the "poor doctor" worse than his poverty, and his step sometimes falters, as he travels on up the ascent which, from these causes, is rendered particularly rough and unpleasant.

But the "poor doctor" has an iron heart and a strong will; and he is getting along in years, so that his age is not a discredit to him. By-and-by a cautious whisper will break out somewhere to the effect that he is really a good doctor, and that he has been instrumental in relieving suffering, and perhaps saved the life in a "good" family. From this the ascent grows more easy, and he begins to perceive that the current of influence has sensibly changed, and that it bears him gently upward instead of down. He begins to receive some degree of deference, and finds his bowing acquaintances, at least, are much more numerous than they were; and by-and-by he swings clear, free and independent, asking no favors, and defying frowns.

If, in old age, the doctor should present a somewhat hardened visage, it should be remembered that he has most likely passed through very severe trials—that his services have been more imperatively demanded, and more begrudgingly requited, than those of any other man: and that, while he is fully conscious that he holds possession of that knowledge which is most essential to the human race, he cannot help losing his estimate of human nature, when he sees the honor and patronage that by right of the State decree belongs to him, conferred upon the ignorant or dishonest tricksters that infest the community in the name of "doctors," while he is, perhaps, commiserated because he does not succeed.

..... AWKWARD SITUATION.—Mr. Joseph Gilbert, who had been attached to the astronomical service in Captain Cook's expedition to observe the transit of Venus, and whose name was conferred by the great navigator on "Gilbert's Island," resided at Gosport, where, according to the fashion of the day, he, like the Count d'Artois, wore very tight leather breeches. He had ordered a tailor to attend him one morning, when his grand-daughter, who resided with him, had also ordered her shoemaker to wait upon her. The young lady was seated in the breakfast room, when the maker of leather breeches was shown in; and, as she did not happen to know one handicraftsman more than the other, she at once intimated that she wished him to measure her for a pair of "leathers," for, as she remarked, the wet weather was coming, and she felt cold in "cloth."

The modest tailor could hardly believe his ears. "Measure you, miss?" said he with hesitation.

"If you please," said the young lady, who was remarkable for much gravity of deportment; "and I have only to beg that you will give me plenty of room, for I am a great walker, and I do not like to wear anything that constrains me."

"But, miss," exclaimed the poor fellow, in great perplexity, "I never in my life measured a lady. I—," and there he paused.

"Are you not a lady's shoemaker?" was the query calmly put to him.

"By no means, miss," said he, "I am a leather breeches maker, and have come to take measure not of you, but of Mr. Gilbert."

The young lady became perplexed, too, but she recovered her self-possession after a good common sense laugh, and sent the maker of breeches to her grand-papa.

#### THE WOOD FIRE.

OH the merry old days when the wood fire bright,  
Crackled and danced on a winter's night,  
When gracefully curled up the drifting smoke,  
And the shadows played on the floor of oak.

When the cricket chirped in the gray stone hearth,  
And the tea-kettle sang a gay song like mirth,  
And our grandfathers sat like a ponderous book  
Closed for a time in a warm chimney nook.

Then the tales he told as the night wore away,  
And we almost forgot that his hair was gray,  
As he told us wild tales of some fearful fight,  
When he sang with his countrymen, "God speed the right!"

And the merry old Christmas time so gay;  
Young hearts have grown old and dark have grown gray,  
Since the yule-log burned on the old stone hearth,  
And the night passed in revelry, music and mirth.

Then the corn that we popped in the ashes white,  
And the songs that we sang in the red fire-light,  
O those sweet songs of childhood we love them now,  
Though the shadows are gathering over the brow.

Now we sit no more in the quiet light,  
Weaving strange forms in the embers bright,  
Cities and armies and castles so gay,  
And dreams and vague fancies as wild as they.

Now the shadows are still on the wall of white,  
And the gas-light burns in the winter's night;  
A fire of coal in the grate burns fast,  
The old wood fire is a thing of the past.

NELLIE WILD.

#### SUBJECTS FOR THOUGHT.

..... THE CHILD AND THE MAN.—The height of a boy's aspirations is to wear a tall dickey and sell goods behind the counter; or to own a good rifle, and keep a country tavern. But there is occasionally a dreamy child, whom none of these things allure, but whose young soul pants for fame, and whose piercing eyes discern, dimly defined amid the mists of the future, the luminous peaks of glory his eager feet shall climb. It generally takes but a few years of experience to obliterate from the heart the very traces of the darling projects. Not one in fifty pursues the course in life he marked out for himself in childhood. The tall dickey is too easily attained to yield satisfaction; and the possession of the rifle is overlooked in the pursuit of more important objects. The young poet's dream of romance gives place to some useful occupation; and he becomes in the course of time an iron-monger, and perhaps an alderman. The body's necessities are urgent; circumstances are imperative; and it is not easy, in this material world, for the youth to keep his tenderness of heart and purity of purpose. Now and then some wise and thoughtful child has been known to wed himself in his earliest years of self-consciousness, to that nameless beauty that beams upon us in glimpses of the morning, in the hues of flowers, in the splendors of heroic conduct, or in the glories of art; and to prove true to that holy love in after life, preferring starvation in its service to the grandeur and luxury in the trains of wealth and honor. But such fidelity is rare. The false charms of worldly mistresses allure; the boys noble thought is debased in the man's ambition.

..... SPEAKING PLAIN.—There is sometimes "much too much" ceremony between lovers—and sometimes too little; and quite as often one extreme as the other. How amusing it is to see a couple who have been sighing a twelvemonth or longer, and who considered themselves as good as married, boggling at mere words—the formal declaration, the formal acceptance, or the set proposal to Pa's or Ma's of both sides of the house.—Yet you shall see your swain afraid to broach the awful question, except by implication; dropping blind hints, as if it were really a great sin to speak; and you shall see a damsel, who has made up her mind to say yes, and who knows that it is all understood, hesitating at the word, as if it would burn her lips, and, after all, not daring to speak it, but accepting a husband merely by pantomimic gestures. Thank Heaven, all people are not so foolish; if they were, there would be no variety in the world. There are, here and there, men who are not ashamed to say, honestly and in a few words, what they mean; and there are, here and there, women who can deal as honestly. When such people meet, short work is made of it; and, when one of the sensible of either sex is opposed to a mincing one of the other, he or she can help the trembler over the bridge.

..... OATHS.—"Swear not at all," is the injunction of Scripture. And why should men swear at all? Profanity, as the poet has it, "is neither brave, polite, or wise." As to all other swearing, the word of a man of truth and honor is as good as his oath. Indeed, the man who would perjure his word, is not to be trusted under ever so many oaths. The very court records of Christendom attest the folly of requiring men to swear in God's name, or making their credibility depend thereupon. If a man perjures himself, society holds him to the legal penalty—it cannot, and ought not, to do more. If only the true value was attached to the ordinary influence of the oath, we should rely less upon



testimony being true because given under oath, and look more carefully to its actual credibility.—We venture to say that four-fifths of the lawyers and judges of the land—particularly those familiar with chancery and criminal practice—regard the present systems of oath-taking as a chiefly blasphemous farce. Hedge truth about with penalties, if you please, but further than that consult the Scripture injunction, and “swear not at all.”

THE NEW KEY.—“Aunt,” said a little girl, “I believe I have found a new key to unlock people’s hearts and make them so willing; for you know, aunt, God took my father and my mother, and they want people to be kind to their poor little daughter.”

“What is the key?” asked aunt.  
“It is only one little word; guess what?”  
But aunt was no guesser.  
“It is *please*,” said the child; “aunt, it is *please*. If I ask one of the girls in school, ‘*please* show me my parsing lesson?’ she says ‘O, yes,’ and helps me. If I ask, ‘Sarah, *please* do this for me?’ no matter, she’ll take her hands out of the suds. If I ask uncle ‘*please*,’ he says, ‘Yes, puss, if I can; and if I say, ‘*please*, aunt—’”

“Well, what does aunt do?” asked aunt herself.  
“O, you look and smile just like mother, and that is the best of all,” cried the little girl, throwing her arms round aunt’s neck, with a tear in her eye.

Children—large and small—remember this powerful key to the hearts of all.

DEATH.—It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the spriteness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigor and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollow and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of three days’ burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have we seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb’s fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe reticements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age: it bowed the head, and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces!

A Frenchman seems gratified at an opportunity of being polite—an Englishman, to regret the trouble that it cost him. An Englishman grows tired after the third bow, and looks vexed, sullen, or impatient. The Frenchman’s desire to please seems to strengthen by habit. His back is India rubber, his hams caoutchouc, his hat-brim is metallic, and never looks shabbier for repeated handling. His courtesy, at the first meeting, does not imply eternal friendship, yet is as sincere as the cold, cautious bend of the Englishman. John Bull, if he can, considers it a clear gain to slip round the corner and escape shaking hands; Monsieur waits ten minutes at the *café* door in hope of meeting a friend.

#### THE DYING WARRIOR.

The battle rages wildly on—  
When foe to foe meets in close arrayed,  
The brave warrior sounds his bugle horn,  
And draws his two edged blade.

His comrades fall by him all around,  
Amidst the battle strife,  
Yet on the thundering sounds,  
Of cannon peals, on the heights.

Amid the cannon’s roaring might,  
The curling smoke is getting thick;  
Amidst the raging battle strife,  
The soldier lays wounded, and sick.

Mr. S. G. Goodrich gives the following explanation of Percival’s unhappy career:—

“I think he had been deeply injured—nay, ruined—by the reading of Byron’s works at that precise age when his soul was in all the sensitive bloom of spring, and its killing frost of atheism, of misanthropy, of pride and scorn, fell upon it and converted it into a scene of desolation. The want of a general appreciation of love and friendship, around his early life, caused its malignant influence to deepen his natural shyness into a positive and habitual self-banishment from his fellow-men.—Such is the sad interpretation that I put upon his career.”

WHAT animal but man did you ever see maltreat a female of his species? The claims to pity and uncommon consideration every woman builds up during a few years of marriage! Her inestimable value in the house! How true she is, unless her husband corrupts her, or drives her to despair! How often is she good in spite of her example! God made her weaker, that man might have the honest satisfaction and superior joy of protecting and supporting her. To torture her with the strength so intrusted him for her good, is to rebel against heaven’s design—it is to be a monster, a coward, and a fool.

## FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by ROBERT BOWEN, in the Clerk’s Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

### GREENWOOD AND MOUNT AUBURN.

I have seen Greenwood! With Mount Auburn for my ideal of what a cemetery should be, I was prepared for disappointment. But the two are not comparable. Greenwood is the larger, and more indebted to the hand of art; the gigantic trees of Mount Auburn are the growth of half a century; but then Greenwood has its ocean view, which, paradoxical as it may seem, is not to be overlooked. The entrance to Mount Auburn I think the finer. Its tall army of stately pines stand guard over its silent sleepers, and strew their fragrant leaves on the pathway, as if to deaden the sound of the carriage wheels, which, at each revolution, crush out their aromatic incense, sweet as the box of spikenard which kneeling Mary broke at Jesus’ feet.

Greenwood has the greater monumental variety, attributable, perhaps, (more than to design) to the motley population of New York; the proprietors of each tomb, or grave, carrying out their national ideas of sepulture. This is an advantage. Mount Auburn sometimes wearies the eye with its monumental monotony. Mount Auburn, too, had (for he long since laid down in its lovely shade,) a grey-haired old gate-keeper, courteous and dignified; “a man of sorrows,” whose bald, uncovered head, many will remember, who have stood waiting at the portal to bear in their dead. Many a bouquet, simple but sweet, of my favorite flowers have I taken from his palsied hand; and many a sympathizing look, treasured up in my heart from him whom Death had also bereft of all. Greenwood has, at least if my afternoon visit was a fair exponent, its jocund grave-diggers, who, with careless poise, and indecent foot of haste, stumble on with the unvarnished coffin of the poor, and exchange over the fresh and narrow mound, the comrade’s time-worn jest. Money has its value, for it purchases gentler handling and better manners.

Let those who will, linger before the marble statue, or chiseled urn of the rich; dearer to me is the grave of the poor man’s child, where the tiny, half-worn shoe, is sad and fitting monument. Dearest to me, the mouldy toys, the whip, the cap, the doll, the faded locks of hair, on which countless suns have risen and set, and countless showers have shed their kindly tears. And yet for the infant army who slumber there, I cannot weep; for I bethink me of the weary toil and strife; the wrecks that strew the life-coast; the plaint of the weary-hearted, unheard in life’s fierce clamor; the remorseless, iron heel of strength, on the quivering heart of weakness; the swift-winged, poisoned arrow of cruel slander; the hearts that are near of kin as void of love; and I thank God that the little shoes were laid aside, and the dreary path untrod.

And yet, not all drear, for, as I pass along, I read, in graven lines, of those who periled life to save life; who parted raging billows and forked flames, at woman’s wild, despairing shriek, and childhood’s helpless wail. Honor to such dauntless spirits, while there are eyes to moisten and hearts to feel!

Beautiful Greenwood! with thy feathery swaying willows, thy silver-voiced fountains and glassy lakes; with thy grassy knolls and shady dells; with thy “Battle Hill,” whose sod, of yore, was nourished by brave men’s blood. The sailor here rests him well, in sound of old Ocean’s roar; the fireman heeds nor booming bell, nor earthly tramp, nor hurried tramp of anxious feet; the pilot’s bark is moored and voyage o’er; the school-boy’s lesson conned; beauty’s lid uncloses not, though rarest flowers bloom above her; no husband’s hand is outstretched to her, who stoops with jealous care to pluck the obtrusive weed which hides the name she, lonely, bears; no piping, bird-like voice, answers the anguished cry, “My child, my child!” but, still the mourners come, and sods fall dull and heavy on loved and loving hearts, and the busy spade heeds never the dropping tears; and for her who writes, and for them who read—ere long—tears in their turn shall fall. God help us all.

FANNY FERN.

## Poet’s Corner.

### HATEFUL SPRING.

One of Beranger’s graceful and feeling lyrics, translated by Mr. O’Brien.

From my window I beheld her,  
All the dreary winter through:  
Strangers both, we loved each other,  
Through mid air our kisses flew.  
’Twas the lime tree’s leafless branches  
We would love-sick glances fling—  
Now the leaves fall thick between us;  
Why return, thou hateful Spring?

No more I see her angel form,  
Hidden by those envious leaves,  
Come forth to feed the shivering linnets,  
When frost lay white upon the eaves.  
My heart would watch as some dear signal,  
The fluttering of each tiny wing;  
That now than then was far more lovely—  
Then why return, thou hateful Spring?

Wert thou away, I still might see her,  
Rising from her gentle sleep—  
Fresh and rosy as the morning,  
Smiling on some cloudy steep—  
Still might say, when eve was closing,  
“My star’s light now is vanishing—  
Her lamp expires, she calmly slumbers!”  
Oh! why return, thou hateful Spring?

Winter, winter, I implore thee,  
With a longing heart, to come;  
Twine thy frost-wreaths round my window,  
Fling thy hail-showers round my home.  
But vernal breeze and tinted flowers  
To my dull heart no joy can bring,  
The weary days flit by in sadness—  
Then why return, thou hateful Spring?

### CATECHISM FOR THE “ENGAGED.”

Before I trust my fate to thee,  
Or place my hand in thine,  
Before I let thy future give  
Color and form to mine—  
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night,  
For me.

Break all slighter bonds, nor feel  
One shadow of regret;  
Is there one link within the past  
That holds thy spirit yet?  
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can  
pledge to thee?

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel  
Within thy inmost soul  
That thou hast kept a portion back,  
While I have staked the whole,  
Let no false pity spare the blow, but, in true mercy,  
tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need  
That mine cannot fulfil?  
One chord that any other hand  
Could better wake or still?  
Speak now, lest, at some future day, my whole life  
wither and decay.

### QUIET SLUMBER.

Lay her gently to her rest,  
Fold her pale hands on her breast;  
From her now—

Oh! how cold and marble fair—  
Softly part the glossy hair;  
Look upon her brow—

As a weary child she lies,  
With the quiet, dreamless eyes,  
O’er which the lashes darkly sweep,  
And on her lip the quiet smile—  
The soul’s adieu to earthly strife—  
And on her face the deep repose  
We never saw in life.

Peaceful be her rest, and deep;  
Let her sleep.

No sigh to breathe above her bier,  
No tear to stain the marble brow;  
Only with tender, pitying love,  
Only with faith that looks above,  
We gaze upon her now.

No thought of toil and suffering past—  
But joy to think the task is done,  
The heavy cross at last laid down,  
The crown of glory won.  
Oh! bear her gently to her rest;  
Oh! gently heap the flowery sod,  
And leave her body to the dust,  
Her spirit to her God.

### MY LOVE.

She’s blooming as the May,  
Brisk, lively, and gay,  
The graces play all round about her;  
She’s prudent and witty,  
She’s wondrously pretty,  
And there is no living without her.—Prior.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### FAME.

Why should I toil and strive for fame?  
Why waste my life in care and trouble,  
At best a glittering, transient bubble.  
Efforts can never ensure success,  
And brilliant prospects of deceit;  
Exertion fails desire to bless,  
And Hope but leaves the mind to grieve.  
’Tis oft the gaudy toy we gain,  
Becoming thus the villain’s prize;  
Slander, with scorn the best may lead,  
While high in fame the worthless rise.  
And when the gaudy toy we gain,  
The joys it yields are few and poor;  
’Twill not the passion’s rage restrain,  
Nor from the assaults of grief secure.  
’Twill not the wants of Nature fill,  
Nor cheer the mind, when ‘whelmed in woe;  
’Twill not misfortune’s tempest still,  
Nor cause a milder gale to blow.  
It is a good we can’t retain;  
For if we err, the charm we break,  
And former merit off is vain,  
If life be stamp’d with one mistake.  
Or else, will envy blast our joys,  
Fiend-like desire supremely blest  
When she another’s hopes destroys,  
And sees fierce anguish rend his breast.  
On the wild waves our joys we place,  
To the rude winds we trust our peace,  
To renounce our bliss we raise,  
The sport and plaything of caprice.  
But should renew our path attend  
From envy and caprice secure,  
Soon will arrive its destined end—  
’Twill but through life’s short day endure!  
’Twill not disease’s rage control—  
’Twill not delay the parting breath,  
’Twill not the trembling heart console,  
And light with hope the gloom of death.  
’Twill not attend beyond the grave,  
And yield us joy in worlds unknown,  
’Twill not from condemnation save,  
And with immortal glory crown.  
Yet, as the means to bless mankind,  
And truth devotion to maintain,  
To wish may fire the virtuous mind,  
Nor then the thirst for fame be vain;  
And if, where duty points the road,  
Fame be the attendant on thy way,  
Employ it as the gift of God,  
Conferred to strengthen virtue’s sway.  
If we at heaven our wishes aim,  
And seek the God of love to please,  
Our toils will not o’erwhelm with shame,  
Nor pierce our hearts with keen distress.  
He knows each object we desire,  
And kindly views each virtuous aim;  
His smiles on us such joys inspire,  
As far transcend the bliss of fame.  
And when the night of death shall come,  
Triumphant shall our souls remove,  
Enter with hope the dreary tomb,  
And endless glory share above!  
Cease then to chase the glittering toy,  
Ye eager minions of renown;  
Transfer your hearts to nobler joy,  
And seek a bright, unfading crown.

L. A. R.

L. A. R. will oblige, by forwarding the articles referred to in his note.

### YOUNG MEN’S DEPARTMENT.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Early Rising.

Are you poor? you will probably forever remain so, if you habitually waste the precious hours of the morning in bed. Who will seek the labor or services of him who sleeps and dozes in the morning until seven or eight o’clock? If such a person is poor, he must remain poor. “He that would thrive must rise at five.” The poor can ill afford to lose daily two or three hours of the best portion of the day. Economy of time and diligence in business, are virtues peculiarly appropriate to those who depend upon their earnings for the means of subsistence. Allowing twelve working hours to a day, he, who, by rising at eight instead of five o’clock in the morning, thereby loses three hours’ labor daily, parts with one fourth of his means of supporting himself and family: ten years labor lost in the course of forty years!

Habits of a man of Business.—A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction, and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business. He is strict in keeping his engagements; does nothing carelessly or in a hurry; employs nobody to do what he can as easily do himself; keeps everything in its proper place; leaves nothing undone which ought to be done, and which circumstances permit him to do; keeps his designs and business from the view of others; is prompt and decisive with his customer, and does not overtrade for his capital; prefers short credits to long ones, and cash to credit transactions, at all times when they can be advantageously made, either in buying or selling, and small profits with little risk, to chance of better gains with more hazard. He is clear and explicit in all his bargains; leaves

nothing to the memory which can, and ought to be, committed to writing; keeps copies of all important letters which he sends away, and has every letter and invoice belonging to his business titled, classed, and put away.

He never suffers his desk to be confused by many papers lying upon it; is always at the head of his business, well knowing, if he leaves it, it will leave him; holds it as a maxim that he whose credit is suspected is not safe to be trusted, and is constantly examining his book, and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention enable him; balances regularly at stated times, and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers and constituents, both at home and abroad; avoids, as much as possible, all sorts of accommodations in money matters and law suits, where there is the least hazard; is economical in his expenditures, always living within his income; keeps a memorandum book, with a pencil in his pocket, in which he writes every little particular relative

to appointments, addresses, and petty cash matters; is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous, only when urged by motives of humanity.

### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Resignation.

The enjoyment of the present state, depends for its purity and permanence, upon resignation; without it, all the pleasures in the world are sordid and worthless, the sources whence they arise, being corrupt. Thus the streams although tasted with avidity, never fail to leave a poisonous and deadly sediment in the heart. The moment in which riches and affluence have taken their flight from the arms of their boasted possessor, has frequently been darkened by some direful catastrophe.

“My joy is fled! wretchedness overwhelms me!” cries the shrinking coward, and he points the poignant to his heart, while others, from a loss of lesser toys, and the removal of objects which have held enchantment upon them, have wandered, hapless exiles into the realms of woe. To what dreadful miseries then are we continually exposed, without resignation! it is that which procures us joys, that mock the ruins of change, that retain their excellence under all the bereavements and trials of the present state. Resignation is a defence against the disheartening and overwhelming influence of public calamities. It renders supportable the ruins of human glory, by awakening the sentiments of immortality, and the slavery into which we are decoyed by our passions, is dissolved under the influence of resignation. It is indispensably necessary to the acquisition of useful truth, and a hearty attachment to its unalterable excellence, impresses us with the image of glory and gives us a participation in pleasures that are sublime and everlasting. This is an object worthy the researches of an immortal mind; it rewards exertion with incorruptible honors; it interdicts the intoxicating cup of sensual pleasure before we bear it to our lip. A disposition that is formed from the influence and exercise of resignation, is of celestial birth, subject to no extinction, incorrupt in prosperity, and triumphant through all the storms of life. Many characters that are formed, independent of the exercises of resignation, perish in feats of violence, or languish in the scenes of voluptuous dissipation.—Thousands go out, apparently unsupported from the world, and return in an hour, indelibly tarnished with corruption and vice.

J. THOMPSON.

The Pure in Heart.—The springs of everlasting life are within. These are clear streams gushing up from the depths of the soul, and flowing out to enliven the sphere of outward existence. But, like the waters of Siloah, they “go swiftly.” You must listen to catch the silvery tones of the little rill as it glides from its mountain home; you may not witness its silent march through the green vale, but its course will be seen in the fresh verdure and the opening flowers; its presence will be known by the forms of life and beauty which gather around it. It is ever thus with the pure. You may not hear the “still small voice,” nor heed the silent aspiration; but there is a moral influence and a holy power which you will feel.

True Cheerfulness.—Along with humility we should cultivate cheerfulness. Humility has no connexion with pensive melancholy or timorous dejection. While the truly humble guard against the distraction of all violent passions and inordinate cares, they cherish a cheerful disposition of mind. There cannot, indeed, be genuine cheerfulness without the approbation of our own heart. While, however, we pay a sacred regard to conscience, it must be enlightened and directed by reason and revelation. And happy are the individuals who can say, “our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that, in simplicity and godly sincerity we have had our conversation in the world.” An approving mind will contribute greatly to cheerfulness, and that equanimity which results from it, from trust in God, and from the hope of a blessed immortality, is equally remote from sour dissatisfaction, desponding melancholy, and frivolous hilarity. It smooths our path and sweetens our cup, rendering duty easy and affliction light.

The Best is Left.—What if calamities do come: they never take all that we have, and often take that of which we are better deprived than possessed. Jeremy Taylor once, on suffering an utter deprivation of his worldly goods by sequestration, cried out, in the midst of his calamity, “What have they taken? Let me look about me! They have left me sun and moon, fire and water, a loving wife and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me, and I can still discourse; and unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirits, and a good conscience; they have still left me the providence of God, all the promises of the gospel, and religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them, too. And still I sleep, and eat, and drink, and digest.—I read and meditate; I walk in my neighbor’s pleasant field, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights, that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself.”

For the Boston Cultivator.

### NATURE.

In the book of Nature, which is ever unclosed to our view, we may find an interesting and never-failing source of instruction and entertainment. No season forms a blank in this glorious volume. Winter, with its stern array of frosts and snows, Spring, with its beauties burst bursting into bloom, Summer, with its full robe of living green, and Autumn, with its rich harvests and many-hued forests, are leaves full of instruction. The humblest, as well as the highest, are free to peruse its numberless pages, and many an excited breast and throbbing heart has found relief in contemplating the works of the glorious Giver. As we lift our eyes to the serene and starry heavens, what a world of beauty is unfolded to our view! Even the barbarian lifts his heart higher than this earth, to find an Author of such wondrous objects. The ancients found a type of divinity in everything around them; the woods and grottoes, and even the fruits and flowers of earth, were to them fraught with celestial influences. They worshipped unconsciously, in the storm and sunbeam, that power which created them, and Nature was the beautiful shrine on which they offered up the indefinite emotions of the heart.

A. P. C., Et. 15.

### THE BUOY.

BY MRS. M. W. CURTIS.

Faithful little sentinel, ever at thy post,  
Where oft danger lurketh round our rocky coast,  
Heeding not the storm-winds with their icy breath,  
Hurrying the mariner off to his death.

Faithful little sentinel on the azure deep,  
When the summer winds play, and the wavelets leap,  
Thou art saying ever danger lurketh near.  
’Neath the gentle billow shoals and rocks appear.

Off beneath the surface of the sea of life,  
As we’re hurrying onward, hopeful mid the strife,  
Sands and shoals lie hidden where we deem them not,  
Change and disappointment falling to our lot.

Let us seek a pilot, as we onward glide,  
Who will lead us safely o’er life’s ebbing tide,  
To an endless rest beyond death’s rapid river,  
Where life’s storms and calms come no more forever.







## The Song of the Mariner.

O! THE sea, the sea, hath a charm for me,  
As I list to its changeless roar,  
And I'd rather sail to the sound of the gale,  
Than wonder the green earth o'er.  
And oft as I gaze into other days,  
I pray that my lot may be  
In the future east, as has been my past  
On the breast of the heaving sea.

For 'tis joy to ride on the billowy tide  
And watch the bounding spray,  
As the tinted clouds that the sky enshroud,  
Herald the rising day.  
And with rapture I gaze on the sun's first rays,  
Gilding the sparkling wave,  
As with azure and gold of beauty untold,  
Old Ocean's brow they lave.

And at setting sun, when the day is done,  
To watch in the far-off west,  
The amber and blue form a glorious hue,  
Like halo that falls o'er the blest,  
And dream, as I gaze, of the olden days  
Of joy and lightsome mirth;  
Ere far away I was lured to stray  
From my childhood's happy hearth.

Yet scenes like these on the billowy seas,  
When no loud winds o'er them sweep,  
Are never so bright as the flashing light,  
When the "storm-king" rules the deep;  
When the elfins float in their fragile boat  
And dance to the hurricane's song,  
And the lightning's flash shows the sea-foam's dash,  
As the wind the notes prolong.

And often I hear, when the tempest's near,  
The voice of the angry wave,  
As with wailing scorn it points to the bourne  
Where the sailor must find a grave;  
Yet I never fear when its voice I hear,  
For 'tis sweeter far to me,  
To sink to rest on the ocean's breast  
Than be laid 'neath the greenwood tree.

I could calmly sleep in the might deep,  
Where the waters my brow would lave;  
Where the clouds might weep and the stars would  
keep  
Their vigils o'er my grave;  
Where a seaweed pal would o'er me fall,  
And drop on my bed of gold,  
Where the mermaids fair would wreath in my hair  
Gems of unearthly mould.

Then the sea, the sea, is the place for the free,  
The noble and the high,  
And the sailor brave on the crested wave  
Would ever live and die;  
Where the winds will wail through the unfurled  
sail,  
And moans with voice sincere,  
Where the heart so true 'neath the billows blue  
Is laid on its coral bier.

JUNE CLIFTON.

## THE SHADOWY PAST.

[WRITTEN FOR THE OLIVE BRANCH.]

MUTELY by the fireside dreaming,  
Come thick fancies richly teeming,  
Teeming with the scenes of yore;  
And a solemn spell comes o'er me,  
As their shadows float before me,  
Floating constant, evermore.

There, gay childhood's sunny weather,  
When no darkling cloud together  
With the brightness of to-day,  
Mingled dread of future changes,  
And life's paths seemed sparkling ranges,  
Glittering as they stretched away.

Here, the school-boy days, when fuent,  
Bold and reckless, stood the truant,  
Lying both with heart and tongue:  
Cheating life of all its beauty,  
As, unheeding, trust and duty  
Were aside as worthless flung.

Now those moments idly wasted,  
Joys my own, yet left untasted,  
Pass along their silent way;  
And my spirit, sad and lowly,  
Speechless views the pageant slowly,  
Gently, mutely, float away.

Oh, if when such visions ended,  
Each pure thought and wish that blended  
With the soul's remorse and shame,  
Could recall in slightest measure,  
Of the past's neglected treasure,  
What to me were honors, fame.

Ah! regrets, how vainly coming  
To a heart that time is numbing,  
Numbing with a swift decay;  
Yet the tale the past is teaching,  
May, my inmost spirit reaching,  
Serve to guide my future way.

Worcester, 1853.

LEOLINE.

Ignorance is a great substitute for paregoric. Show us a blockhead, and we will show you a man who can sleep twelve hours out of a dozen. Before you can make men wafel, you must make them intelligent. If we owned the fee simple of a railroad, we would consider no person fit for a switch tender who didn't take four papers and a monthly.

## THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE.

"Come forth into the open air, and list  
To Nature's teachings." BRYANT

WHO does not love the beautiful, as it is presented to them in Nature's ever open volume! There is beauty in Winter's pale, white vestiture, and in Spring-time's emerald sheen; in the tall waving grass of Summer, and in Autumn's "Harvest Home."

There is beauty in each meadow, singing bird that hops from tree to tree, and in each flower that nods its head, and looks smilingly up into our faces; whether it blooms in our garden bowers, or away in its far-off prairie home; yes, beauty in every flower, from the modest blue-eyed violet that peeps so cheerfully from its lowly bed, to that haughty flower that deigns to unfold its petals only once in a hundred years! There is beauty in each green, green leaf, whether it flutters on our shade tree, or dances on the lofty boughs of the forest elm. And there is beauty in the rivulet with its sweetly plaintive murmuring, and in the mighty ocean with its voice of many sounds; there is beauty in the dew drop—that jewel of the flowers, and in the falling rain; whether it descends in April tears, or comes on the wings of tempest. And there is majestic beauty in the play of "heaven's artillery," and as we see the lightning flash, and listen to the deep toned thunder, we know there is a God!

There is beauty in the many-hued rainbow, that tells the storm is over; and in the gold and purple clouds of the summer sunset, as we watch each dying ray, till the beautiful "evening star" tells us that they are forever fled. Ah! we may well love the beautiful, for our "Father" loveth it also; for he has made a world of beauty, where once there was but a nameless void; this hand made the colors of the rainbow, and fashioned each wild-wood leaf, or flower; and he has scattered them everywhere; in the valley, on the mountain, and on the western plain; it matters not if they are all unseen by eye of mortal. He loves to look upon them, for they are beautiful! Oh! if on earth there is one who loves not Nature's beauties, we fear he loves not Him who made the flowers.

"Though but brief is the time for the bright flowers to live,  
Yet while they are with us, what sweet pleasures they give;  
They oft soothe and gladden the sad, sorrowing heart,  
And ease like an anodyne its deep rooted smart.  
They are loved by the young who are cheerful and gay,  
As they sport in the sunshine of life all the day;  
They are loved by the aged in life's twilight gloom,  
And spring up and blossom all around the cold tomb.

As smiles an oasis in a desert of sand,  
So smile the waste round us where the lovely flower stands;  
For the most unobtrusive small floweret of earth  
Is charged with some mission at the time of its birth.  
They scatter profusely as the gentle dews fall,  
Choice stores of pure bliss from the kind Maker of all.  
And the lovers of flowers will more tenderness show,  
To the heart-stricken ones of keen want and woe."

L. JANE FROST.

Original.

## Visit to the Print Works.

HAVING a leisure hour or two in the stirring month of March, and a strange feeling of despondency coming over me, for which I could not account—nothing, I thought, could be more interesting, amusing, or exciting than a visit to a Printing establishment, and to view the whole art in its various stages of development; having come to this conclusion, I invited a female friend to accompany me, for nothing can give more pleasure to the benevolent mind, than to see others express astonishment and surprise at the things which you view and admire yourself.

Proceeding to the gate of the Works, and permission having been obtained at the entrance, we entered the Designing Room, the first essential step towards printing. This place was filled with the most beautiful specimens of imagination that art and long experience could suggest; on the desks lay large books filled with specimens of French Designs, which were of great use to the workmen, in forming ideas.

The business of the Designer consists in supplying the Engravers with patterns that first have been approved of by competent authority. They first draw any figure that may suggest itself, on a plain white sheet of drawing paper, and fill the whole pattern up with the creations of their fancy, after which the colors are applied, and it is made to resemble the calicoes that we see displayed with so much taste in our shop windows; this being done, a sketch is made that is an outline of the same pattern, the lines being made of some substance that can be easily transferred to a polished surface of steel.

My companion and myself stood awhile and looked at the men as they diligently plied their brushes on the subjects before them, and we could not help remarking the great resemblance the

place bore to a kaleidoscope, for every new object that we saw, and every new design we beheld, seemed gradually to lead on to things that we had never dreamed of before, opening the way for a boundless field of creative imagination.

Leaving the Designing Shop, we soon found ourselves in the Engraving Department. This is decidedly the most scientific part of the whole establishment; for if there is not so much fancy and taste displayed as in designing, there is more skill and practice required. There are three distinct branches pursued in this trade, each separate and differing from the other; and a person excelling in any one of these, can very rarely excel in the others. The sketch that is sent from the Designers is carried to the *Die-maker*, which is the first branch in the business, and the impression transferred by him, through the means of a transparent sticky substance, to the surface of a smooth cylinder of steel called the *Die*; after which the lines are cut with a tool denominated a *Graver*, made for that purpose, then the parts which are to be of one color on the calico, are sunk deeper than the rest by the aid of acids; for each color must have a separate die; in this state the die is hardened and sent to the *cleanser*, which is the second branch; he prepares another cylinder, the same size or twice as large as the die; or varied as the peculiar construction of the pattern may require, and mills on its surface an even ground, rough alike all over; this mill, as it is termed, being soft, it is placed in a machine called the *clams*, and made to revolve in contact with the die under great pressure, and thus an exact copy is obtained with this difference—that the parts which are sunk on the die, are raised by the mill: it is now hardened in its turn and sent to the *Machine Engraver*, to go through the last process of the business; his vocation consists in impressing the mill upon a copper roller, and making the small mill engrave the whole surface of the roller, with the same pattern, only with many repetitions, showing the value of the preliminary step, in saving a great quantity of engraving. Sometimes it takes eight or ten widths of the mill to go across the roller, but edges are made to fit so exactly, that it resembles a continued piece of engraving; all the different colors have to go through the same processes; and when they are all finished and pronounced correct, they are sent to the printing room where we proceeded next; but not without some reflections on the inventive ingenuity and progression of man, which characterizes his condition, and places him so far above the level of the brute creation.

The Printing Department was the most interesting place we had yet been in; and, although it did not partake of the science and nicety of the other two we had just visited, its contemplation was more grand, and its effect upon us was more magical; we saw the bleached cloth entering at one end of the machine and emerging from the other, with the colors sparkling with the beauty, style, and fashion of the present day; so quickly was the transformation completed, that we hardly realized that it was done by machinery and not through the agency of something supernatural; in every new machine that we saw we beheld something that we had never seen before, and many a simple arrangement that we had not thought it worth our while to notice, was here put to many practiced uses. We saw the talent of the designer's type, and the skill of the engraver's execution, all reproduced here with a quickness that was indeed surprising.

Passing through the rest of the works quicker than we did these three places, we saw many things which we have not time to notice. We went to the *Bleach-house*, and saw the large cisterns, and huge washing machines, in full operation, cleansing goods, with the rapidity of a thousand washerwomen; and the *Dye-house*, with its deep vats and dreary aspect, all formed a fit subject for contemplation and regard; then there are many other minor departments necessary to the successful establishment of Print-works; they must have carpenters for repairing the building and wood work, and machinists to attend to the machinery, and laborers to do the hard work.

Having at length satisfied ourselves, we began to retrace our steps home-ward, well pleased with our visit, and in our return we thought of the goodness and beneficence of our Creator, who had given different capacities to different men, and caused one man to be superior to another in strength of mind, and another in strength of body, and that they are so constituted, as, by their union, to form one grand harmonious whole.

T. P.

## MARRIAGE.

Marriage is a matter of more worth  
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.  
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,  
An age of discord and continual strife?  
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,  
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

SHAKESPEARE.

"My son," said Mr. N., "how could you marry an Irish girl?" "Why, father," said the son, "I'm not able to keep two women—if I'd married a Yankee girl I'd had to hire an Irish girl to take care of her."

## "NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

The little opening flower transported cries,  
"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom;  
"With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,  
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes  
The bee comes sipping, every even tide,  
His dainty fill;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The circling star with honest pride doth boast,  
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;  
I write upon night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;  
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,  
I gem the sky,  
That man might ne'er forget in every fate,  
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,  
"Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,  
I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,  
And to the hive at evening weary come:  
For man, for man, the luscious food I pile  
With busy care,  
Content if he repay my ceaseless toil  
With scanty share."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The soaring bird with pinion sings,  
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;  
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,  
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;  
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,  
And God adore;  
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,  
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"  
The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,  
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;  
I scatter life and health on every side,  
And strew the fields with herb and flow'ret gay  
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,  
My gladsome tune;  
I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone,"—  
O man, forget not thou—earth's honored priest,  
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—  
In thine great chorus to sustain thy part!  
Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,  
Play not the niggard: spurn thy native clod,  
And self disown;  
Live to thy neighbor, live into thy God;  
Not to thyself alone!

## MAY FLOWERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

THE flowers of May!—what are they? They are not the flowers of the garden and the garden, flowers that have been sown, and set, shaded and watered, tended late and early;—the flowers of May are Nature's own flowers,—the children of the elements,—sown by the wind, cradled in the earth, cherished by the snow, and painted by the sun.

"March winds and April showers  
Bring forth May flowers."

So says the adage. March, with its blustering breath, spreads abroad the sweet perfume of the violet; the pale primrose is the child of tearful April; the rose blushes in the beams of June; the stock and the carnation are the glowing flowers of July,—proverbially July flowers; and May, too, has her flower, her flower *par excellence*.—Her's is the "blossom of the thorn," the white-thorn, the hawthorn, the quicken-tree, the May-bush. The May-blossom comes like a fairy, at the birth of this gentle month, to endow it with sweetness and with beauty. May has many flowers.—We cannot do justice to them. We have not space to name them. Why have we not volumes to expatiate upon their loveliness? We are too much strangers to the wild flowers. We tread the woods, the meadows, and the river-banks, and we say—"here are many beauties, but they have not been introduced to us;" we persuade ourselves that science alone can introduce them, and that science will not speak English; and so we pass on, and still are strangers.

It is true that the wealthy have flowers from all parts of the globe—flowers in infinite variety—the more temperate climes send contributions to their gardens and their shrubberies, and the wealth of the tropics is nursed in their hot-houses. But are they, therefore, contented to be strangers to the productions of their own country? The wealthiest of the wealthy would make but a poor exchange, if for all their most prized exotics they should barter their power to ramble in the green world of Nature. They may have both. Rich alike in gold and leisure, they can enjoy all the beauties and advantages of cultivation, and yet, even in their own broad lands, behold the spontaneous growth of nature. Nature and art are both at their command. They can wander from the garden to the shrubbery, from the shrubbery to the park; they can order their carriage to the door, reclining on soft cushions, be conveyed without fatigue to the green lanes and shady woods in the vicinity; they can alight, and walk on the soft

turf, enjoying the freshness of the air, the warmth of the sun, or the coolness of the shade, as best may please them: while they make acquaintance with the trees and flowers, the mosses and grasses, the bees, the butterflies and the birds. They may there behold pictures they see not in their own galleries—may hear music they cannot hear in their saloons, and when the mind or the body becomes weary, a carriage is again at command to convey them to other scenes.

How many an beings are there now wasting in the smoke-infected air of the metropolis, who sigh and pine for the freshness of the country!—How many are there who live long years in a beautiful country, and never know its pleasures! and many, no doubt, there are, who are willing to enjoy the simple pleasures within their reach, and ready to welcome any addition to them. It is said that the more simple and natural pleasures are within the reach of all; and, in a limited sense, it may be true. It is true that the pure air is free to all, that the flowers of the common are the property of any that will pluck them, and that the nightingale sings without a fee; but thousands live and die whose senses never were regaled, whose hearts were never cheered by them. Not to speak of the bitter cares which, in many cases, lessen or destroy the capacity of enjoyment, there are other causes which place those pleasures, seemingly the cheapest, beyond the reach of numbers who are sensible to the privation. Wealth is not gold or land alone—it is liberty and leisure—it comprises not only the purse, but the wishing-cap. To the London mechanic, to the hard-working manufacturer, to millions of human beings, the pleasure of a country ramble is scarcely more attainable than a coronet, or the British crown itself. The rich, meanwhile, from the very abundance of their pleasures, become indifferent to them; they have exhausted those immediately around them, and, like the sated epicure who offered large rewards for a new sauce, many would be grateful for a new pastime. A new pastime is offered them, one that will not pall the appetite—one that, like love, will grow by what it feeds on. It is offered by the wild flowers that court their acquaintance. It is offered by the flowers of May.

We see you, reader, crossing a meadow; it is rather inclined, and the lower end a little wet; that side you naturally avoid; but, as you pass, you see something white peering through the grass. It is a flower, but you know not what flower; you wish to pluck one—you endeavor to win your way within reach of it, without wetting your feet. You try in two or three different parts, for you are slightly shod. The wet may baffle your intentions, and compel you to employ your servant; but you will probably succeed yourself, and the pleasure will be the greater in consequence of the slight degree of difficulty you have encountered. You will take some interest in the flower; it is quite a stranger to you, and you desire to know its name. You wish there was some book that would enable the unsentimental to distinguish one plant from another. Fair lady, the systematic arrangement is intended to shorten, not to lengthen, the road to knowledge; but you seek a pastime only, and would avoid the preliminary steps. You would have such a description of the flower before you as should be intelligible to every one; and this may be given of many flowers, and many of the prettiest, although it would not always be easy accurately to define the species without the help of system. This flower may be so described. We presume that the reader of the present day is aware that the leaves which form the body (botanically termed the *corolla*) of the flower, are named petals. We presume so much from the late progress of knowledge; but poets only are required to know every thing; and even they are not always omniscient. Dryden misled his readers, from ignorance of such distinction; translating Virgil's description of the Italian aster—which is formed much like a daisy, yellow in the centre, and in the circumference—he represents it as a yellow flower, growing amid a bush of purple leaves. So great an authority might well reconcile us to ignorance in such a matter; but as we may speak much of petals, we thought it well to explain. But to describe our plant:—

The stem is broken off near the root, may be a foot, or two feet in height; the leaves, which are of a smooth shining green, are winged (*pinnate*), so called because they are composed of many leaflets, set in pairs on either side of a stalk, like little wide-spread wings. These leaflets differ materially in form; on the upper leaves they are mostly long and narrow, and even at the edges; those of the lower leaves are exceedingly capricious; some may be round, or nearly so—others shaped like a heart—some will have irregular angles, and sharp notches at their edges; and that which grows at the end of the stalk, called the terminal leaflet, is usually larger than the rest. The flowers, which rose above the grass, and first took your attention, grow in clusters. Each flower has four petals, which, when fully blown, form a cross about half an inch in diameter. As it may not immediately remind you of a cross, reader, we will be more explicit; the form is like that of the single stock. Each petal has a little notch near the

base; to discern which, it may be necessary to separate it from the other part of the flower.—When newly blown, these flowers are more or less of a purple color, which gradually fades to white as they grow older.

From the color, size, and general appearance of the separate flowers, it has been proposed to call this plant the meadow lilac; which would be a pretty and appropriate appellation enough, could we consent to supersede that given by the poets. Shakspeare compares its hue to that of silver—

"The lady's-smock, all silver white."

This is the flower—the meadow lady's-smock (*Cardamine pratensis*.) Some of our poets have termed it the cuckoo-flower; a name that has been bestowed on many of our spring flowers, coming in with, or nearly with the cuckoo; but Shakspeare expressly distinguishes it from the flower so named by him, which appears to be the common buttercup:—

"And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,  
Do paint the meadows with delight."

The familiar name of this flower originated in a supposed resemblance of it, when blowing, to linen bleaching on the grass. It has been celebrated by several of our poets, ancient and modern; and we never see it that it does not bring to mind a variety of pleasing images. We cannot take leave of it without calling the reader's attention to the delicate beauty of the buds.

In a marsh beyond the meadow, fair reader, you may see the marsh-marygold, which looks like a gigantic buttercup. Its brilliant color makes it conspicuous at a distance.

On the hedge-banks of the moister part of the field, you will probably find the confrey, or all-heal (*Symphytum officinalis*.) It may not engage your attention by its beauty, but be not influenced by first appearances; it will improve upon acquaintance. We speak of that plant with a quadrangular stem three feet high, and large egg-shaped leaves, coarsely veined, and rough with hairs. The lowermost leaves are supported upon long stalks, but the upper ones sit close, their broad stalks descending along the stem, to which they adhere, and form a sort of wings to its angles. Amid all this coarse herbage you will find clusters of cream-colored flowers, which clusters grow in pairs, with a single flower between each pair. The lower half of the *corolla* (which is concealed within a green five-cleft cup, called the *calyx*) is in the form of a tube; the upper half opens into a bell form, cut at the extremity into five deep scallops. If the corolla be removed from the other parts of the flower, and laid open, five small richly fringed points, of a bright gold color, will be seen within. Let it then be placed under a microscope, and you will behold a fretwork of as brilliant gems as ever graced a lady's casket.—This plant, when plucked, droops and dies almost immediately, and becomes very unsightly; but do not neglect to pluck the flowers ere you cast away the herbage, for they will richly repay your care of them. There is a variety with purple flowers.

The root of the confrey contains a quantity of mucilage, formerly in great repute for the cure of obstinate coughs. It was also supposed to possess a general healing power; whence originated its rustic name of All-heal.

If you continue to ramble in the meadows, reader, or if you turn into the green lanes, occasionally widening into nooks and recesses of pasture land, you may meet with the snow flake, a near relative of the snow-drop, and bearing a strong family likeness; the star of Bethlehem, whose delicate white petals, tinged with green, have the same cool aspect; the beautiful little white saxifrage, of which a double-flowered variety is seen in almost every garden; the daisy, the buttercup, the honey-giving clover, the freckled cowslip, which succeeds the now fast-fading primrose; the wild mallow, and the two-flowered narcissus. The narcissus of the poets must be sought on sandy heaths. It is now in blossom, but is rarely found in a wild state.

On every hedge-band grows the germander speedwell, with its lovely blue flowers, and its oval wrinkled leaves, mostly a little tinted by the sun; the ground ivy, with its two white crosses and kidney-shaped leaves, which, according to the soil it grows in, varies from meagre starvation to the most extreme luxuriance; and, here and there, a few of the earlier wild geraniums blush amid the turf. Among the dun leaves of the bramble sparkles the white stellaria, relieved by the more glowing stars of the rose campion; and, where the grass grows rank, rises that fair flower with an ugly name, the white dead-nettle. On chalky banks grows in full luxuriance the celandine, with its large translucent leaves, and flowers of unburnished gold. Have a care, fair reader, lest, like Midas, it turn to gold all that it may touch. Pluck but a leaf, and your fair kid gloves will at least be veined with gold. Look at the severed stalk, and take heed of your silken scarf.

The woods are richly carpeted with flowers.—The sweet violet, indeed, has given place to a scentless successor, and primroses are now scattered few and far between; but we have the wild hyacinth, with its long milk-white stem, and its



nodding bells; the bugle, with its broad leaves, and little clumpy spikes; the wild strawberry, with its pretty blossoms and leaves, that, like the Graces, always appear in tripple beauty; the delicate wood sorrel, with its red meandering vein, and green green, lemon-scented, heart-shaped leaves, that close in sleep at the approach of night; the yellow pimpernel, with its crisp elegance of leaf and blossoms; the pretty wood-ruff, that sheds so sweet a perfume, that one small sprig, dried years since in a book, will vie with a field of new-mown hay,—whence it is often called the hay-plant; the periwinkle, with its fine blue flowers and luxuriant large glossy leaves; and the lily of the valley, with its long leaves,—

"Shading, like detected light,  
Its little green-tipped lamps of white."

Overhead we have the white blossoms of the way-faring tree, and the mountain ash; and the yellow clusters of the sycamore. The wide beaths are glowing with the broom and golden furze.—The May-bush is neighbored by its rival, the wild cherry, the yellow blossoms of the barberry, the sweet trumpets of the honeysuckle, and the pale flowers of the bryony growing in distant knots upon its long and pliant stems; while over all creeps the small white flower of the goose-grass, with its starry leaves thickset with little hooks, which by these organs of appropriation has won unto itself the name of cleavers.

It is yet too early for wild roses, unless it be the cinnamon rose, venturing forth, here and there to feel the way for its more timid brethren.

We have not named all the May-flowers. It was our wish to expatiate upon them; but no month of the spring or summer is poor enough to allow us to expatiate upon its wealth in so confined a space—May least of all.

Has not the sight catalogue we have laid before you, reader, recalled to memory many passages of the poets, that you have dwelt upon with pleasure. The cowslip, the primrose and the violet; the mallow and the daisy; the bluebell and the woodbine; the clover, the broom, the periwinkle, and the narcissus, are rich with literary associations. If we have revived these, dear reader, neither you nor we shall think our time ill-spent.

Original.

### One Year Agone.

ONE year ago, my pathway led  
Neath sunny skies, 'mid flowers  
Whose perfumed breath, like incense, floats  
Through shady southern bowers;  
Awhile I tarried 'mid their sweets,  
Hope brought unto my soul  
The fairest dreams that o'er the heart  
In early youth can roll.

The future seemed a fairy isle  
Begirt with waves of light,  
And angel forms were beckoning  
Me o'er the waters bright;  
My life-bark tumbled 'mid their foam,  
So great its weight of joys,  
Yet safely sped, beguiled with strains  
The syren Hope employs.

I saw a home with wealth of love  
Before my vision rose,  
A gentle form of cheerfulness  
With dark gazelle-like eyes;  
Her voice the only tones that spoke  
Unto my inmost soul,  
And from its fountain depths drew forth  
Love's full continued roll.

I longed to meet another, too,  
Whom slander had estranged;  
I knew love slumbered in the heart  
That absence had not changed;  
I yearned to press that brother's hand,  
To read the speaking eye,  
That better far than tongue reveals  
What in the heart may lie.

And to the absence hours rolled,  
I turned my steps towards home,  
And fondly hoped from those I loved  
No more on earth to roam.  
I saw each old familiar face,  
Heard voices low and sweet,  
And felt the gushing tenderness  
Of those who fondly meet.

Then followed what seems all a dream,  
I dare not wander back!  
So much of blinding darkness lies  
In last year's gloomy track!  
I only know—one worshipped form  
Lies in a grass grown grave!  
The other speeds far, far away  
Over the crested wave!

And is this home? it cannot be!  
Where is the rosy light  
That gilded o'er this home of love  
And made it all so bright?  
Affection chilled! life's sunlight gone!  
Earth's joys but bitter woe!  
Shattered the heart, so full and warm  
But one short year ago!

Ah! who with boasted love can tell  
The changes of a year?  
Its dawn may be 'mid glowing smiles  
Its waning in a tear.  
And hearts that prayed for life, long life  
To dream its joys away,  
May soon in deepest sorrow muse—  
One year ago to day!

PHILADELPHIA. JOS. C. BAKER.

Imprint the beauties of authors upon your imagination, and their morals upon your hearts.

### EVENTIDE.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

This cottage door, this gentle gale,  
Hay-scented, whispering round,  
Yon path-side rose, that down the vale  
Breathes incense from the ground,  
Methinks should from the dullest clod  
Invite a thankful heart to God.

But, Lord, the violet, bending low,  
Seems better moved to praise;  
From us, what scanty blessings flow,  
How voiceless close our days!  
Father, forgive us, and the flowers  
Shall lead in prayer the vesper hours.

### MEMENTO.

My son, be this thy simple plan;  
Serve God and love thy brother man;  
Forget not in temptation's hour,  
That sin lends sorrow double power;  
Count life a stage upon thy way,  
And follow conscience, come what may,  
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,  
With hand and brow and bosom clear,  
"Fear God, and know no other fear."

### WOMAN.

Woman's soft hand my infant cradle spread,  
Her gentle cares bedecked my bridal bed;  
By woman let my dying hours be nursed—  
Her love the last fond solace as the first.

Fairest and foremost of the train that wait  
On man's most dignified and happiest state,  
Whether we name thee Charity or Love,  
Chief grace below, and all in all above.

[Cowper.

### INTO THE SUNSHINE.

"I wish father would come home."  
The voice that said this had a troubled tone,  
and the face that looked up was sad.

"Your father will be very angry," said an aunt, who was sitting in the room with a book in her hand. The boy raised himself from the sofa, where he had been lying in tears for half an hour, and, with a touch of indignation in his voice, answered,

"He'll be sorry, not angry. Father never gets angry."

For a few moments the aunt looked at the boy half curiously, and let her eyes fall again upon the book that was in her hand. The boy laid himself down upon the sofa again, and hid his face from sight.

"That's father now!" He started up, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes, as the sound of a bell reached his ears, and went to the room door. He stood there for a little while, and then came slowly back, saying with a disappointed air,

"It isn't father. I wonder what keeps him so late. O, I wish he would come!"

"You seem anxious to get deeper into trouble, remarked the aunt, who had only been in the house for a week, and who was neither very amiable nor very sympathizing towards children. The boy's fault had provoked her, and she considered him a fit subject for punishment.

"I believe, aunt Phoebe, that you'd like to see me whipped," said the boy, a little warmly. "But you won't."

"I must confess," replied aunt Phoebe, "that I think a little wholesome discipline of the kind you speak of would not be out of place. If you were my child, I am very sure you wouldn't escape."

"I'm not your child: I don't want to be. Father's good, and loves me."

"If your father is so good, and loves you so well, you must be a very ungrateful or a very inconsiderate boy. His goodness don't seem to have helped you much."

"Hush, will you!" ejaculated the boy, excited to anger by this unkindness of speech.

"Phoebe!" It was the boy's mother who spoke now, for the first time. In an under tone, she added: "You are wrong. Richard is suffering quite enough, and you are doing him harm rather than good."

Again the bell rang, and again the boy left the sofa, and went to the sitting-room door.

"It's father!" And he went gliding down stairs.

"Ah, Richard!" was the kindly greeting, as Mr. Gordon took the hand of his boy. "But what's the matter, my son? You don't look happy."

"Won't you come in here?" And Richard drew his father into the library. Mr. Gordon sat down, still holding Richard's hand.

"You are in trouble, my son. What has happened?"

The eyes of Richard filled with tears as he looked into his father's face. He tried to answer, but his lips quivered. Then he turned away, and opening the door of the cabinet, brought out the fragments of a broken statuette, which had been sent home only the day before, and set them on a table before his father, over whose countenance came instantly a shadow of regret.

"Who did this, my son?" was asked in an even voice.

"I did it."

"How?"

"I threw my ball in there, once—only once, in forgetfulness."

The poor boy's tones were husky and tremulous.

A little while Mr. Gordon sat, controlling himself, and collecting his disturbed thoughts. Then he said cheerfully—

"What is done, Richard, can't be helped. Put the broken pieces away. You have had trouble enough about it, I can see—and reproof enough for your thoughtlessness—so I shall not add a word to increase your pain."

"O, father!" And the boy threw his arms about his father's neck. "You are so kind—so good!"

Five minutes later, and Richard entered the sitting-room with his father. Aunt Phoebe looked up for two shadowed faces; but did not see them. She was puzzled.

"That was very unfortunate," she said, a little while after Mr. Gordon came in. "It was such an exquisite work of art. It is hopelessly ruined."

Richard was leaning against his father when his aunt said this. Mr. Gordon only smiled and drew his arm closely around his boy. Mrs. Gordon threw upon her sister a look of warning, but it was unheeded.

"I think Richard was a very naughty boy."

"We have settled all that, Phoebe," was the mild but firm answer of Mr. Gordon; "and it is one of our rules to get into the sunshine as quickly as possible."

Phoebe was rebuked; while Richard looked grateful, and, it may be, a little triumphant; for his aunt had borne down upon him rather too hard for a boy's patience to endure.

Into the sunshine as quickly as possible! O, is not that the better philosophy for our homes? Is it not true Christian philosophy? It is selfishness that grows angry and repels, because a fault has been committed? Let us get the offender into the sunshine as quickly as possible, so that true thoughts and right feelings may grow vigorous in its warmth. We retain anger, not that anger may act as a wholesome discipline, but because we are unwilling to forgive. Ah, if we were always right with ourselves, we would oftener be right with our children.

[Steps Towards Heaven.

### Big Bugs at a Discount.

Not many years ago, a Boston merchant passing up the Penobscot in one of our favorite steamboats, had occasion to stop at one of the thriving villages on the banks of the river. Before landing, however, he inquired of a friend at what house he had better put up.

"Stop at the A—House," was the reply; "all the big bugs stop there."

Boston did as directed; but having passed a sleepless night in consequence of repeated and persistent attacks on his person by certain invisible animals, he, in the morning, called for his bill, saying that the house had been recommended to him as the place where all the "big bugs" stopped, and he thought he would go where the bugs were not quite so big.

### THE ROBIN.

BY ROBERT JOHNSON.

Robin red-breast, fleet and free,  
Whither dost thou wing thy way?  
Hast thou not some word for me,  
Some news from home, sweet Robin, say?

Thy wing unpinioned cleaves the air,  
Thy voice seems tuned to heavenly strains,  
Come, tell me what they're doing there,  
Does discord ever fill those plains?

Or, if thou dost not soar so far,  
Perhaps thou'lt hover near my home?  
If so, go tell my guardian star,  
To hope, be happy, till I come.

Or, should'st thou light near the brown cot,  
Where friends are sheltered on the hill,  
If so, dear bird, forget them not,  
But tell them that I love them still.

Dear Robin, though I wander off,  
So far from home and friends so dear,—  
O, wilt thou, when thou soar'st aloft,  
Just stop and say you saw me here.

Yes, pretty bird, had I thy wing,  
The power to soar where I would be,  
All worldly cares behind I'd fling,  
And cleave the vaulted sky as free.

Thy voice that so enchants my ear,  
Reminds me of the power on high,  
Whose justice gives all creatures here,  
Some token that He's ever nigh.

Thou canst not reason, yet thy song,  
Is of its kind in strains so true,  
That when thou herald'st in the dawn,  
No human art can vie with you.

I love thee, for thy vocal powers  
Were blended with a mother's love,  
While seated 'neath the summer bowers,  
Or roaming in some shady grove.

But while I'd hold so fond and free,  
Some converse more 'bout those away,  
I would that I could tell to thee,  
And have you tell them what I'd say.

Ah, swift-winged one come back, O come,  
I'll ask thee but one favor more,—  
Take these few lines to those at home,  
They may be waiting at the door.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.

Original.

### TO M. E. DE FORREST.

CAN you say you love not Northland,  
With its lakes and rivers fair,  
Love you not the dark green forests  
Which forever flourish there?

Come you to this dreary Northland,  
Where the mountains raise their heads,  
Where the swiftly flowing rivers  
Dash along their rocky beds.

Where are hearts as fond as faithful,  
In this land so cold and drear,  
As in isles where flowers flourish  
Through the long unchanging year.

Hearts you find which love as fondly,  
In this Northland, maiden fair,  
As the lips that breathe so sweetly  
Words of love and passion there.

Come you to this Northland dreary,  
As you call this home of ours,  
And where'er the heart is weary,  
We will pluck these mountain flowers.

MIRA MOORE.

### SUCCESS.

The man who would succeed must be in earnest. His abilities must be concentrated upon some pursuit which he thoroughly understands. And then he must work;—work early, work late, and work incessantly. He must have every thread of his business at his own fingers' ends, and hold the reins always in his own hands. But the main things are concentration and earnestness. Irresolution on the schemes which offer themselves to one's choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of disquiet and failure.

Ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man might as well give over the contest, and sink into obscurity and poverty at once. Let him who would be successful select an avocation that is to his taste—one in which he would be proud to excel, which his conscience approves and which his reason commends, and then—go ahead.

To give a brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night, and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will scarcely ever fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

ALABAMA signifies in the Indian language "Here we rest." A story is told of a tribe of Indians who fled from a relentless foe in the trackless forest in the south-west. Weary and travel worn, they reached a noble river which flowed through a beautiful country. The chief of the band struck his tent pole in the ground and exclaimed: "Alabama! Alabama!" ("Here we shall rest! Here we shall rest!")

The idea that a plodder in one business will be a leading character in another, is all gammon. Doves of men are like doves of cattle; the leading ox of to-day will be the leading ox during the whole journey—while the cattle that lag along in the rear at the start, will remain in the rear to all eternity.

The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men, covers a mighty truth; for every beautiful, and pure, and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

A young lady after dancing all night, and several hours longer, will generally find, on consulting the looking-glass, that the evening's amusement will not bear the morning's reflection.

Original.

### I WOULD DIE AT HOME.

WOULD not die in a foreign land,  
Far away from my native home;  
Though its skies should wear a softer hue,  
Its music a sweeter tone;  
Though the air should be fragrant with rare bright  
And would gently around me play:  
I should pine for my home 'cross the trackless foam,  
And for loved ones so far away.

I would die in the spot where my sunny youth  
Glided quickly and joyously on;  
So quickly—it seems like a passing dream  
Of pleasure forever gone.  
I would hear the dear voices I loved so well  
Speaking hope to my sinking heart;  
I would breathe to each loved one my last farewell  
Ere I bowed to death's keen dart.

Other lands may be bright when the heart is light,  
And free from sorrow and care;  
But when trouble and grief come hand in hand,  
We cannot see beauty there.  
Though I know when my spirit shall take its flight,  
There is one who has power to save;  
Yet I fain would rest in my own dear land,  
And not in a foreign grave.

TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

### Picture of Married Life.

ABRAHAM TUCKER drops the thread of his acute metaphysical discussion in his "Light of Nature Pursued," to draw an illustration of the emotion under discussion from his own personal experience. He is treating of "Satisfaction," and has occasion to combat an assertion of Locke, that desire is always accompanied by uneasiness. He will admit this in some situations, but not in all—"I may say," he writes, "with Mr. Dryden,

"Old as I am, for lady's love unfit  
The power of beauty I remember yet."

I still bear in mind the days of my courtship, which, in the language of all men, is called a season of desire; yet, unless I strangely forget myself, it proved to me a season of desire also. Mr. Locke tells us it is the uneasiness of a turbulent desire that drives men into the conjugal state. This, for aught I know, might be the motive with some men, who, being of an unsocial and undomestic turn, can see nothing good in matrimony, but submit to it as a necessary evil. But this, thanks to my stars, was not my case. I might feel some scorings of desire, while the object of it lay at an undiscernable distance; but as the prospect drew near, and the obstacles that stood in the way of its gratification were gradually removed, it had no more the fireness of a furnace, but became a gentle flame, casting forth a pleasant, exhilarating warmth. Perhaps I might meet with some little rubs in the way that gave me disturbance. My fair one spoke a civil word to any tall, well-bred young fellow, I might entertain some idle apprehensions lest he should supplant me. When I took a hackney-coach to visit her, if we were jammed in between others, perhaps I might fret and fume, and utter many an uneasy sigh; but as soon as I got through, though desire abated not, every shadow of uneasiness fled away. As near as I can remember, during the whole time, desire, close attended by satisfaction, directed all my steps and occupied all my moments. It awoke with me in the morning, and was the last idea swept away by sleep. It invigorated me in business, gave me life when in company, and entertained me with delightful reflections when alone. Nor did it fail to accompany me to the altar, exhibiting the prospect of an agreeable companion, who should double the enjoyments and alleviate the troubles of life; who should relieve me from the burden of household cares, and assist me in bringing up a rising family. Possession did not put an end to desire, which found fresh fuel in mutual intercourses of kindness and hearty friendship, and could often feed upon the merest trifles. How often, having picked up some little piece of news abroad, has desire quickened my

pace to prattle it over at home! How often, upon hearing of something curious in the shops, have I gone to buy it with more pleasure than the keenest sportsman goes after his game! Thus desire, leading delight hand in hand, attended us for many years, though a little altered in shape and complexion, until my other half was torn from me. Then, indeed, desire left me, and with it fled joy, delight, content, and all those under desires that used to put me upon the common actions of the day. I could like nothing, find amusement in nothing, and cared for nothing. And though I called in all my philosophy to rescue me from this disconsolate situation, it could not relieve me presently, but had a long struggle before it got the better of nature."

This is enough to redeem the metaphysical craft from Wordsworth's imputation in "A Poet's Epitaph."

"One of whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling,  
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;  
A reasoning, self-sufficient thing,  
An intellectual All-in-all."

The passage we have given is strictly a transcript from life. Abraham Tucker was a gentleman of leisure of the last century, the son of a London merchant. He lived on a rich country estate, and is a rare example of one so fortunately placed for the usual enjoyments of the world, making himself a deservedly high reputation as a thinker and philosopher. His married life lasted eighteen years. When it was closed by the death of his wife, he employed himself in collecting all the letters which had passed between them in their occasional separations, fondly transcribing them in a volume, which he entitled "The Picture of Artless Love." He gave one copy, we are told, to his wife's father, and kept the other, frequently reading it to his daughters. It was after the death of his wife that he commenced his work, "The Light of Nature."

HOW TO ESTIMATE MAN.

"As touching the estimate of man," says Montaigne, in his Essay "Of the Inequality among us," "tis strange that, ourselves excepted, no other creature is esteemed beyond its proper qualities.—We commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, and not for his rich caparisons; a grayhound for his share of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her jesses and bells.—Why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a great train, a beautiful palace, so much credit, so many thousand pounds a year, and all these are about him, but not in him. You will not buy a pig in a poke. If you cheapen a horse, you will see him stripped of his housing-clothes; you will see him naked and open to your eye; so if he be clothed, as they anciently were wont to sell them to princess to sell, 'tis only on the less important parts, that you may not so much consider the beauty of his color, or the breadth of his crupper, as principally to examine his limbs, eyes and feet, which are the members of greatest use. Why, in giving your estimate of a man, do you prize him wrapped and muffled up in clothes? He then discovers nothing to you but such parts as are not in the least his own, and conceals those by which alone one may rightly judge of his value. 'Tis the price of the blade that you inquire into, and not of the scabbard. You would not, peradventure, bid a fathing for him if you saw him stripped. You are to judge him for himself, and not by what he wears. And, as one of the ancients very pleasantly said, Do you know why you repute him tall? You reckon withal the height of his chopines, whereas the pedestal is no part of the statue. Measure him without his stilts, let him lay aside his revenues and his titles; let him present himself in his shirt, then examine if his body be sound and sprightly, active, and disposed to perform its functions. What soul has he? Is it beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all her faculties? Is she rich of what is her own, or of what she has borrowed? Has fortune no hand in the affair? Can she, without winking, stand the lightning of swords? Is she indifferent whether her life expire by the mouth or through the throat? Is she settled, even and content? This is what is to be examined, and by that you are to judge of the vast differences betwixt man and man."

THE Norfolk Herald, speaking of the operations in the wild-duck line, says that there is a farmer in Princess Anne county, Virginia, who has twenty men employed constantly since the commencement of the season, and up to the twentieth of December they had consumed, in their vocation, twenty-three kegs of gunpowder, with shot in proportion. The ducks which they killed were brought to Norfolk once a week, and piled up in a warehouse, where, on every Wednesday, they were packed in barrels, and shipped for New York by the steamship Jameston. The number of barrels thus sent off weekly have, up to this time, averaged from fifteen to twenty-five barrels, and one week the number reached as high as thirty-one. They consist of all the varieties of the duck species known in our latitude—such as canvas-back, red-heads, mallard, black ducks, sprig-tails, bull-necks, baldpates, (or wigeons,) shovellers, etc., to which may be added a good proportion of wild geese.



## Poetry.

### A VALENTINE.

BY ALEXANDER AXLETTREE, ESQ.

This bachelor life; this bachelor life  
Is surely not to me,  
The glorious thing that married folks  
Would crack it up to be.  
'Tis true no wife can trouble us,  
And like the "blue hen" we  
Each morn may "lay" an hour or two,  
And "every Sunday three."  
But when we down to breakfast go  
'Taint pleasant to be told  
We'll have to drink our coffee riled,  
And eat our buck-wheats cold!  
Nor then at lunch to rumage in  
The cupboard for a bone,  
And finding there the cupboard bare,  
Turn back again with none.  
And so to languish drearily  
The weary morning through,  
And see in only reverie,  
Sweet Isabella, you!—  
For, Belle, the loadstone of thine eyes  
Attracteth me to thee,  
Just as the honeyed hollyhock  
Attracts the busy bee:—  
Or as the golden preciousness  
That glistens in the day  
Attracts so many desperate men  
To California—  
And like the sparkling gem that peeps  
From out the muddy ground,  
Or like negroes' teeth, the whiter for  
The darkness all around,—  
So though, amidst the common herd,  
To mortal men appear  
A straying Angel lost on earth,  
An hour, lingering here!

Ah, yes, an ancient bachelor,  
Thou' often vaunted high,  
Is but half a pair of shears,  
Or a hook without an eye,  
And single ladies, though their charms  
By unpledged bards be sung;  
As Belles, are bells sans rim and wheel,  
And nothing left but tongue!  
So do some little pity show  
Thou joy-dispensing maid—  
One smile of thine, like charity,  
Makes sunshine in the shade!

My heart, the street door knocker like,  
Beneath my waistcoat thumps,—  
Ah, other hearts are hearts perhaps,  
But mine's the king of trumps.  
Then take it,—for 'twill cling to thee  
With love each day increased,  
As clings the king of terrors to  
An African deceased,—  
Or as the angry lobster clings  
To the finger in his claw,  
Or as the doctor's forceps to  
The tooth within your jaw,—  
Or as the living cucumber  
Around the pumpkin vine,—  
So shall the chords of my true heart  
Be interwoven with thine!

### THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

A Beautiful Land by the Spoiler untrod,  
Unpolluted by sorrow or care;  
It is lighted alone by the presence of God,  
Whose throne and whose temple are there:  
Its crystalline streams, with a murmurous flow,  
Meander through valleys of green,  
And its mountains of Jasper are bright in the glow  
Of a splendor no mortal hath seen.

And throngs of glad singers, with jubilant breath,  
Like the air with their melodies rife;  
And One, known on earth as the Angel of Death,  
Shines here as the Angel of Life!  
And infinite tenderness beams from his eyes,  
On his brow is an infinite calm,  
And his voice as it thrills through the depths of the skies,  
Is as sweet as the Seraphim's psalms.

Through the amaranth groves of a Beautiful Land  
Walk the Souls who were faithful in this;  
And their foreheads, star-crowned by the zephyrs are  
Fanned.  
That evermore murmur of bliss:  
They taste the rich fruitage that hangs from the trees,  
And breathe the sweet odor of flowers  
More fragrant than ever were kissed by the breeze  
In Araby's loveliest bowers.

Old Prophets, whose words were a spirit of flame,  
Blazing out o'er the darkness of time;  
And Martyrs, whose courage no torture could tame,  
Nor turn from their purpose sublime;  
Who were loyal to Truth and to Right,  
And left as they walked through the darkness of wrong  
Their foot-prints encircled with light

And the dear little children, who went to their rest  
Ere their lives had been sullied by sin;  
While the Angel of Morning still tarried a guest,  
Their spirits' pure temple within.  
All are there, all are there—in the Beautiful Land,  
The Land by the Spoiler untrod,  
And their foreheads, star-crowned, by the breezes are  
Fanned.  
That blow from the Gardens of God.

My soul hath looked in through the gateway of dreams  
On the City all paven with gold,  
And heard the sweet flow of its murmurous streams,  
As through the green valleys they rolled;  
And though it still waits on this desolate strand,  
A pilgrim and stranger on earth,  
Yet it knew, in that glimpse of the Beautiful Land,  
That it gazed on the home of its birth!

# The Transcript

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1882.

E. P. WESTON AND E. H. ELWELL, EDITORS.

## VOICES OF THE MORNING.

There are voices of the night, of which the poet sings, and there are voices of the day, heard in the clink and clank, the roar and turmoil of busy toil and traffic, but the sweetest sounds, most instinct with fresh and joyous life, are the voices of the morning, the happy hour when "music and perfumes mingle with the soul."

As Daniel Webster has remarked in his letter on the morning, few of the inhabitants of cities know anything about this richest hour of the day. "Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a breakfast, or a piece of toast." They know nothing of the melody of morn; their sluggish slumbers are disturbed only by the early fish-horn, the rattling coach, or the steam-whistle's infernal scream. Or, as Swift says:

"The small-coal man is heard with cadence deep,  
Till drowned in shriller notes of chimney sweep."  
But we who live in the suburbs and the rural districts—we know what the morning is, and are acquainted with its voices. It is then that the air is filled with a thousand grateful smells, and "all the sons of music sing their matin song."

It is a pure delight, at the hour of sunrise, to listen to the burst of joy with which the glorious orb is welcomed by all the animal kingdom. If the mind is troubled, or bent on the coming cares of the day, perhaps we shall hear only an indistinct murmuring, for the melody, though joyful, is dreamy and subdued. But if we lend an attentive ear we shall be charmed with the variety and sweetness of the notes. The full chorus comes, of course from—

"The cheerful birds, that, on the tops of trees,  
Assemble all in choir; and with their notes  
Salute and welcome up the rising sun."

This is their season of joy, and every little warbler lends his merry note to swell the universal song.

The blackbird with the wine of joy is mellow,  
And in his song keeps laughing, he's so jolly,  
To think how summer pulses the fruit for him.  
The woods overflow with gladness; all the tuneful tribe are rejoicing in the sunshine and the summer days to come. They warble, carol, chirp and twitter; whistle, trill, shake and quaver, each in its own glad way. If we listen, we may catch amid the chorus, the chirrup of the Robin, the twitter of the Swallow and the clear full song of the White Throated Sparrow. The notes of the Snow Bird and the Chipping Sparrow, too are heard; the Golden Crowned Thrush lends its voice and from far away comes the notes of its solitary cousin of the wood; the petulant Crested Flycatcher, the Wood Pewee, and their quarrelsome relative the King-bird, tyrant of the tribe, join in the song; the Red Eyed Vireo, the sprightly Blue Eyed Yellow Warbler, the Yellow Bird's quick sharp note—all these and many more are heard as they make their morning calls, and bid each other good morrow.

But besides the grand chorus of the woods, we have the solo performances of the hen-yard and the barn-yard. Mingling not inharmoniously with the song of the birds, come the shrill notes of Chanticleer, echoed and re-echoed far away, like the answering notes of the alpine horn. Then come at intervals, the deep baying of the faithful watchdog, mellowed by the distance; the mooing of the cows, "bidding their fellow brutes good morrow;" the more discordant *caw caw* of the black-coated crows, the *yip, yip* of hungry chickens, the *gobble gobble* of strutting turkeys, and all the sounds of rural life which go to make up the voices of the morning.

But in the general chorus there mingle other sounds, not so readily distinguishable, a sort of "milky-way" of melody—

"A hum of many sounds making one voice,  
That fills the summer air with most melodious noise."

There is the soothing sound of flowing water, "the run of rills and bubble of cool springs," the "buzz of happy bees in violet bowers," and all the murmur of insect life.

The vegetable kingdom, too, is all alive, and is not without its voices. There is a stir of leaves as well as of wings, and if we could lay a quick ear to the warm bosom of the throbbing earth, we might listen to the bursting of flower and fruit buds, the flow of the ascending sap, the low breathing of the odoriferous winds, the stir of life in every clod, that "climbs to a soul in grass and flowers." But as Beattie sings, "who the melodies of morn can tell?" They must be heard to

be conceived of and enjoyed. Rise with the sun ye sluggards of the city, and take a morning walk into the country—

"Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,  
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawn adorn,  
Where thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne,"

if you would know how fresh and delightful is the morning.

## YORK AND CUMBERLAND RAIL ROAD.

The city of Portland has gained for herself a good name and essentially advanced her material interests, by her great Railroad enterprise—connecting the Canadas and all the West with herself, for all coming time.—Having acquitted herself so nobly and so profitably in this enterprise, it is a little surprising that she should not seek other opportunities to profit herself in like manner.

A writer in the Argus estimates that the city of Portland, has contributed in subscriptions, bonds, &c., the snug little sum of \$2,900,000—or \$20,000 a mile, to the Atlantic and Saint Lawrence Rail Road, while the York and Cumberland road has received only \$100.00 per mile from the same source.—The writer adds these pertinent remarks in comparison of the two roads.

"Much surprise, without doubt will be manifested by the citizens of Portland, upon the extent of favoritism shown toward one Railroad, and of neglect towards another, which must be increased, upon a comparison of their respective claims; that while the route of one, is densely settled with a thriving population, accustomed to the conveniences and luxuries incident to independent circumstances, a considerable period must elapse before the other arrives at the same stage.

The line of the Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad contains twelve inhabitants to the square mile, the York & Cumberland one hundred inhabitants to the same space.

The Atlantic & St. Lawrence Railroad Company, by their annual report of 1856, exhibited 94 passengers to the mile, the York & Cumberland R. R. Co., by their report of the same year, 411 passengers for the same distance.

The destinations of a large portion of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence passengers are through, while those by the York & Cumberland, are, but with few exceptions, to Portland.

These comparisons are instituted to sustain the York & Cumberland Railroad, and not in disparagement of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence, which is worthy of the Railroad celebrity of the individual, who suggested, and the city which furnished the means to carry forward the project; that it will materially benefit this city, though the business of the road is chiefly, at present, through it, there can be no doubt; in fact the Atlantic and St. Lawrence is the *wrap*, and the York & Cumberland, is wanted, as the *filling*, to complete the fabric."

BELLS AND THEIR METAL.—The Lewiston Falls Journal says the new steel bell recently placed upon the First Congregational Church has been replaced by a composition bell, the steel bell being found much inferior to the common bell. The tones were not so musical nor so well sustained and prolonged. The best metal for bells is a composition of copper and tin, the proportion being 78 of the former to 22 of the latter. Several kinds of metal have been tried, but none have equalled this, which is that commonly in use. It used to be thought that incorporating silver with the composition would give the bell a smoother tone, but recent experiments conclusively prove that silver is not a sonorous metal. Notwithstanding all the poetry about 'silvery tones,' silver bells have no more music in them than a tin dipper, and any admixture of silver in bell metal only injures the tone of the instrument.

## The late Rufus Choate.

Telegraphic dispatches from Halifax a few days since, brought the painful intelligence that Rufus Choate had "ceased to live." He started on an European voyage for his health, and growing still more feeble, than when he embarked, put in at Halifax, where he died. Mr. Choate has for years been physically a feeble man. Of a nervous temperament, ardent in whatever he engaged, and ambitious to sustain an exalted reputation, he exerted himself far above his physical powers, and has been for years literally wearing himself out in his professional duties. The body of Mr. C. was not equal to his mind. And here we cannot forbear the remark, that those outside the legal profession know but little of the intellectual toil, and labor, and the physical endurance required of a lawyer engaged in an extensive business. While the farmer and mechanic are enjoying the luxury of the laboring man's sleep, the Attorney is often found consuming the midnight oil, toiling over his books, and with blood-shot eyes and fevered brain, wearing himself out for his clients. So with Rufus Choate. For years he has, after the excitement of a jury trial were over, been more a dead than a live man. In such cases his transit has been from the bar to the sick room, where physicians and nurses have often labored for hours to restore his exhausted energies and bring him back to life. Mr. Choate was one of the great men of the age in which he lived. He possessed many elements of greatness,—much that made him distinguished; but it was at the bar his sun shone with its greatest splendor. As a jury lawyer, he stood at the head of the profession, not only in this country but throughout the civilized world. His eloquence in addressing a jury was almost irresistible, and his success as a popular pleader, was equal to his reputation. In proof of this, numerous cases could be cited, where in defense of criminals his pathetic, eloquent appeals have been followed by acquittals, where the evidence would hardly warrant such a verdict. He seemed upon these occasions to seek out and find an avenue to the heart of every juror upon the panel; and often remarked, that in his great efforts, he never sat down until he was fully satisfied that every juror had yielded and consented to a verdict favorable to his client. Of course his professional business was very extensive and lucrative. In his feeble health he found it impossible to attend to but comparatively few of the calls made upon him for his professional services. As a politician, Mr. Choate, so long as there was any whig party in existence, clung to that. After that party died a suicidal death, he, like many other gentlemen of the old federal stamp, allied his political fortunes to that of a man of the same political views, in the person of James Buchanan. He was a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, one term, and served several years in the U. S. Senate. His talents were not so well suited for the halls of legislation as for the bar. So well satisfied was he of this, that he avoided public life, and declined many political honors his friends would have gladly bestowed upon him. His sudden departure is but another link in that long chain of evidence which goes to prove that all men are mortal, and that no rank or station will shield a man from the swift arrows of death. A great intellectual light has gone out and vanished from among us. While it is laudable to seek to be great, it is still more laudable to seek to be good. Goodness and greatness combined, leave a holy influence, and shed a radiance over the tomb, pointing life's weary pilgrims to a life well spent—to a brighter world prepared for those who love God.

## THE LIGHT AT HOME.

The light at home! how bright it beams  
When evening shades around us fall;  
And from the lattice far it gleams,  
To love, and rest, and comfort call.  
When wearied with the toils of day,  
And strife for glory, gold, or fame,  
How sweet to seek the quiet way,  
Where loving lips will list our name  
Around the light at home.

When through the dark and stormy night,  
The wayward wanderer homeward hies  
How cheering is that twinkling light,  
Which through the forest gloom he spies!  
It is the light at home. He feels  
That loving hearts will greet him there,  
And safely through his bosom steals  
The joy and love that banish care  
Around the light at home.

The light at home! when ere at last  
It greets the seaman through the storm,  
He felt no more the chilling blast  
That beats upon his manly form.  
Long years upon the sea have fled,  
Since Mary gave her parting kiss,  
But the sad tears which she then shed,  
Will now be paid with rapturous bliss  
Around the light at home.

The light at home! how still and sweet  
It peeps from yonder cottage door—  
The weary laborer to greet—  
When the rough toils of day are o'er.  
Sad is the soul that does not know  
The blessings that the beams impart,  
The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,  
And lighten up the heaviest heart  
Around the light at home.

## A GEM.

Into my heart a silent look  
Flashed from the careless eyes,  
And what before was shadowy took  
The light of summer skies—  
The first born love was in that look,  
The Venus rose from out the deep  
Of these inspiring eyes.

My life, like some lone, solemn spot  
A spirit passes o'er,  
Grew indistinct with a glory not  
In earth or heaven before;  
Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,  
And shook the leaf of every thought  
The presence wandered o'er.

My being yearned and crept to thine,  
As if, in times of yore,  
Thy soul hath been a part of mine,  
Which claims it back once more;  
Thy very self no longer thine,  
But merged in that delicious life  
Which made us one of yore!

On the 9th, the Hall of the Sons of Temperance at Bangor was dedicated with interesting ceremonies. A bible was presented by the Young Men's Bible Society. A beautiful chased Silver pitcher of large size, two rich china, and two beautiful porcelain vases, purchased by the lady visitors of the Division, were also presented.

## A WORD OF WARNING.

If females were disciplined, trained on the gospel plan, adorned in modest apparel, guided in life's golden path, seldom if ever would our cars be pained with heart-rending recitals of fallen virtue! Here lies the fault, the guilt, the murder! Mothers suffer little ones to sport on destruction's brink, to carry coals of fire in their bosoms. In early infancy, pride is fostered; they are tipped off in fine clothing, flit about in gay and fashionable costume, trinkets and gew-gaws; mingle with the giddy; attend parties of pleasure—the dance, the nightly concert and revel, and are gallanted by unprincipled, licentious young men. These are stepping-stones to disgrace and ruin. Can a man take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned? Beware, "lest thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy soul are consumed, and say, How have I hated destruction, and my heart despised reproof."

Original.

## "LET THERE BE LIGHT."

TWAS said! and though fell chaos, drear and black,  
Resplendent in its glory burst the sun,  
Full-orbed and radiant. The vapors sun  
Fled swift along the day-god's burning track,  
And vanished into nothingness. The earth  
Awoke in youth and beauty. On the air  
Resounded notes of gladness everywhere—  
Of joyous innocence—celestial birth!  
From Nature's vast domain creation shouts  
The anthem of praise; the swelling sea  
Sends back the waking strains that echoing floats  
Through the long ages of eternity.  
An unborn world of deep chaotic night;  
Lo! the omnic Word, and all was light!

F. W. POTTER.

Original.

## FADED FLOWERS.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

ONCE more I sit among my faded treasures, and sadly and sorrowfully I turn another leaf of the past. Here is a faded moss rose-bud, faded long ago, ah! what memories

## Original Poetry.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

## SONG OF YOUTH.

O, youthful hours,—delightful hours!  
No clouds should change your light to gloom,  
No time so fit to gather flowers  
As when they are in bloom!  
The sorrows that beset our life—  
Full soon their burden we must bear,  
If while the roses blossom rife  
We hide away from care.  
And doth every preacher say  
That life is but a narrow span,  
And youth, at best, a summer's day?—  
Let us be happy when we can!

Old Age is stealing on apace,  
Old Age, so sad—old Age, so grim,  
With wrinkles on his care-worn face,  
And eyes so dull and dim!  
The oaken staff he leans upon  
Can scarce support his tottering frame,  
And from his heart the fire is gone  
That lit his glorious flame.  
Then ere his presence chills our powers,  
And drives the sunshine from the day,  
We'll make the most of youth's bright hours—  
Let us be happy while we may!

II.

## SONG OF AGE.

Ah, hoary hairs! triumphal crown!  
The last, the dearest gift of time,  
We would not cast your glory down  
For all the joys of youthful prime.  
Could we, by wish, displace the years  
Thro' which we've trod our pilgrimage,  
And face again the hopes and fears  
That meet us on life's opening stage;—  
We'd scorn the wish, nor lift the veil  
That dims the memories of the past;  
Enough that we have trod the vale  
And gained the heights at last.

Think not we view with envious glance  
The flicker phantoms of delight  
That for a little moment dance  
In youth's bright path, then flee from sight;  
Too well we know their emptiness—  
Too well we've proven their feeble power  
To make life's weary burdens less  
Or brighten the declining hour.  
But we can sing of labors done,  
Of life's great mysteries overcome,  
The long, long battle fought and won,  
And—we are almost home!

H. J. LEAVITT.

## Poetry.

### Magenta.

I.  
Under the willows; in the trampled maize;  
Midst up-torn vines, and shattered mulberry rows;  
In rich-fields, corn-fields, dykes by dusty ways,  
And cottage crofts, where the gold gourd-flower blows,  
Swathes of Death's scythe, wielded for two long days—  
The dead lie thick and still: foes all at peace with foes.

II.  
So many nameless dead! no need of glory  
For all this blood, so freely poured, is theirs;  
Yet each life here link'd many in its story  
Of hopes and loves and hates, joys and cares.  
Of these unhonored sleepers, grim and gory,  
Who knows out of the world how much each with him bears?

III.  
These were all sons or sires; husbands or brothers;  
Bread-winners, most of them, from homes afar.  
This a sick father's stay; that a blind mother's;  
For him in Paris, 'neath the evening star,  
A loving heart its care in labor mothers,  
Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike—  
how far!

IV.  
Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe  
Of that bereavement. Who takes thought of her?  
Through the illumined streets the triumphs go:  
Under her windows waving banners stir,  
And shouting crowds to Notre-Dame that flow.  
Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such triumphs blur!

—Tom Taylor.

Original.

## CIRCUMSTANCES.

A MIGHTY stream, when near the fount  
From which it steals astray,  
May find a pebble in its road,  
And take another way.  
So little things we meet in life  
Oft turn our feet aside;  
And thus men reach the hidden sea  
In paths diverging wide.

GUS. CONVERSE.



## TWICE WEDDED.

A STORY OF REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

A group of gay young girls went one summer afternoon to take tea with old Mrs. Kennedy, who lived all alone in a neat little cottage by the river-side. We all loved to visit "Grandma Kennedy," as we called her, but this time there was sadness mingled with our enjoyment. Everything reminded us of Lucy Kennedy, the old lady's grandchild, who had been the playmate and companion of us all. She had died in the early spring time, and her grave was beneath the green mound at the foot of the great weeping elm in the garden. We had seen her all the winter fading away like the snow wreaths, and at last had beheld her in her coffin, white as they, with her small hands folded on her still bosom, and her bright hair laid smoothly back from her peaceful brow. And now the flowers were springing above her grave, and the old grandmother was all alone.

All the afternoon we had wandered about, as we had been wont to do when Lucy was with us, gathering flowers and berries, but the charm was gone. Our tones were modulated as we spoke to each other, removed lightly as in the presence of Death, and if, by chance, a laugh burst from one of us, it jarred so painfully upon our excited feelings that it was almost sure to be followed by a hysterical sob from each.

We had gathered in a group upon the smooth grass by the river-brink, and were unconsciously, in low tones, discussing the mystery which had attended Lucy's sickness and death. We only knew that she had returned in the later days of the stormy Autumn of the past year, from a lengthened visit to some distant relatives. That the news of her return had been immediately followed by that of her illness, and that without other visible disease than was indicated by a slight cough, she had gradually, but surely, gone down into the grave that on one of those brilliant mornings of March which come as forerunners of approaching summer, was opened to receive her.

While, in subdued tones, we were thus conversing of our lost friend, we saw the old lady come to the door of her cottage. She stood for a moment regarding us who were grouped upon the bank, and we knew by the quick movement of her hand that she wiped away a furtive tear, called to her dim eyes by the memory of the dead, of whom our presence and our youthful forms and voices reminded her. There was a most attractive air about that aged figure, clad in soft, falling black robes, and with her white hair put back from her lofty brow, and covered by the snowy cap, crossed by its broad black ribbon. And when she raised her voice and called us to her tea table, we soon surrounded her, almost as joyfully as of old.

"Grandma Kennedy" was beloved by all who knew her, for she was the friend of all. Much of her life was passed in active kindness. There was scarcely one of us who had not from infancy associated her with the scenes of suffering and sorrow into which she had been wont to come as comforter, or with the household festivals where she had been an honored guest. And later, we had learned to love her for sweet Lucy's sake.

So, joyously in spite of the shadow of that green mound beneath the elm tree, we gathered round her board, and "Grandma Kennedy," with her placid brow and her still handsome though aged face, laid aside for a time all her griefs, to join in our merriment.

But bye and bye the name of Lucy stole into our conversation. It would have been strange if it had not, where everything so reminded us of her, and, gathering courage from our old friend's composed though serious features, one of us bolder than the rest, told her of our conversation by the river side, and begged her, if she might, to tell us more than rumor had informed us of Lucy's sickness and death. She assented, and rising from the table, for by this time our meal was concluded, she led the way to the little parlor where Lucy had died. And there she told us the story which I have embodied in the following sketch.

Business or inclination had led James Kennedy in his youth to the small inland city of L—, some hundreds of miles from his own rural home. L— was then but a little cluster of settler's houses, and James finding the situation promising for future trade, had built a cabin and a rude store, and commenced business. He prospered well, and in a few years took to himself a wife, the daughter of one of the first settlers of the place. A few years afterwards, his health failing, he gave up his regular business, and entered into speculations in lands. All he had was thus invested, and he seemed in the high road to fortune, when his wife suddenly sickened. In his close attention to her, business was neglected, and on the day he laid her in the grave, the first of a long series of financial misfortunes occurred to him. He had purchased land with a defective title to the amount of many thousands of dollars, and lost the whole. Misfortune succeeded misfortune, and a year afterward he died penniless, and left his little daughter Lucy to the care of such friends as fate might raise up to her.

As soon as "Grandma Kennedy" heard of her son's dangerous illness, she hastened to his side. And when he was no more, and the funeral services were over, she signified to the parents of his wife that she would willingly take the little girl to her humble home. No objection was made, and when she returned, the orphan accompanied her to the cottage by the river side.

Thenceforth that was Lucy's home, and she became the light of the aged woman's eyes. Letters from the relatives of her mother occasionally reached her, and sometimes they were accompanied by trifling gifts. But until she reached the age of eighteen she had received no invitation to visit them.

Whether rumors of her extraordinary beauty had reached them, or late compunctions for their neglect had visited them, I know not, but on Lucy's eighteenth birthday a letter came, enclosing a sum of money sufficient for outfit and expenses, and requesting her to proceed at once to L—. The letter was filled with protestations of affection, and bore the signature of her mother's only sister, the wife of a wealthy professional man, and purported to have been written by request of her grandparents and the whole family circle.

Lucy could not refuse, and soon after, on a bright June morning, she bade adieu to her grandmother and her pleasant rustic home, and started upon the long anticipated visit.

Mrs. Kennedy bade her darling farewell with many undefined forebodings, but Lucy gaily promised to return again ere long, to make her happy, and she kindly forebore to damp her joy by one sad word, and forced back the starting tears until she could shed them in the solitude of her deserted home.

Lucy was received with open arms and profuse expressions of affection, and listened with painful blushes, to a thousand encomiums upon the beauty which before she had scarcely been conscious of possessing. She found herself the petted guest of a large circle of wealthy relatives, and was introduced to the best society of the young city. And in society the adulation she met was only equalled by that of her friends.

The influences which now surrounded her would have spoiled almost any other rustic beauty, thus suddenly transplanted to bloom among the exotics of fashion, but Lucy's pure and simple heart was a sufficient shield. She never lost the sweet humility and unselfishness of her character.

One more hackneyed than herself might have discovered the anxiety of her friends that she should make what is technically called a "good match," and their disappointment when she rejected two or three of the most unobjectionable matches of the city; young men who were members of its aristocracy, simply because she did not love them.

One more hackneyed might have suspected that she had been invited to partake the tardy hospitality of these friends in order that they might, in the pleasantest way to themselves, discharge their long neglected duty to her by getting her married well in a worldly point of view, to the upbuilding of their own pride, and the comforting of their own consciences. But Lucy thought of none of these things; but gracefully pursued her way, enjoying all her

new advantages to the utmost, and gladdening the homes she entered by the freshness of her beauty and her simple heart.

But Lucy could not always remain heart free. The time came when the warm blood mantled her cheek at the sound of a familiar voice, and she trembled at the touch of a familiar hand met hers. She loved, and knew she was beloved.

Richard Harvey had lately made his residence in L—. He was said to be a Southerner, and immensely rich. He talked of his plantations and his city houses, his sugar mills and his servants, and pompous papas invited him to costly dinners, while their sons feebly imitated his vices without dread of the paternal frown. He talked of his box at the Opera, his Parisian furniture, and the family jewels deposited in the deep vaults of the family-patronized bank until a fair lady should be found to wear them, and mammas petted and lionised him, and their daughters displayed all their airs for his admiration.

He might have won the proudest and loveliest of L—'s galaxy of beautiful girls, but his heart turned to Lucy with its first sincere affection, and she, with tremulous joy, promised to be his, her heart aching the while with the mighty burden of a happiness which she was utterly unable to comprehend.

When it was known that Lucy would marry Richard Harvey, she was more petted and caressed than ever before. Rich presents were showered upon her by her selfish relatives, whose whole study seemed to be to add to her happiness. And with Harvey always by her side, she passed many weeks in a delirium of delight such as seldom absorbs the being of any of the daughters of humanity.

Letters full of Lucy's joyous anticipations frequently came to "Grandma Kennedy" at this period. The old lady rejoiced in her darling's happiness, but could not quite restrain a sigh as she thought of her own lonely future. Lucy had won a promise from Harvey that her home should be the home of "Grandma Kennedy," but the old lady had far too much knowledge of human nature to believe that her rusticity would be welcome amidst the splendor which would surround Lucy in her new relation; and she tried to look forward with calmness to the remaining years of her solitary pilgrimage. Alas! how little did she foresee how those years were to be darkened!

The time appointed for the marriage of Richard Harvey and Lucy Kennedy was fast approaching. Preparations were being made upon a scale of magnificence hitherto unknown in L—, and rather proportioned to the reported fortune of the bridegroom elect, than even to those of Lucy's wealthy grandparents.

As the time approached, Lucy often observed a shadow upon her lover's brow, that even her presence and caresses sometimes failed to chase away. To all her questions he spoke of business, of letters from his agents, or perhaps of trivial indisposition. And then he would talk lightly of other things, of his beautiful home, or the countries of the Old World he had visited, and Lucy would forget that sadness had ever visited the brow upon which she loved to gaze.

One evening, a week before the time appointed for their marriage, they drove together through one of the green country roads in the environs of L—. It was a lovely evening in early Autumn, and the sunlight came shimmering down through the yet untouched foliage of the overhanging trees, and glorified Lucy's bright locks and pure uplifted brow; but it fell with a lurid glare upon the swart forehead and black crisped curls of her lover, as, gazing moodily out of the window, he seemed to forget his fair and loved companion. Lucy had been too full of happy thoughts to note the silence, till the almost fierce pressure of the hand which lay in his, caused her to turn quickly to meet his dark gaze. With a cry, almost of fright, she sprang to his side, and wept in her vague unknown fear. The expression of his face, as she turned, had been almost fiendish.

It was long before her entreaties could win him to speech, and then he told her of fresh business difficulties that might call him from her side at a moment's notice. There was a fear, he said, that his best estate might be

lost through some mismanagement, and in a way she could not understand; and if his present fears were confirmed, he must leave at once, and endeavor by his own aid and presence to save it. And then he reassured her by loving words and caresses, and Lucy forgot that fearful look.

They drove on and on, and the sun sank, and the twilight began to steal over the scene. Lucy spoke of return, and he gave some orders to the coachman, and then drawing her to his bosom, he whispered his fears of a parting till Lucy grew very sad. And then he besought her to become his wife that night, so that if the necessity of that sudden parting came before the wedding day, he might know that she was really, if secretly, his. And Lucy was simple, and trustful, and never dreamed of saying nay.

Just then the carriage drove up to a pleasant country inn, and Lucy saw the firelight shining through the small windows of a snug sitting-room, and out into the gathering gloom. Without one thought of evil she alighted, and, leaning upon her lover's arm, went in. An hour afterward a clergyman, who had been hurriedly summoned, made them one.

A supper was laid in the pleasant little room which, after the singular wedding, the clergyman partook with the young couple. Firmly believing the statements which had been made to him, and rejoiced at the large fee handed him by Richard, which made such a providential addition to his narrow income, he departed, first giving the bride her certificate of marriage, and the pair were at length left alone.

Full of their strange new happiness, they lingered a little while, though the carriage stood at the door, and the horses pawed the ground impatiently. Again and again they smiled each in the other's face, as they thought of the little secret which they would keep for a week, and which need never be told unless Richard should be called away; and they waited for more last loving words, standing, with arms entwined, upon the hearth, with the red firelight shining over them, when the door was rudely opened, and two men entered the room.

Harvey turned in surprise and anger to confront them. But a heavy hand was already upon his shoulder, just where Lucy's small palm had lain, and a coarse voice calling him by his name of Richard Harvey, and numerous aliases, arrested him as one, the leader, of a daring band of counterfeiters who had long infested the country.

I cannot describe the scene. Lucy only remembered that there were shouts, and a struggle, and curses; that shots were fired, and that some strong arm bore her to the sofa.

When she awoke from her long unconsciousness, the good clergyman and several women stood around her with looks of deep compassion on their faces, but Richard and the men who had arrested him, were gone.

She would have returned to her home that night, but when she strove to rise she found herself quite unable. It was not until noon of the next day that, accompanied by the clergyman who had married her, she approached her grandfather's house. The tidings of her marriage and the arrest of Harvey had preceded her, and the doors of that house which, but the day before resounded with the preparations for her wedding, were closed against her. The pride and self-love of its inmates had been wounded, and now they spurned the suffering orphan-bride from their door.

Lucy returned to the Minister's house, and there she remained until she had recovered, from the first fearful shock, enough of strength to suffice for a journey to her old humble home. On her way she visited the jail where her husband was confined, and learned from his own lips that there was no hope of an acquittal.

No man is all bad, for there lurks a germ of goodness in the vilest heart, and in the most sin-corrupted soul that ever was created in the Divine image.

Harvey had completed all his preparations for a permanent abandonment of his evil life. That very night he intended to flee far from the pursuit of justice, and find, among strangers, a new home where he might commence a new and better life. When this was done, he meant to call to his side the beautiful girl whom he had made his wife, and whom, since he had known her, he had looked upon as his saviour.

So pure was she, that he never once dreamed of linking her to himself until he had forever abandoned his life of sin.

But his sin had followed him, and justice had overtaken him upon the very threshold of reformation. When they parted in that dismal jail-room, both felt that it was forever.

Lucy went home to die. She was not one to love lightly and forget. So, while her husband lay in jail, during his long trial, and even after the gloomy walls of the State Prison closed around him, she continued to pine, and, with the first warm breath of spring death came and released her. A few gifts of him she loved surrounded her to the last, and were buried with her.

On the day before our visit Mrs. Kennedy had heard of the suicide, in prison, of Richard Harvey. She had promised Lucy never to speak of him while he lived, but now she was released from her promise, and she told us the sad story as a warning, and that we might know how Lucy suffered and died.

In the twilight we stood once more by Lucy's grave. Her memory seemed to us invested with a new dignity—the dignity of a great sorrow. But we were almost glad that the grave had covered that great sorrow, and that it had not been her lot to bear it through a lengthened life. We bade the green mound farewell without a tear.

Twice she had been wedded. The last bridegroom was Death. He wrapped her in his icy arms, and bore her to that cold bridal couch—the grave. And there, in her green bed, we gladly left her, sorrowing more for the aged mourner left behind, than for the bright young beauty that went down into the tomb.

### LET GRUMBLERS GO TO WORK.

Nothing is more common, especially in this city, than to hear men complain that the chances of success lessen every day; that every avenue is overcrowded, and unless a man be a perfect Hercules of talent, he is elbowed out of the way and prevented from "getting on"—left to languish in obscurity, and pine in neglect, to grow old, in short, before his time, and die at last of disappointment and heart-sickness. Undoubtedly there are many instances in which society is to blame, many sad instances of capacity overlooked, and talents slighted; but the complaint, as a general thing, is false and foolish, and the evil is in the complainer, and not in society. Men miscalculate their own powers, and mistake their line. They are like actors, the greater part of whom commence their career by attempting a role for which nature never intended them. The speech of a very wealthy citizen, when asked how he made his money, is the answer to all such railers against society. "Sir," said he, "I understood my business, and attended to it, and if I were poor again to-morrow, I could commence as an ash-man and make a fortune if God spared me life and health to work." A knowledge of our own capacities, and a fixed and steady aim—in short, singleness of purpose, and steady, consistent effort, are the conditions of success, and almost invariably command it.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A woman by the wayside ask'd for alms,  
A poor, old woman.  
She stretch'd her hand,  
Shrivell'd and bony, to receive the dole,  
A smart, young sailor pass'd.  
Quick from his pouch  
Silver and gold he drew. "Take these," he said  
"Oh, sir, you are too good—too good, indeed,  
To me a stranger—So it was with him  
Who went to sea. What's he had, he gave,—  
My son, poor George, who went to sea and died."

Back came the man.  
"Are you the one I sought?"  
Look at me, mother."  
Then, a wilder cry  
Burst from those aged lips, for well she knew,  
Mid all the change of years, the dear, blue eye  
That charm'd her waking from its cradle sleep,  
Like violet bright with dew.  
She would have fallen,  
But the strong arm of her supporting son  
Was round her thrown, and his caressing words  
Assur'd her, as they sought their humble home,  
To turn its squalid penury to joy.

Harvard, Conn., March 22d, 1830.

\* This incident took place in Philadelphia, at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets.

Gold and silver are metals quite too heavy for us to carry to heaven; but, in good hands, they can be made to pave the way to it.  
NOTHING BUT AN INSECT.—A French naturalist spent several years in examining the structure of a single insect, and left the work unfinished. The number of lenses in the eye of a common fly is six or seven thousand; of the dragon-fly, twelve thousand; of the butterfly, seventeen thousand. The house-fly's wing has a power of six hundred strokes in a second, which can propel it thirty-five feet. So thin are the wings of many insects, that fifty thousand placed over each other would only be a quarter of an inch thick, and yet, thin as they are, each is double.

## Poetry.

[From the Boston Courier.]

### Love and Death.

I lay there sleeping, dreaming,  
My hot brain with fancies teeming  
Strange and wild, like some rare gleaming  
Of the moon.  
In that strangeness I think only  
Of two figures sad and lonely—  
Ah! too soon.  
One I cannot think of mildly,  
For its visage stares so wildly,  
That my feelings grow all childly  
At the theme.  
But its mate I muse on often,  
For the vision seemed to soften  
Through the dream.  
A young form fashioned slimly  
Stood there—Oh! it looked so grimly,  
And its dull eyes glared so dimly—  
It was dead.  
But its history, I traced it,  
Where its sorrow marks defaced it,  
Ere it fed.  
Then a moment I delayed it,  
Only with a question stayed it,  
And full tremblingly I said it,  
To the air.  
Never saw another mortal,  
Standing on the Gloomy Portal,  
Such a stare.  
What is Love? I asked it pining,  
In the fear of some enchanting;  
And his words came rattling, ranting,  
On his breath.  
Yes breathed and laughed the vision,  
In a demon-like derision,  
"It is Death!"  
Aye, he hissed in its delight there  
Then vanished in the night air,  
Like the whispering of the light air,  
On the heath.  
Still the unearthly laughter,  
With the strange words, lingered after,  
"It is Death!"  
While I pondered in confusion,  
On the phantom shaped illusion,  
There was a sweet intrusion  
On the train.  
O! it came like music, soothing  
All the feelings—gently soothing  
With its strain.  
Oh! that maid must have been driven  
Like a floating star from heaven—  
Ah! like one of the sweet Seven—  
For she wept.  
She had joy—but that was sleeping,  
And tears holy watch were keeping  
While it slept.  
And so I read her story,  
As sometimes a radiant glory,  
Round her head all bright and hoary,  
Marks a saint.  
Aye—she looked forth the soft real  
Of the golden-dream ideal  
Great men paint.  
"What is Death?" laughed, half rueing  
What I asked—the answer wooing  
Came like warbling—like the cooing  
Of a dove.  
And I listened, loving, dotting,  
As that angel voice came floating,  
"Death is Love."  
And those soft blue eyes went weeping  
With a holy joy in keeping,  
As that cloud-like form went sweeping  
Far above.  
Then those words in music blending  
Seemed a truth as they desecrated,  
"Death is Love."

Boston, April 10, 1837.

RICHES NOT HAPPINESS.—The late Mr. Girard, of Philadelphia, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in its accumulation, wrote thus to a friend: "As to myself, I live like a galley-slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs, and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day, that when the night comes, I may be enabled to sleep soundly."

BOOKS.—A learned writer says of books,—"They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

THE EXCESS OF YOUTH.—"The excesses of youth are drafts upon old age, payable with interest. If you would then be happy when aged, be temperate while young."

YOUTH ADMONISHED.—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth," said Sir Walter Scott in his Autobiography, "to peruse these pages, let such a reader remember it is with the deepest regret that I recollect, in my childhood, the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth."





[Written for the True Flag.]

### THE SPIRITS TWELVE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

I have a little room, sweet love,  
Where, at the shut of day,  
Come spirits twelve, and sit them down,  
With me to talk and pray.  
Their chairs are grouped around the room,  
And at their feet sit I,  
Sweet voices through the casement come,  
As winds go wandering by.  
I meet them in the hours of day,  
Along the busy street—  
I catch a sparkling glance or smile,  
An accent low and sweet;  
And so I summon them at eve  
Unto my silent room,  
With airy footfall, noiselessly,  
They gather through the gloom.  
My spirit's eye can look, that hour,  
From day and light apart,  
Through every misty robe of air  
Into each maiden's heart.  
In one I see a thought of pride,  
I sadly bow my head—  
Eleven forms before me sit—  
Without I hear a tread.

Another soul has falsehood stained—  
And slowly, one by one,  
Their steps go outward from my room,  
Till two sit there alone—  
O'er one fair brow, like mourning bands,  
Her jetty tresses lie,  
Her cheek is like the wild-rose tint,  
Like night and stars, her eye.

Her form might haunt Mahomet's dreams,  
'Mong hours gone to sleep,  
Or win a knight, with sword and shield,  
To storm some feudal keep.  
And tremblingly I read the heart  
Whose casket is so fair—  
My pulses thrill, my eyes grow dim,—  
Another's name is there.

Then silently she passes out,  
And I am left alone  
With thee, sweet love, the pure, the bright,  
My beautiful, my own.  
Thy hair is braided on thy brow,  
Thy lashes veil thine eyes,—  
Sure brow so sweet, and eyes so dear,  
Must come from Paradise.

Thy voice is low and changeable-sweet,  
As airs on wind-harps vary,  
Too pure thou art for mortal hest,—  
The angels call thee Mary.  
Thou art not mine; Heaven's saints ne'er bend  
To share a mortal's life,—  
Alone my steps group heavenward—  
I may not call thee wife!

A FIRST-RATE NOTICE.—A Spanish book-seller advertises Robinson Crusoe as "a precious book, of such extraordinary events that they are unequalled; the reading of it the most diverting and instructive that can be had. And not only does it serve for the instruction and recreation of all classes of society, but its morality is such that the most timid person may read it without fear that its maxims will cause any prejudice; and, indeed, with the full assurance that he will find in it a calming power which will give him strength to support with resignation the misfortunes connected with our miserable existence."

For the Boston Cultivator.

### Memento No. 11.

A smile, a joyous smile, given to me by little Jennie Hayward as I was taking my morning walk. I was sad indeed, thinking "it might have been," and my heart was heavy. Presently I heard the soft patter of a child's footsteps, and turning, saw little Jennie Hayward, her face beaming with the smile of happy childhood; and well she may be happy. Ah, Jennie, you know not how to appreciate your happiness! You have a loving mother now, so had I. You have a kind father, so had I. Aye, and a sister and brothers once were round me. Now father and mother are in their spirit homes; brothers and sisters wander far from me; perchance gone to find father and mother.

I was sad before I saw thee, Jennie, and sadder when you passed by with your happy smile, for it brought to mind the smiling hours of my childhood, and the mild eyes that shone with pleasure as they beheld my smiling face; eyes of which the love-light long since went out. Ah, Jennie, happy may you be while you yet you may.

Thou art pretty, Jennie Hayward,  
And thy heart from care is free;  
Little knowest thou of sorrow,  
May it ne'er be known to thee.  
Laughing Jennie, singing Jennie,  
May thy heart be ever free.

Chasing here the robin redbreast,  
Catching there the butterfly,  
Now in shade, and now in sunshine,  
Dropping love beams from thine eyes.  
Sportive Jennie, joyous Jennie,  
May no grief-tears fill those eyes.

Childhood's sunny days are passing,  
Childhood's shade is creeping nigh;  
May it fall upon thee gently,  
Bringing thee no cause to sigh.  
Smiling Jennie, loving Jennie,  
For the happy days gone by.

Love thy mother, Jennie Hayward,  
Love thy father, little one,  
God may want them in His kingdom,  
He may call them to His home.  
Love them, Jennie, darling Jennie,  
Love them while they are thine own.

And above all, Jennie Hayward,  
Love thy Maker true and well,  
Never failing to remember  
That "He doeth all things well."  
Dearest Jennie, much loved Jennie,  
Loved much more than words can tell.  
NELLY NEFFLE.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### "Thou shalt have no other Gods Before Me."

Perhaps there is no other commandment in the decalogue so little understood and so little respected as this. We all have our darling idol before which we bow in blind adoration. Instead of devoting all our time and strength to the development of our spiritual natures—the only way of improving our one or ten talents—we stop to trifle with things which concern us not, burying our talent, or squandering it for an hour's unsatisfactory pleasure. Instead of concentrating all our energies and bringing them to bear on that one point of such vital importance, we allow them to diverge and to become scattered in a thousand different directions. But are we all idolaters? Are there no pure, chastened spirits, who, having thrown aside all earthly idols, worship the Father, in spirit and in truth? There may be such, would that there were more! One may be an idolater without bowing before an image carved from wood or hewn from stone; he may worship a creed; gold may be the object of his adorations; fame may infatuate him, and entice him by her high sounding praises and gorgeous array to do her homage. Many indeed and various are the objects of human worship; but the most unfortunate of all, and the most to be deplored because the most common, is self-worship.

Because man has physical wants and appetites the gratification of which gives him pleasure, should he waste his energies in acquiring the means of their inordinate gratification? Because food is necessary for the development and preservation of his body, should he make a god of his stomach, and ransack land and sea for the richest delicacies, spending in their acquirement sufficient to save hundreds of his suffering brethren from starvation? Should he follow out that miserable Epicurean philosophy of living to eat, rather than eating to live, gorging himself till the senses are benumbed, and the man stultified? Nature thunders forth her anathema against such idolatry. She answers with dyspeptic qualms, with sleepless nights and racking pains, till death ends an existence that had become intolerable. Because it is necessary to protect himself from the cold and the storm need he deify his body, seeking how he may best adorn it? Shall fashion claim his reverence, his adoration? He does indeed most blindly bow to her.

For the poor Hindoo who with more than Christian ardor sacrifices to his senseless gods. We pity his misguided zeal as he bows himself beneath the crushing wheels of the bloody car of Juggernaut. But, in our own enlightened age and country, men may sacrifice not only their lives, but that also which every true man holds infinitely dearer than life, to the gratification of appetite, or an inordinate desire for wealth or fame, and it will be looked upon with a feeling very different from compassion. They are sometimes applauded in their unholy success, yes, envied even; but in what respect is such sacrifice less to be censured than the self-immolation of the deluded pagan? The process may be less speedy, but not less certain in its fatal results.

We do not believe with that class who condemn the natural affections, calling them sinful and in opposition to the divine law and revealed will of God; we do not believe that there is anything of idolatry in a love for kindness and friends; such love has a refining and humanizing influence; it blends perfectly and harmoniously with that higher development of love which acknowledges and worships the divine Father of all.

NED NORRIS.

### Poetry.

#### I HAVE NO FATHER THERE.

I saw a wide and well-spread board,  
And children young and fair,  
Come one by one,—the eldest first,—  
And took their station there.

All neatly clad and beautiful,  
And with familiar tread,  
They gather round with joy to feast  
On meats and snow-white bread.

Beside the board the father sat;  
A smile his features wore,  
As on the little group he gazed,  
And told their portions o'er.

A meagre form, arrayed in rags,  
Before the threshold stood;  
A half-starved child had wandered there  
To beg a little food.

Said one—"Why standest here, my dear!  
See, there's a vacant seat  
Amid the children,—and enough  
For them and thee to eat."

"Alas for me!" the child replied,  
In tones of deep despair,  
"No right have I amid your group,—  
I have no father there."

O hour of fate, when from the skies,  
With notes of deepest dread,  
The far-resounding trump of God  
Shall summon forth the dead.—

What countless hosts shall stand without  
The heavenly threshold fair,  
And gazing on the blest, exclaim,  
"I have no father there!"

MEANS & MULLIKEN. While in common with all our citizens, we regret the loss to our commercial and social circles caused by the removal from Augusta of the gentlemen whose names commence this paragraph, yet in stating that they have formed a partnership for the transaction of commission business, and as merchandise brokers, at No. 128 State street, Boston, we take pleasure in saying that they carry thither good commercial capabilities and the highest character for integrity.

A MARRIAGE. On the 4th of May, Mr. Robert G. Scott Jr. of Richmond, Va., our Consul at Rio Janeiro, was married at the Legation of the United States to Miss Anna K. Thompson of West Trenton, Maine, the Rev. Mr. Colby, Chaplain to the British Squadron, officiating upon the occasion and Hon. Richard K. Meade, Minister of the U. S., giving away the bride. In the afternoon, Mr. Meade entertained a number of American and foreign residents at a superb banquet in honor of the occasion.

## WAVERLEY MAGAZINE, AND LITERARY REPOSITORY.

Written for the Waverley Magazine.  
Song.

TOVE, while on the evening sky,  
Venus sinks in dreams to rest;  
While the shades are flitting by,  
Gathering in the far-off west.  
This fond heart from sorrow free,  
Sings of happiness and thee.

Thou art all my heart's desire,  
Life hath ne'er a sweeter bliss;  
Thy dark eyes to love inspire,  
Heaven of all my happiness.  
Now while stars in myriads shine,  
Will I praise thy form divine.

On the west all fair and bright,  
Lingers one entrancing ray:  
Meet me dearest on to night,  
In the shadows dim and gray;  
Ere departs the trembling glow,  
Ere the song hath ceased to flow.

L. VAN WINKLE.

THE MAELSTROM VERIFIED. Of late years even the existence of the Maelstrom on the coast of Norway has been doubted. The ancient accounts of its terrible power were doubtless fabulous, but the Maelstrom actually exists, and is sometimes dangerous. M. Hagerup, minister of the Norwegian marine, has recently given a reliable account of it, in reply to some questions of a correspondent of the Boston Recorder. The vast whirl is caused by the setting in and out of the tides between Lofoden and Masken and is most violent half way between ebb and flood tide. At flood and ebb tide it disappears for about half an hour, but begins again with the moving of the waters. Large vessels may pass over it in safety in serene weather, but in a storm it is perilous to the largest craft. Small boats are not safe near it at the time of its strongest action in any weather. The whirls in the Maelstrom do not as was once supposed draw vessels under the water, but by their violence they fill them with water or dash them upon the neighboring shoals. M. Hagerup says:

"In winter it not unfrequently happens that at sea a bank of clouds shows a west storm, with a heavy sea, to be prevailing there, while farther in on the coast, the clear air shows that on the inside of the Westfjord (east side of Lofoden) the wind blows from the land, and sets out through the fjord from the east. In such cases especially, an approach to the Maelstrom is in the highest degree dangerous for the stream and under current from opposite directions work there together to make the whole passage one single boiling cauldron. At such times appear the mighty whirls which have given it the name of Maelstrom, (i. e. the whirling or grinding stream,) and in which no craft can hold its course. For a steamer it is then, quite inadvisable to attempt the passage of the Maelstrom during a winter storm, and for a sailing vessel it may also be bad enough in time of summer, should there fall a calm or a light wind whereby the power of the stream becomes greater than that of the wind leaving the vessel no longer under command."

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—The following is a specimen of a countless number of documents received at the Marshal's office. The penmanship is about as bad as the spelling.

"Mr Hook A complaint has  
Ben made her A gants the  
side Walk on the corner of  
hensmon-Lane & comershal st  
A Boute the side Walk  
please se to it"

Let every little boy and girl who reads the above, take warning by it, and improve the privilege which they now enjoy, in learning the art of writing, spelling and punctuation, that, in their old age, they may never be mortified by the reflection that they wasted their youth in idleness.

Original.  
VIOLE FOLIA.

EVERYTHING in its season; whenever anything appears out of its appropriate season, we regard it with feelings, sometimes, of dislike, at other times of admiration and wonder.

When flowers are seen in mid-winter, they are appreciated as kind messengers from a sunnier clime and harbingers of a brighter day to come. In one of our rambles over our hills, we were greeted with companions of former days, which reminded us of a sweet, beautiful poem of our favorite "Lottie Linwood," which was published about two years ago in a local paper. Its appropriateness to the season, and its fragrant thought, have led us to give it in our *Viola Folia*. It is entitled,

DAISY TIME.

"New England daisies! how I love  
Thy bright and joyous smile;  
So like the quiet stars above—  
So meek and free from guile.  
'Mong all the lands of buds and flowers,  
Of gorgeous tropic clime,  
There are no lands more fair than ours  
In glorious daisy time.

Now sitting 'neath the great white moon,  
A fragrance floodeth by,  
Borne on the softest wings of June,  
Like breath from Amaryllis.  
Ah me! to live in this sweet world  
Of beauty I am blest;  
Where scenes as rich as heaven unfurled,  
Lull weary souls to rest.

God bade these daisy faces peep  
From out the shining grass,  
When stars their tireless vigils keep  
And glittering sunbeams pass.

O! ever round my pathway start;  
Smile with thy tearless eyes;  
Bring dreams of beauty to the heart,  
Of flowers of Paradise.

By all the dreamings of the past,  
In fresh glad girlhood's prime,  
By all the hopes around me dart,  
Still linger daisy time.  
And thou who seest the hidden bloom  
Of flowers within the heart,  
Let them not wither! take me home  
Ere their fresh life depart.

The tenderness of such expressions, clothed in such fragrant drapery, is of such a character as finds an echo in our own varied experience.

### Poetry.

BRILLIANTS.

DIRGE.

Softly! she is lying with her lips apart.  
Softly! she is dying of a broken heart.  
Whisper! she has gone to her final rest.  
Whisper! life is growing dim within her breast.  
Gently! she is sleeping: she has breathed her last;  
Gently! while you're weeping she to heaven has past.

THE SEED MUST DIE.

The seed must die before the corn appears,  
Out of the ground the blade and fruitful ears;  
Low must these ears by sickle's edge be laid,  
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.  
The grain is crushed before the bread is made,  
And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed.  
O! be content to die, to be laid low,  
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,  
If thou upon God's table may be bread,  
Ere giving food to souls an hungered.—Trench.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Flowers, that bloom to wither fast;  
Light, whose beams are soon o'ercast;  
Friendship warm, but not to last;  
Such by earth are given.

Seek the flowers that ne'er shall fade;  
Find the light no cloud can shade;  
Win the friend who ne'er betrays—  
These are found in heaven.

—Miss H. F. Gould.

LIFE.

Life! we've been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time.  
Say not good night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good-morning!—Mrs. Barbauld.

LIFE.

If man could see  
The perils and diseases that he eludes  
Each day he walks a mile, which catch at him,  
Which fall behind and grate him as he passes,  
Then he would know that life's a single pilgrim,  
Fighting unarm'd amongst a thousand soldiers.

TRUST.—BY FANNY KEMBLE.

Better trust and be deceived,  
And weep this trust that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart, that, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing.  
Oh! this mocking world—too fast  
The doubting wave, 'twixt us and truth!  
Better be cheated to the last,  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

Original.

### THEN AND NOW.

YEARS, many years have passed  
Since I sat beside this board:  
Then as now the feast was spread,  
And the ruby wine was poured.

Friends sat around me then—  
What friends are but in youth—  
When we feel before we think,  
And lips from hearts learn truth.

Yet some of them are here,  
Links of a broken chain;  
Only recalling ties  
Ne'er to be joined again.

Ah! cold, cold are our hearts—  
There's a shadow on each brow:  
Of the light of former years  
There's not a vestige now.

Interests have jarred—the world  
Has its cold lesson taught,  
And hope from memory's page  
Its darkened likeness sought.

But away! let song burst forth—  
The flashing goblet shine—  
And let us drain the flood  
Of crimson Lethe wine.

Ah! no, no! break the cup;  
No spell has to restore  
Feelings and friends of youth,  
When that youth is no more.

MRS. J. WALWORTH SMITH.

### A Parody.

TELL me, ye winged winds,  
That round my pathway roar  
Do you not know some spot  
Where women fret no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some "holier" in the ground,  
Where babies never yell,  
And cradles are not found?

The loud wind blew the snow into my face,  
And snickered as it answered—"Nary Place."

Tell me, thou misty deep,  
Which billows round me play,  
Know'st thou some favored spot,  
Some island far away,  
Where weary man may find  
A place to smoke in peace;  
Where crinoline is not,  
And hoops are out of place?

The loud winds sounded a perpetual shout,  
Stop'd for a while and spluttered, "you got out."  
And thou, sereneest moon,  
That with such holy face,  
Dost look upon the girls,  
Who with their beauteous embrace;  
Tell me in all thy round,  
Hast thou not seen a spot  
Where muslin is not found,  
And calico is not?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,  
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded, "Foh!"  
Tell me, my secret soul—  
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,  
Is there no resting-place  
From woman, girls and death?  
Is there no happy spot  
Where bachelors are blessed,  
Where females never go,  
And man may dwell in peace;  
Faith, Hope and Truth—best boons to mortals given;  
Waved their bright wands, and answered, "yes in Heaven!"

Original.

### The Bachelors Song.

OH! I sigh for the dear little home 'neath the hill,  
Where the vine-covered lattice seems inviting me  
Still,  
And the maiden I love would be to me life  
In the sweet loving name, a true-hearted wife.  
How sad are my pleasures, I see them alone,  
Where the bright noon-day sun o'er my pathway is  
thrown,  
But a still brighter smile when at evening I come,  
Would welcome me truly to that happy home.  
Bright visions come o'er me I seek but to spend  
The pleasures and sorrows of life with a friend;  
A friend who would mingle her smile with my own,  
And one who in care would not leave me alone.

Then list, gentle lady, my story is true,  
And pleasant emotions are waking far you;  
Like the flowers of spring I have thought of thy smile,  
Which in pleasure and sorrow would be mine awhile.  
AZANIA DALE.

DEATH IN CHILDHOOD.—To me, few things appear so beautiful as a very young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution.



BY EUNICE BROWN.

I am lingering in the valley,  
Where oft in days gone by,  
We roamed at sunset's lovely hour,  
My own Annette and I.

The birds fly homeward to their nests,  
Just as they used to then,  
And the music of the murmuring brook  
Is in my ear again.

The green trees wave above my head,  
As they did in days of yore,  
But to make it seem like times of old,  
There is wanting something more.

I miss the music of thy voice;  
And the lovelight of thine eye  
Would be dearer far to me, Annette,  
Than sunset's golden sky.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## A SUMMER ROMANCE.

BY FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

On a July morning, many years ago, a fair-haired, good-looking young man was standing at the window of the Lynn Hotel, looking out upon the main street of the village. Wallace Elmore had dressed himself for a walk to the beach when the sky had become overcast, and an unseasonable cold rain set in. It was weather to drive haymakers to despair. The street soon became wet. In the shed opposite a couple of weather-bound buggies were riding out the storm, while their proprietors sought refuge in the bar-room. A be-draggled rooster stood on one leg outside the shed, cocking up one eye to his gilded brother on the vane, as if to see if there were any change of wind. The gloom of the weather was reflected on the young man's countenance. He drummed rapidly on the glass with his fingers as if there were a sympathy between his nerves and the pattering rain-drops. Now and then he strode up and down, and then returned to his old post at the window and mechanically resumed the tattoo he had been beating for an hour.

At last the wind suddenly veered; the rain subsided into a drizzle and then ceased entirely; chanticleer erected himself on both legs, flapped his wings and crowed victoriously; the black hostler backed out the buggies, handed the ribbons to their drivers, received the customary "tip," and drove off at a slashing gait; a pretty girl opposite opened her window, and as she did so a gush of sunshine bathed her light form and shed a golden glory on the scarlet honeysuckle and climbing roses that adorned her lattice—while, to complete the picture, across the leaden background of retiring clouds the bow of promise shot its broad and many-tinted arc.

At this moment an elegant stanhope, drawn by two jet-black horses, that showed blood and training, dashed up to the door of the hotel, and from it there alighted, first, a young man, attired in the height of fashion, and next, a natty servant in livery, quite as black and well-bred as the horses.

A minute or two afterwards the door of Elmore's room was thrown open and the new comer entered.

"I beg pardon," said he, "they told me this room was unoccupied. What?" he added, in a joyous tone of surprise, after a keen glance at Elmore; Wallace! is it you! What a fortunate encounter!" And he extended his hand.

Elmore received it rather doubtfully, gazing inquiringly into the face of the stranger.

"Years and travel and a mustache to boot must have changed me very much, it seems," said the young man, "to have prevented Wallace Elmore from recognizing Rupert Branton."

"Rupert! my dear boy! I am overjoyed to see you. Well, you are altered, indeed—but not for the worse. Fortune has smiled on you."

"Fortune! fickle jade! name her not," said Rupert.

"Why not?" returned Elmore. "You are young, handsome, and have an independent fortune. Care has not traced the slightest furrow on your brow; while I—but pshaw, this is a sorry welcome to an old friend."

"Wallace, I'm the most miserable dog alive—but more of that anon. Sit down and let's hear about yourself. How is it with you?"

"I'm under the weather, Rupert, just about this time. Out of pocket, out of spirits. If the weather hadn't cleared up just as it did I think I should have committed suicide. My governor, not appreciating that purity of taste which induced me to prefer billiards to Blackstone, and Rossini to Chitry, has declined to honor my drafts with that cheerful alacrity which Mr. Richard Sniveller so much admired; and though I am really repentant of my youthful follies, he declines to credit the seriousness of my present purposes—so I am undergoing a sort of probationary exile on short allowance. My health needed recruiting, and I came down here to enjoy the sea-breezes. There were too many fashionables at Nahant, and I could not keep up appearances there. I passed some time at Swampscot, but I have come here, where I can live, if I like, unnoted and sans gêne. My best friends are the fishermen; my greatest recreation to walk the sands by moonlight—I'm too poor to drive a horse. So much for my confession. Now for yours."

"There's a flinty-hearted father in my case," said Rupert, with

a sigh; "though the good old gentleman is persecuting me with the very best intentions. He wants me to marry an heiress, and I am rich enough already."

"Ah, I understand," said Elmore. "Estates contiguous—boundaries in dispute—a marriage requisite as a pacific settlement."

"Nothing of the sort," replied Rupert; "they are not neighbors of ours. The general and his daughter are western people."

"Well, I suppose the daughter is as handsome as heiresses generally are—that is to say, has a scraggy neck, yellow complexion and squints horribly. Beauty and a million only go together in romances."

"There you're entirely mistaken, Wallace. Miss Tracy is beautiful as an angel."

"You have seen her then?"

"Never—but I have seen her portrait."

"Pooh! artists always flatter."

"It was a daguerreotype."

"Well, where is your *rara avis*?"

"She has just come to Nahant with her father and mother. They have taken a private cottage for the season."

"O, ho, I see," cried Elmore. "You have made up your mind to gratify the old gentleman and marry the heiress."

"I didn't come down for any such purpose," replied Rupert.

"Well, you are a strange person, certainly," said Elmore. "Surely the human race is born to trouble—if providence does not kindly provide it we make it for ourselves. Here is a match, for aught I can see, eligible in every respect, and you throw away your chance of happiness without a why or a wherefore—unless, indeed, you have embraced the cold and selfish philosophy which places the *summum bonum* in a single life."

"*Pas si bete!*" replied Rupert, warmly. "I have seen enough of the world, and pondered too deeply the gravest social problems, not to be convinced that a man ought to enter the marriage relation."

"Then why don't you see the girl, and if you like her marry her?"

"It is impossible," said Rupert, gravely.

"Your reasons, most learned Theban."

"I cannot give them."

"Well, Rupert, you are a strange compound of communicativeness and secretiveness. I don't like these half confidences."

"The worst of it is," said Rupert, thoughtfully, "the girl expects me. The old people have been in correspondence, and Belinda has fallen in love with my reputation. My good old governor was posting on with me from Baltimore to present me, when, as luck would have it, an attack of his old enemy, the gout, laid him up at the Albion. I offered to stay by him but he indignantly refused, and commanded me to precede him. I feigned compliance, and started with Tom for Lynn—but I intend to give Nahant a wide birth, and go somewhat farther north. I am running away from an heiress—"

"And from happiness."

"Perhaps not."

Rupert started up, paced the room for a long time, and then returning, sat down by his friend.

"Elmore," said he, "an idea has just occurred to me. Why don't you marry this girl?"

"I, nonsense! I have no prospects. I'm out of the governor's good graces, just now—and my reputation as an idle, good-for-nothing would alienate any sensible people. My name is as valueless in society as on 'change.'"

"You are welcome to mine," cried Rupert, gaily.

"How ridiculous!"

"Not at all. My dear fellow, it would be doing me the very greatest service if you would take this girl off my hands. If she likes you I am sure your father would fit you out handsomely. I know you to be a glorious fellow, and don't think any the worse of you for disliking Blackstone."

"The scheme is utterly impracticable."

"By no means. You are known here, I suppose."

"No—I have been boarding at Swampscot—just came to the hotel to-day, and have not registered my name."

"Very well—so far so good," said Rupert. "Remember, then, that for the present your name is Rupert Branton, and that mine is Wallace Elmore. Under my name you will approach the heiress."

"But my wardrobe is out of order."

"You are of my size, and I have a trunk full of toggery and a rouleau of gold. Take my horses—they are equally good under saddle and in harness—gentle and fleet as the wind."

"I have half a mind," said Elmore.

"The affair is settled," said Rupert, ringing the bell. His black servant made his appearance.

"Tom," said Rupert, "you belong to this gentleman."

"Gorry! you haven't sold me massa?" cried the poor fellow. "Sold you! know, most verdant of darkies, that here there is no buying and selling of 'culled pussons.' You are free to abandon me this moment, if you like."

"Don't you talk so, massa," said the poor fellow, with tears in his eyes; "don't say um agin, please, massa."

"Well, then, understand, that for the present you are to wait on this gentleman. And remember, that until further orders, you are always to address him by my name. If you dare to whisper that he is not what he seems—to breathe a hint of the truth, I'll give you your freedom."

"Don't say 'um agin,' massa, please," said the valet.

"You can go, Tom," said Rupert, dismissing him with a smile.

"Here," he continued, handing a letter to his friend, "is an

introduction that will ensure you a favorable reception. Be bold and successful."

"I don't half like this business," said Elmore, "the chances of detection are numerous."

"You only need keep up the disguise for a short time. Besides, the Tracys have just come down here, have no acquaintances, and wish for seclusion. You are not likely to meet any one else. A very few hours will settle the question of your success, for I hear that Bel is a romantic, impulsive girl. At any rate, if you do not win—even if your scruples prevent you from taking advantage of your position, you will do me an inestimable service by giving me a little time—a few hours to me just now, are, for reasons I will explain to you hereafter, of priceless value."

"Well, then," replied Rupert, "I cede to the force of circumstances and the call of friendship, but I shall call on you at the proper time to exonerate me from further responsibility and from the charge of being an unprincipled adventurer."

Dressed in an elegant suit belonging to his friend Wallace, Elmore drove off to the Tracys, and Rupert registered his name at the office as Wallace Elmore, with as much nonchalance as if it really belonged to him. He then returned to his room, but had not been long there when a chambermaid made her appearance, and dropping a curtsy, said:

"Please, sir, a lady wants to speak to you a minute."

"A lady," thought Rupert. "Confound it! if it should be Miss Tracy herself!"

"I'm not at home," he said aloud.

"I don't understand you, sir," said the girl, who was so unsophisticated as not to appreciate a fashionable falsehood. "The lady see you a comin' in here."

"O, she did, eh? well, show me to the lady, then."

The girl ushered him to another room on the same floor.

A tall, thin woman in black, with staring blue eyes, rendered more prominent by a pair of gold-bowed glasses, rose, and in a hoarse, sepulchral whisper, said:

"Mr. Elmore, I thank you." She extended a thin hand, half clothed in a black lace mit, and shook his with a sort of theatrical energy. "Be seated, I pray you."

Rupert took a chair, and the lady in black removed her glasses, applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and tried to cough a few tears into them. But when she removed the cambric the undimmed blue orbs shone out as bright as ever, contrasting with a red spot, like a dash of vermilion, on the point of her sharp nose. Rupert gazed upon her with awe and uneasiness.

"Mr. Elmore," said the lady, in a deep voice, "the name of Pepper is of course familiar to you."

Fearing to betray his assumption of name if he professed ignorance, and conjecturing that the name of Pepper belonged to some person or persons with whom his friend was, or ought to be acquainted, he bowed affirmatively.

"Yet we have never met," said the lady. "Strange, that hearts created for sympathy should remain apart a lifetime and then be brought together by mere chance. Yet when the hour comes the man appears also. You have read my poem of the 'hour and the man,' published under the name of the American Sappho."

Rupert regretted that he had not.

The blue eyes stared wider than ever. "Pray, Mr. Elmore, are you not interested in the progress of the age?"

Rupert acknowledged that he was, and confessed that he had been considered a fast man.

"Then you must know me through the medium of my 'Essay on the Aesthetic character of Opera-dancing.'"

Rupert was compelled to confess that he had never seen the essay in question.

"I am afraid, then," said the lady, somewhat tartly, "that I misapprehended the character of your mind, sir; that there exists little sympathy between us—and that I cannot appeal to you for aid in my distress."

Rupert assured her that he sympathized with every form of distress.

"Then, sir," said the proprietor of the blue eyes, "I may confide my griefs to you. What I have told you will give you some idea of me. Pepper you know, too well, probably. I am all soul—all expansion—all aspiration—he is of the earth, earthly. I am an immediate emancipationist—he grossly and vulgarly says, 'he wishes he owned a thousand niggers.' I adore 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'—he declares it stupid, libellous trash. I adore the dear artists with their long beards and Reuben's hats—he wants to know what the use of art is. I adore poetry—he relishes nothing but 'a hunting we will go,' and 'we went go home till morning.' Yet, I blush to say it, this man won my virgin heart. I married him for love. I love him yet—fondly, devotedly. Why am I here, away from him? Because I love him. Because I thought if I absented myself from his house his early affection would return; he would seek me out and welcome me back, and not me alone, but my great ideas. The other day he met me in Washington Street walking with a gentleman of fine talents and liberal ideas—a colored clergyman, settled in a very respectable parish. His bigotted ideas impelled him to the use of violence. He rudely tore me from my friend, and in the most cowardly manner—I blush to say it—kicked that gentleman—when his back was turned. That night I put into operation my plan of temporarily absenting myself from his domicile. I certainly expected to see an advertisement in the paper to the following effect: 'If A. (my name is Amanda, sir,) will return to the home of her disconsolate P. (Pepper, you know,) he will humbly apologize for his misconduct.'"

"And did it not turn out as you anticipated, madam?" asked Rupert, beginning to be amused at the revelation.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## AND IS THIS ALL!

The fact, related of Bruce, the traveller, that, after reaching the spot he had so long sought, when sunset had passed and the stars shone down upon him, a revulsion took place in his feelings, and he was completely overcome by grief and despondency, has given rise to the following thoughts which I have written down; if worthy of a place in your excellent paper, please accept them.

'Twas sunset; there in Africa's wilderness, a traveller stood, exulting with triumph in his eye, for he alone of all who had sought, had reached this spot—this dreamt of, sought for, hidden spot on earth, the fount, the source of the river Nile. And when he had listened to the low murmuring sound it gave, and thought that where he stood no traveller's foot had trod before, how then did he exult, and how his heart swelled high within him! Forgotten then privation, suffering, toil and pain, in that lone sunset hour of triumph; but while he stood, twilight shadows deep gathered around him, and anon, the stars came out—

Was it, that night's shadows deep were flung upon his heart, that now a charge came o'er his spirit? Look at him now—where the proud look, the flashing eye? All, all, are gone, and the quivering lip, the tearful eye, the bursting heart, remain instead! The thought, how Fame, with clarion trump, would sound his name abroad, which, one short hour since, had made his heart beat high, now moved him not; for now, although he had reached the goal for which he long had toiled, his heart sank within him, filled with yearnings for his own, his native land! O, then, how did the memory of the sparkling streams of his mountain-home come into mind; how did a sense of utter loneliness and despair fill his soul, as he thought of distance o'er the weary waste and pathless seas that he must pass, that lord's spot to gain. And his strong frame shook with deep emotion. "And is this all?" came from his lips, wrung from a heart filled with anguish. And so, methinks, will it be with our New England sons, who stand on Sacramento's banks, in California's wilds. Many an one, when twilight shrouds both land and stream, and "stars their vigils keep," will have their heart's deep feelings stirred. They too, like Bruce, have weary wastes and pathless seas between them and their home; and there, with memories of that land of rocks and hills, with heart-yearnings for the loved ones they may not see, methinks Bruce's exclamation, "And is this all," will burst from them as they gaze on their *tabula rasa* of gold! Oh, pray for our New Englanders; may they be saved from perils both of land and sea; may they be true to their own, their native land; but above all, pray that their hearts to God, not *mammon*, may be given.

MINNA.

For the Boston Cultivator.

TO LARRY.

Thou companion of my childhood's years, the sharer of its joys and sorrows, the confidant and solace of my heart when youth's glad morning dawned o'er our path-way with its bright halo of joyous anticipations! Long will your image remain enshrined in the bosom of your friend; may the blessings of Heaven be scattered in rich profusion around you in the journey of life, and may ever-faithful memory delight to revel in the scenes of the past, in which we were participators. How dear now to our hearts, the remembrance of the time when, in tender years, hand in hand, we struggled to ascend the ladder of learning, a delightful task; and as years advanced, dug from the mines of lore, things deep and hidden, as guides to our steps through this world. But, in these pursuits we were not alone; there were those whom we loved, who toiled with us—but where are they now? As we cast a retrospective glance, are not many fair forms presented to the eye of imagination, as companions of those hours? Methinks now, I behold the lovely girl of fair form and auburn tresses, with her glad, ever-welcome smile greeting me; and with sorrow, enquire, where is she? Alas, the destroyer Death called her hence in the pride of youth, with the flush of joy on her cheek, and the light of love in her eye; we saw her motionless form shrouded for the grave, and in agony of spirit bade her "farewell!" And are the remnant unchanged? Where is that dark-eyed youth, who was the joy and pride of our circle? The destroyer came in that serene form, *consumption*, and bore him away, as we humbly hope and trust, to realms of endless day, where, Heaven kindly grant, we may meet, and rejoice with him for evermore. But these are not all; many of them are scattered far and wide, busy in the active scenes of life, thus performing their various parts in the great drama of life. All are changed, and we are not the same, as when in childish glee we roamed the verdant lawn, unconscious of the stern realities of life.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

If there be a place where meditation will relieve the cares of life, it is, when we stand at the grave of a stranger; we there look upon one, whose trials and sufferings, might have been far greater than our own, and now he has sunk to an unknown grave! It was a long Summer's day, in the month of August, when the merry farmer was busy in storing his barn and granary, that he might enjoy the approaching Winter. The air was vocal with music, and all seemed buoyant with hope for the future. As I strolled from my accustomed employment, to the sea shore, to think of the past, and meditate, and while listening to the careless sound of the troubled ocean, and gazing on the wild scenery around me, I espied one spot more solemn than the rest; beneath it lay the lifeless form of one we never knew! Yes, the waves had borne the stranger to our shore, and the coroner had dug for him a grave; there is no stone to tell the traveller, whence he came, or whether he was going; no one to relieve the expecting, aching bosoms of his friends, no kindred lying beside him, no tears to moisten his grave, and no prayers offered in his behalf! As I looked upon the sad and that covered him, and the wild cedar that stood beside him in mournful silence, I could but exclaim, and this is the stranger's grave! Peace to his ashes, and may not "my last end be like his."

For the Boston Cultivator.

## THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

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WE'VE walked together in the woods,  
Among the waving, rooking trees,  
We've sat together in the shade  
And listened to the sighing breeze.  
And then we've wandered arm in arm,  
Along the clear and sparkling brook,  
And learned lip lessons from the leaves  
Of Nature's great and changing book.

We've talked together, long, long hours,  
Of trusting love and future bliss,  
And oft my soul with rapture thrilled  
When on your lips I pressed a kiss.  
And then with hands so firmly clasped,  
In whispered each endearing name,  
And talked of that one blessed theme,  
Till my wild throbbing heart was tame.

Oh! times my aching head has found,  
A pillow on your smiling breast,  
And oh! how many times I wished,  
That I might there forever rest.  
That there my soul might find relief  
From all the busy cares of life,  
And loving both we might be free  
From mingling in the world of strife.

But oh! how quick the dream has fled;  
Minnie, you say that we must part;  
You say that that must be our fate,  
Even though it break each loving heart.  
You tell me that I love thee not,  
That I have changed, in thought and deed,  
Even though forgiveness for my fault,  
On beaded knees, with tears, I plead.

I cannot—cannot give thee up,  
I must be loved by thee again;  
How wildly beats my throbbing heart,  
How aches my head with sickening pain.  
O! call me quickly back again,  
Breathe the words of love into my ear,  
And soothe me gently as of old,  
And let me call thee "Minnie dear."

HENRY TELLO.

### "THE TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESS."

HOW many have trod life's weary pilgrimage vainly endeavoring to find the "true secret of success;" but, baffled in their researches, have, at last, returned unto their mother-earth, leaving behind no inheritance for their posterity, or a name to be eulogized. And why is this? Was man placed upon this earth to enjoy as his, while he lives, for no other purpose than to merely worry out an existence, and finally accomplish no worthy end? To debase his faculties? To let inactivity and lethargy assume the superiority over energy and perseverance, and thus, instead of carrying out the principles which would promulgate the prosperity of the universe—has aided by miserable selfishness the reverses of life rather than its success and improvements? No! "Man is the noblest work of God." Think you then He fashioned him for no high purpose? The "Father of us all," has planted within the breast of every individual those attributes, which, if properly cultured, would give to their possessor undying fame. Why, then, I ask, is there so few of us who ultimately arrive at that desideratum—"success in life?" Because we do not make proper use of the faculties which we are endowed. Because we cherish that inherent love of waiting, like Micawber, for some lucky revolution of fortune's wheel to throw into our laps a name and fortune. To secure to ourselves, by chance, that which, in the true course of events require years of toil and perseverance. That total abstinence of placing our shoulders to the wheel, and thus, by steady strides, finally obtain the sure reward of the industrious. Now this is all nonsense in the true sense of the term; and he who would cherish such absurd notions ought to be rejected from the society of respectable and enterprising individuals. It is not customary, however, to work now-a-days. That is not the order of the time. Men make fortunes at the present day in a moment, as it were, by that means which destroys all true worth, and all honesty and roots out every exalting principle we may possess. It gives to the persons are benefited by it an envious position for the future. Men court their favors, follow in their steps, anxious to render some service which will win them favor and esteem. But how soon the reaction. Scandal, hitherto silent, as the superiority. We inquire how such a man, who the day before was comparatively poor, sports all the paraphernalia of a Nabob. A takes place, and we find dishonest have been employed in the securing of a Disgrace follows. The individual re-obscure and is forgotten—if remembrance for the purpose of showing the result of course to those who are treading the path of gold displayed to his gaze, is ever on the alert for some new enterprise to turn up in which he may invest his all spurned on by the hope of unbounded gain. Vain delusion. How often is he entrapped. And yet the lesson learned does not serve him, as he almost invariably keeps on in the same course, still hoping for success.

Well may we count those a rarity who have acquired an honorable position by strict honesty, unswerving integrity, and indomitable energy; who have been successful in life, not through any dishonest manoeuvres, but only by uprightness, honesty and worth.

The "true secret of success," lies in a determination to pursue an honest, upright course in all the walks of life. Let honesty and virtue be at the helm, and your craft will sail clear of all shoals. Be not deluded by pleasant invitations to accept of a different mode which brings with it less cause for energy and perseverance; for remember the path to destruction is not smooth and level, but lucky and devious; therefore, spurn all such fanciful illusions, and let sober-minded reason rule the day.

Then, again, think not that your first efforts will be successful; such is hardly ever the case; for you will meet with trials that may almost crush every spark of hope of success you cherish. Adverse storms will beat around your aspiring footsteps, that for a time seem to obtain the mastery. And reverses meet you, enough to blast all energy, wither every budding joy, destroy all hopes; but recollect, and let it prove a balm to

your drooping spirits, that the storm always rages fiercest before the calm, and thus, on the next moment the lowering clouds of adversity will break away and reveal to your longing, loving gaze, the object you have struggled so faithfully to call your own.

If you would be successful in whatever pursuit you may follow, place your eye on the object of your ambition and pursue a steady, unwavering course, neither swerving to the right nor to the left, for the revelations of a single day show the folly of pursuing any other course and the inevitable ruin attending it. How prone we are to use a very little dishonesty in the furtherance of our ends, thinking that they cannot be accomplished with the same desired effect by adopting honest principles; and then, at last, when we have brought about the success of our plans, find that we could have obtained the same result, with equal profit, by adhering to strictly honest measures, rather than spicing it with a wee-bit of fraud.

If then "complete success" can be gained by adopting "honesty as the best policy," who would spurn the bright offer proffered, and thus forfeit the pleasure of enjoying an enviable position and handing down to posterity a name esteemed for its honesty, uprightness, purity? GEORGE W. F.

### THE LITTLE ROOM.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

IT was a quiet sunny place, with simple furniture and a plain dark carpet. An easy chair was drawn up beside the table before the window—an open book, and a pen and ink standish lay upon the table. It seemed as if the occupant had but just pushed away the chair, and had risen up from labor—yet the dust of years had settled down upon everything around, and the ink within the standish had dried and mouldered away, long ago.

Upon the wall, and shaded by two half-drawn curtains of crimson silk, hung two portraits. One was of a young man, and remarkably beautiful. His brown hair, soft and light as floss silk, lay in massive curls around the eager, handsome face and white and well-shaped throat, and his blue eyes smiled down upon the dusty room with the same merry glance they had worn at first. The other portrait was that of a girl some twenty years of age. Her face was a peculiar one—straight-featured, dark-browed, and with a pair of death-black eyes, whose full intensity of gaze betokened a stormy and terrible soul within. Her straight, black hair fell far down upon her shoulders, and in her hand she held a blood-red flower.

Of course there is a story connected with these two portraits and the room which has been so long fastened from every mortal eye. That little room had once been the home of a young and glorious girl, named Ninon L'Estrange. She had been a chorus-singer at one of the operas, and had charmed every ear by the freshness and purity of her tones. She was gay and glad and innocent, and she was beloved? What could she ask more?

For two years she had lived in that humble apartment, with the beautiful face of her lover smiling down upon her from the wall. At the end of that time, a terrible blow fell upon her. He, for whom she would have died, proved false. He married another, and strangers came and told her so.

For a time she went wholly mad. And after she had recovered, the name of her lover never passed her lips. The little room was closed securely—with every article of furniture just as he had left it on his last visit—and she went abroad. Those who knew her, lost sight of her for a time, and thought her dead. But during those months of perfect seclusion, she had been studying her art, with a frenzied desire for success; and when she stepped upon the stage again, it was not as the poor chorus-singer, but as the successful and idolized prima donna—La Bell Ninon. Triumph followed triumph—the multitude were at her feet, and all the luxury that wealth could command or devise was lavished upon her. In the zenith of her fame and splendor she suddenly returned to her native city. And there, among the vast audience that rose to welcome her with shouts upon her first appearance, she saw that recreant lover—saw him start and press his hand to his heart, when, radiant with youth and beauty, she bowed before that mighty throng, and saw the look that turned from her to the rich and vulgar woman to whom he had sold himself for gold. The Prima Donna was avenged!

But when the curtain fell—and for the last time she had responded to those thrilling shouts, her carriage drove rapidly to the little room where her happiest days had been spent. She unlocked the door with a trembling hand, and going up to the table, laid her head caressingly upon it, and stooped down and kissed the open page where his eyes had last rested. She turned slowly towards the portraits, and meeting the laughing glance of those large blue eyes, sank down upon the floor and buried her face in her hands. Glittering in snowy folds of satin, and with a diamond tiara sparkling on her brow, she bent down in the dust, and forgetting all her triumphs, wept bitterly for her early love!

Many who read this simple sketch will have seen its heroine. She comes before them nightly, and smiles as they shout her name, and throw their costly bouquets at her feet; but to none of them has it been given to read that proud heart, or to see her, as then, in her hour of deepest sorrow. She comes before them as a triumphant and beautiful queen—and yet never was she so truly regal—so deeply worthy of all love and admiration as when, in the silence of midnight, her woman's soul wept tears of blood for the peace and innocence and faith which have gone from her forever!

..... A happily blended mixture of pathos and humor is characteristic of the highest genius; for the highest genius is an epitome of life with its mingled warp and woof of joy and sorrow. Perhaps the highest example of this is Shakespeare, the master of the human heart, whose jester walks beside his king, whose grave-digger jests with his melancholy Hamlet. And in modern times Dickens is also an example of this combination.

### SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

A sweet poet of the feminine gender writes often for the Boston Transcript. We copy, below, one of her effusions; and indulge in no extravagance when we remark that the sweetness of her melody is only equalled by her personal charms. Will she pardon us, and accept our well-intended compliment?

#### SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

A flower beside my pathway grew,  
And in the sun's bright cheer my view:  
I thought it bloomed for me alone,  
And gladly called this flower "my own."  
But when the sun by clouds was veiled,  
And every source of joy had failed,  
I said, "In this desolate hour  
There's naught can cheer me but my flower;  
I've watched it while the skies were fair,  
And now it will repay my care."  
But then it closed its petals bright,  
And said, "I only love sunlight."

And so in life I found a maid,  
Who smiled upon me, and displayed  
So much of goodness that my heart  
Of its own self made her a part.  
She loves me when my heart is light,  
And makes life's sunshine still more bright;  
But now when care upon me lays  
His heavy burden, and the days  
Force from my heart the smothered grief,  
And restless nights bring no relief,  
I turn to her in vain for aid—  
She likes the sunshine, not the shade,  
And says—if e'er I tell my woe—  
"I do not love you when you're so!"  
Your joys, I'll gladly share with thee,  
Your sorrows, what are they to me?  
And yet I love this maid, for she  
Is dearer than my life to me!

MINISTERS, SONS AND DEACONS' DAUGHTERS.—The Episcopal Recorder has undertaken to correct the prevailing opinion concerning minister's sons. It depreciates the idea that they are worse than other sons. It takes the biographies and says—

"Of the sons of one hundred, over one hundred and ten became ministers. Of the remainder, by far the larger proportion rose to eminence as honorable and successful men in business, or in the learned professions. Is there any body of 100 men, taken at random from any other pursuits of life, of whom the same can be said?"

Who now will take up the defence of deacons' daughters?

TALL STUDENTS.—The Wisconsin Board of Education recently resolved "to erect a building large enough to accommodate five hundred students three stories high.—Exchange.

We have often known students get as high as four stories.

The cost of carrying on our government during the last fiscal year, was over sixty-five millions of dollars, and Secretary Cobb estimates the expenses of the current fiscal year at eighty-five millions! In 1850 the expenses were but little more than thirty-seven millions. Uncle Sam is getting very extravagant.

### A QUAIN CONCEIT.

The annexed poem, we are informed, appeared in a southern publication some years ago, and was received with marked popularity. Its originality, and quaintness of imagery, are sufficient to warrant its reproduction here.

#### THE SHOON OF EIGHTY YEARS.

BY GEORGE PERRY.

At midnight, in the darkness,  
I woke from visions sweet,  
And heard upon my threshold  
The tramp of thronging feet.  
There came in long procession,  
All shoons I ever wore;  
The stalwart boot of manhood,  
The tiny shoe of yore.

Down-trodden, torn, neglected,  
Laden with dust and grime;  
They bore, spite age and wrinkle,  
The spirit of their prime.

I could not smile to see them,  
All stiff, and bent, and hoar;  
Repeat with steps familiar  
The days that are no more.

Some o'er the floor went softly  
With timid steps and small;  
Some with an antic canter,  
That shook the old house wall;

And some with restless longing,  
Turn to the stars above;  
And some were still pursuing  
The dream, the hope of love.

Beside them gaily falling  
Like airy flakes of snow,  
Were silken shoons—to hear them  
Was rapture long ago.

And some—ah, there were many  
Went pacing to and fro,  
Whose lonely shadows darkened  
O'er years of doubt and woe.

A few—I scarcely knew them,  
They were not shoons of yore,  
With footsteps small and timid,  
They tottered o'er the floor.

All stopped where hung my boot-jack,  
And parleyed low and long;  
The ancient jack descended,  
And mingled with the throng.

Then went in long procession,  
All shoons I ever wore,  
Leading the ancient boot-jack  
From out my lonely door.

And shadows dark and silent  
Came closing o'er the light,  
That lingered round their pathway  
Far in the depths of night.

O, ere this morning sunlight  
Again shall fade away,  
I shall behold in Paradise  
A brighter, endless day.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Speak Gently to the Erring.

How great has been the influence over the erring of one kind word! A smile, which costs the giver nothing, may have a tendency to lead the erring from the path of sin into the road that leads to virtue and truth!—Reprove them gently; perhaps they are young and inexperienced; they know not the trials and temptations that await them, for they are ignorant of the world and its crime! Speak gently to the criminal who has erred from the path of honesty and truth! He was perhaps thrown upon the cold world without a friend to warn him from danger; frowns instead of smiles greeted him in his loneliness; the serpent sin coiled in his path in gay and gaudy colors, and lured him on from one degree of vice to another, until you behold him despised by all! Had some kind friend admonished him, perhaps that once noble youth, whose heart was free from the guile that now stains it, would not have been turned from the society he once joined! If any of us have an erring friend, let us come boldly forward and warn him of his danger.

Speak gently to the erring,  
For who can comprehend  
The influence you're exerting  
O'er that poor erring friend!

Cavern Hill.

ARBELL.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Perseverance.

My watchword shall be "Onward!"  
My motto "Go ahead!"  
Though I may have the foe to face,  
And climb o'er heaps of dead.

The clouds may rather thicken gloom,  
And thunders shake the earth,  
But dark despair will find no room,  
Where hope and joy have birth.

What has not perseverance done?  
What may it not yet do?  
Oh, may it yet eclipse the sun—  
Believe me, this is true.

It spied a mighty continent,  
Where peaceful rivers flow;  
Where lofty trees in grandeur wave,  
And zephyrs gently blow.

The broad, blue sea forever bears  
This truth within its breast,  
For it has witnessed prayers and tears  
Of those who've made us blest.

The lightning quivers with mild consent  
To this all-conquering power;  
In man's control it is content,  
And waits not for the shower.

Now ye who will my watchword learn,  
And my bright motto claim,  
Your longing eyes to Heaven turn,  
Or climb the hill of Fame.

ADELIA.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### The Indian Girl to her Lover.

BY AMOS ALLEN.

Do you remember, love, the lake  
Upon whose placid breast,  
We in our light skiff used to glide,  
As silently upon the tide,

As though we were at rest?  
Do you remember how we laughed  
And caroled in our glee?  
And how we sung the war-song there,  
And sent it forth upon the air,

Forth on the lake and sea?  
"Lightly o'er the wave," we sung,  
And o'er the azure waves,  
Across the hill and valley green,  
It echoed from yon mountain scene,  
And echoed from the caves!

And do you not remember, too,  
The pines along the shore?  
The cedars, where we launched our boat,  
And made it o'er the lake wave float,  
And urged the splashing oar?

And when the god of day had sunk  
Behind the mountain height,  
Then ling'ring tints were hovering round  
And earth seemed to the heaven bound  
In bonds of rainbow light;

And when that princess of the sky  
Arose from o'er the wave,  
Then o'er the lake the fairies danced,  
And through each glittering wavelet glanced,  
And 'mid the coral caves—

So, when night's star gems shd the skies,  
And grace the heavens above,  
Then Fancy's glittering wings I take,  
And hie me to that silvery lake,  
And sail beside thee, love!

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### STEPMOTHERS.

BY RACHEL'S CHILD.

What ails stepmothers? Why, human nature ails them, that's all.

In the case of a real mother nature is all for the children; in the case of a stepmother nature is all against them; and this "odds" is a tremendous one, and it makes "the difference."

It takes a liberal share of grace to make a decent stepmother of many a woman who would without any "grace" at all make a very respectable mother. Being the former is all the way up hill; being the latter is all the way down hill. The very children that to an own mother's eyes are good and lovely, would be, in the eyes of a stepmother, (just as good a woman as the own mother, perhaps even a better one), "ugly, long-legged, troublesome, ill-behaved young botherations."

Children are all troublesome and faulty; some very much so; and love alone transforms them into delights and comforts. Where self-forgetful and generous devotion, such as mother's feel, is not, it cannot be but that children will be a torment to whoever is condemned to the care of them. In nine cases out of ten, stepmothers hardly know the children whom they go to govern; much less do they love them. What wonder then that they soon find themselves distressed to death by "the ugliness of these young ones," who naturally hate the "usurper" (as it seems to them) of their dead mother's place, and very likely act just as hateful as they know how to act, from a sort of loyalty to their mother's memory. What wonder, then, that the new-comer begins to bear down more, and yet more, with that foreign foot of hers, until she has effectually "stepped" upon and crushed from the children's home all of its olden light and glory, and made it to them a land of the shadow of death? This is what she certainly will do if she follows the dictates of selfishness and resentment.

Oh! the risk that woman runs who puts her unconsecrated feet upon the ground made holy by an ordained mother. She risks her own life's happiness, and her husband's and his children's. First, then, of all advice this should be given: "Never become a stepmother—never, never." It is an office too difficult and dangerous for flesh and blood; but if you needs must marry a father of children, because you love him so that you would be wretched without him, why, then you can afford to risk what would otherwise be certain unhappiness.

But don't go into his house expecting his children to behave well, for they won't; they are sure to meet you as an enemy, because you have taken their mother's husband. It is not in the heart of a child to understand or tolerate second marriages; and unless you can win their respect, by first gaining their love, they will never, at least at heart, do better than despise you.

But the stranger mother need not despair, for the love of childhood is no impossible thing to win. It needs but patience, mildness, toleration of their sore and afflicted young spirits, and consideration and respect for them, and, sooner or later, they are gained.

There may be a good deal of trouble at first—much, very much, that is hard to bear, and pride, oppression, and power may wish to rule; but the choice lies here: patience and forbearance now, trouble and self-denial now; or, strife and bitterness perpetual, and family division and wretchedness to the end of life.

Let the stranger suppose the children to be her own, and then ask herself—"If I were the dead mother how would I have my successor to treat these little ones?"

Then if she herself become a mother let her carefully note all the gushes and outgoings of maternal love toward her own child; and let her act towards all the others as if impelled by the same warm affection. Though utterly impossible actually to feel toward the step-children as she does toward her own, she will find it quite possible to act, in all respects, and in every instance, just as patiently and lovingly to them; and also to render an observer unable to tell by her manner towards them, or by her mention of them, which are and which are not her own. This, not a whit less, is the duty of every woman who ventures to take upon herself the most incompetently filled of all earthly offices, that of mother to the children of the dead.

Original.

#### One Smile, one Pitying Tear.

ONE smile—one simple, pitying tear—  
One kindly word from thee, Mary,  
Was sweeter music to my ear,  
Than e'er I'll hear or see, Mary.  
Though beautiful maidens oft beguile,  
Till tears and cares are gone, Mary;  
Alas! 'tis transient as the smile,  
I fondly deemed my own, Mary.

'Tis still engraven on my heart,  
That vow of love we gave, Mary,  
Thy image never will depart,  
But I'm for aye thy slave, Mary.  
I oft recall those merry hours,  
That long have fled from view, Mary,  
And rove in fancy through the bowers,  
We loved when thou wert true, Mary!

Yet starting from the bliss unreal,  
The blight returns ten-fold, Mary;  
Alas! that thou mayst never feel  
A heart to weep as cold, Mary.  
Though all my nature burned in shame,  
For all thy wrongs to me, Mary;  
I could not learn to speak thy name  
As aught but purity, Mary.

When twilight spreads her darkening pall  
Upon the bustling scene, Mary,  
I'll sit in silent mood recall  
That hour when love was green, Mary;  
I'll prize it for thy own dear sake—  
You loved in hours of youth, Mary,  
When we could busy care forsake  
To tell of love and truth, Mary.

Still let us gaze on Cynthia's orb,  
That soft through ether sails, Mary,  
And fancy some heart-breaking throes  
Her glorious radiance pales, Mary.  
Still wondering if beyond the sky  
Aught can a gloom impart, Mary?  
Ah! no—tis but the earthly sigh  
That reaches to her heart, Mary.

That gentle, lovely, smiling moon,  
It shines o'er land and wave, Mary;  
Perchance 'twill shed a lustre soon  
To glid a lonely grave, Mary.

'Tis sweet, that in the radiant eve,  
'Twill catch a smile divine, Mary,  
That it can o'er my grave reply,  
One loving gaze of thine, Mary.

E. W. F.

### OPINIONS.

MANY people are incapable of taking a sober and unprejudiced view of any important subject. They must take sides in the case like lawyers, instead of acting the part of judge. In religion they become sectarians and denounce every faith but their own. In politics they are partisans—denying that any other party than theirs has any honesty or reason on its side. In matters of personal difference, they range themselves according to their dispositions or interests, and condemn John and uphold William, who have quarrelled, or uphold John and condemn William, with unaccountable doggedness of opinion. The same onesidedness of judgment is applied to every subject of discussion. They find all right and justice in a cause, or pronounce it utterly devoid of either.

A very different and far more rare class of persons, are those who can see both sides of the painted shield. They somehow stand above all disputes, and see rights and wrongs by the light of a calm, dispassionate judgment. They perceive that John has not all the right on his side, nor William either; but find, perhaps, that both are wrong, and both excusable. They are not to be swept into the vortex of any public excitement; but they carefully weigh the cause, and as carefully divide the truths and errors which become as one to the heated vision of the fanatical. In religion, they see one grand, fundamental, divine principle, underlying all forms and phases of belief. To their perception, no sect encloses more than an acre or two of the universe of truth, and all can claim a little. In politics, no party zeal blinds their eyes to the corruption which works in the very cause they love best. They never fail to take human nature in the account, in considering any subject. They know its foibles and have charity for its worst developments. They believe in no infallible human authority. They give the devil his due. They are those of whom the poet sings—

"Shine forever, virgin minds,  
Beloved by stars and purest winds,  
Who, o'er passion throned sedate,  
Have not hazarded their state."

Such men astonish and puzzle the crowd. The narrow-minded questioner cannot discover Socrates' opinion. He entertains all opinions, and utters seeming contradictions. "You are right, my friend—but you are quite wrong." And those who see but one side to truth, marvel at him who sees a thousand sides.

What by Obs 3



[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

# MY OLD PIANO.

BY D. M. F. WALKER.

And must I sell thee, dear old friend?  
How can I let thee go?  
And will thy music no more blend  
In sadness with my woe?

My trembling fingers no more rest,  
Upon thy quivering strings,  
When welling up within my breast,  
The long-sealed fountain springs.

Yes, I must sell thee, faithful one—  
How can I give thee up?  
And drink in this cold world alone,  
Life's dregged, life's bitter cup.

But go! stern poverty's decree  
No love nor mercy knows;  
Remember one heart mourns for thee,  
Its sorrows ne'er disclose.

And when gay fingers lightly dance,  
Along thy key-board fair;  
When beaming eyes with loveliest glance  
Are gazing fondly there—

Remember her, who long ago,  
Sang notes of love with thee;  
And told thee all her deepest woe,  
To share thy sympathy.

Now, old piano, fare thee well!  
Receive my parting touch,  
To other hearts thy music swell,  
But none will love so much.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

## THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHOM NOBODY UNDERSTOOD.

BY JOHN M. GUERNSEY.

"No one understands me—no one. There is no congenial spirit in the whole wide world," sighed Caleb Simmons, as he read the publisher's letter. "I was a fool," he said loftily, "to hope that a man who makes a trade—a base trade, of the noblest powers of the human mind, should comprehend the breathing and burning aspiration of my soul," and though Caleb was really very unhappy, he found great comfort in thinking what a low-minded individual was the writer of the letter then before him.

Caleb Simmons was a very respectable and amiable young man, but he had unfortunately conceived the idea that he was a poet, because he could sometimes write verses which were not intolerably bad, and with which he occupied, week after week, the poet's corner of "The Jonesville Sun." Though they were never read by any one in particular, yet they were in print, and to the mind of their author at least furnished proof sufficient that he was a great poet, who only needed to be known, to be appreciated and receive the enthusiastic admiration of the public. "Fine verses are not always poetry," says Madame de Staël, and I fear that my hero, Caleb, very seldom went beyond tolerably endurable ones; but, nevertheless, he was determined, that, in his own words, "his muse should plume her youthful song, and soar to Parnassian heights, there to revel in the thunder-clouds of high imagination." Caleb's verses were very much admired by his two younger brothers. Algernon, his elder brother, was rather more sparing of his praises, and declared that Caleb would never be worth a straw, if he kept on in that line of business, and kindly offered him a share in his own business; but Caleb rejected the advice and the offer as coming from "an uncongenial spirit," and continued to write until he had collected a quantity of mediocre verses, enough to make a large volume, should they ever be published. Caleb was a well-grown, rather handsome young man of twenty, and it was full time that he should begin to think of doing something for his own support, but he shrunk from even the mention of the subject. He could not bear to study medicine, because "there was something intensely revolting in the very idea." He would not become a minister, because "it would be chaining down his free spirit to one path, and subjecting him to constantly recurring annoyances," and he would not be a lawyer, because "all lawyers were cheats;" he rejected the life of a merchant with scorn and indignation, for the thought of devoting one's mind and soul to the petty cares of gain, was enough to drive any one mad who possessed the least spark of imagination. He might have been an artist—not a mere portrait painter—that he despised, if it had not been for the trifling obstacle that he had neither taste nor talent for drawing. He might, to be sure, have set up a greenhouse; flowers were poetical, and he was fond of them; but he thought it base in the extreme "to sell the fair children of nature for paltry dross," and so he continued to be dependent upon his father for dross; while of his elder brothers, the one was doing a very good business for himself in a neighboring town, and the other was studying law with all his might in New York, and having a turn for mechanics, had, by an ingenious little invention, realized a considerable sum, which served for his support while pursuing his studies. Caleb was the third son; there were two more to come after him, for Mrs. Simmons had died sixteen years before our story opens, leaving no daughter. Mr. Simmons wished earnestly, he said, that "Caleb would take hold and do something." Charley and Elbert could help him enough about the farm. Charley was only seventeen, but he could do a better day's work than his elder brother, and even Elbert, who was still

a year younger, often surpassed Caleb at harvest time. The truth was, Caleb considered the work as below his genius, and seldom or never worked with a hearty good will, not remembering the words of the wise man of the olden time, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Nevertheless the two younger boys held their brother's supposed poetical talent in great veneration, though Charley did not consider "The Lady of Grenada," Caleb's grand poem, equal to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," nor "The Hero of the Castle of Esteranda," as a companion for Hamlet, in whose opinion, however, he differed from the author.

Being a poet, Caleb had of course fallen in love; he considered that part of his professional duty; but when he ventured to offer his lady-love a poem, in which the state of his feelings was set forth, adorned with countless adjectives, pretty Emily Wood, after a vain effort to keep her countenance, had burst into a fit of irrepressible laughter, at the verse where she was compared to Dido, Minerva, and Joan of Arc, all at a time; her lover had set her down at once as an "uncongenial spirit."

He had been deceived in his fancied ideal, he gloomily soliloquized, as he pursued his way home, after having resisted all Emily's good-natured attempts to apologize for her unwonted rudeness, and all Mrs. Wood's pressing invitations to stay to tea. The thought of griddle-cakes after such a crushing blow, was agonizing to his soul. He persisted in returning, and Emily, rather vexed at the chilling manner in which her apologies had been received, said, after his departure, that he was not half so smart as he thought he was; and he would never be half equal to his brother if he didn't go to work like a man. It was all very fine to talk of being a poet, but if it was poetical to do nothing at all, and to let his father support him, she thought the less poetry there was in the family the better. This misfortune, however, only furnished new stock in trade to our youthful bard. He at once came to the conclusion that his heart was broken, and congratulated himself on being "a fellow that had had losses." He was quite vexed to find himself hungry when he arrived at home after his return from Mr. Wood's. He sat up that night to write four bitter effusions upon blighted hopes, crushed affections, and so forth, and said, that "The sun of his life had sunk under the seething billows of dark despair, which covered his storm-tossed soul, but that he was going to hide them under a veil—a bitter and hollow veil of delusive joy." Several rather inconsistent figures, considered according to the usual rules of composition, but when one is inspired, and has a broken heart, one cannot stand upon trifles. He found that these verses, if added to his former stock, would complete the volume, and he forthwith determined to publish. The manuscript was soon prepared, and in spite of his father's advice, sent to a well-known publishing house in New York. In a week it was returned, with a very polite though decided letter, to the effect that the firm could not think of undertaking to publish "The Lady of Grenada and other Poems;" the receipt of which ungrateful intelligence was the cause of the bitter soliloquy quoted at the opening of my tale.

"How d'ye do, Caleb?" cried his brother Algernon, bursting into the room, with his whip in his hand. "Hollo! What's the matter? Why, you look as if you had lost every friend you have in the world."

"You would not probably care if I should tell you," said Caleb proudly, turning to the window. He had never confided his secret to his brother, for he had once fallen fast asleep, while the "Excursion" was being read, and was thenceforth set down as uncongenial, and unable to comprehend the misunderstood Caleb.

"But now perhaps I shall. Come, tell me; and don't look so disconsolate."

Though Algernon was uncongenial, there was something in the tone of sympathy that opened Caleb's heart, and he told his brother the whole story. "And now there is the end of it all," he concluded, as he gave Algernon the publisher's letter, and then—he could not help it—he dropped his head upon the table, and faintly cried. Poor Caleb! The disappointment was none the less bitter because his poems were nothing above mediocrity. They were his, and he loved them, every one, as though they had been his children.

"Why, brother, I'm sorry you feel so down-hearted about this," said Algernon. "Come, now, don't. Let me see it," continued the elder, kindly, after a pause, during which Caleb did not raise his head, and poor Algernon was dreadfully uncomfortable between his pity for his friend, and his conviction that the publisher was not altogether so unreasonable. "Let me see it, wont you?"

Algernon seemed to have an idea that there was a great power of comfort in the last word, so he asked him affectionately to "come," again.

Caleb raised his head at last, and disconsolately pushed the manuscript toward his brother, who opened at an effusion entitled:

### THE BARD'S LAMENT.

"A broken heart is mine, my friend,  
A broken heart is mine;  
O, ask me not my brow to wreath,  
With tendrils of the vine."

"Who ever did ask you, Caleb?" said his brother, simply. The poet turned a way without reply, thinking mournfully that "no one understood him."

"O, there is none in this wide world,  
To love or care for me,  
And forever, and ever, and ever alone  
It is my doom to be."

"There is no soul congenial,  
To love and mix with mine—  
Then ask me not my brow to wreath  
With tendrils of the vine."

"Beneath my cold and smiling lip,  
The sigh will often start;  
And O! reflect, a stifled worm  
Is gnawing at my heart."

Algernon wondered that a stifled worm should gnaw—and the implied want of affection on the part of the family quite distressed him.

"I am sure, Caleb," he said, "we all care for you. What makes you think we don't? Do you really think Tom, and father, and I don't love you? I'm sure the boys do—don't you think so?"

Caleb knew they did, and he was too truthful to say no; so he was still silent, and his brother turned to the next page, where was a remarkable ode on ingratitude, in which appeared the following lines:

"Go, call the cruel tiger kind,  
And press him to thy heart;  
Go nurse the lawless lion's mind,  
And say, 'How good thou art.'"

"Go, say thou all that mortal may—  
Do all that mortal can;  
But O, for mercy, never say  
There's gratitude in man!"

Look at here, now, Caleb, you don't really think that, do you?" asked the elder.

"Yes, I do," answered the younger, bitterly.

"O, no you don't," remonstrated Algernon; "because you happen to be a man yourself, you know, and I am sure you would not set yourself up above all the rest of creation in that way."

There was something new in this view of the case, and Caleb was silent.

"Now I don't want to distress you, but you just read over these verses, and tell me, candidly, what you think of them."

He had a distrustful feeling that he might not find them quite so deep as he had at first thought them, but reluctantly enough he complied with the request.

They were absurd, certainly. What could be the object of complimenting a lion in that style, and so affectionately saluting a tiger. They would probably make a base return for those favors, and what had that to do with man's ingratitude. He tried hard not to smile, but looking up he caught his brother's eye, and the smile came. He turned page after page, and one passage after another struck his eye as being weak, foolish, positively ridiculous. How could he have been so blind?

"What do you think, Caleb?" asked his brother.

It was a hard acknowledgement to make, but Caleb was not without sense, not more falsely proud than other mortals.

"You are right," he said. "You are perfectly right. They are not worth reading after all," and he turned aside, for his lip quivered.

"That's right, manly and honorable," said Algernon, cheerfully. "Now what will you do? Because isn't it most time you did something? It's hard work for the best writers to live by their pens, sometimes, I'm told, and now do you think you can make a living of it? because a living must be made, you know."

"No, I cannot."

"Well, then, Caleb, wont you take the offer I made you a year ago; I should like to have you with me right well," said the elder, affectionately; "and you know it would please father better than anything else in the world," and Algernon took his brother's hand.

"Yes, I will, and thank you for it heartily," said Caleb, at last, returning the pressure. "I have been very foolish," he continued, with an effort; "but I will try and do something worth while, hereafter." And though Caleb did not know it, there was more poetry in these simple words than there was in the whole of "The Lady of Grenada."

And he did try, and succeeded. "The Lady of Grenada," was put out of sight, and as far as possible, out of mind. He went to work in real earnest, and did not find that he enjoyed God's beautiful world the less, because he exerted himself to earn his own support, manfully and earnestly. He quite forgave the publisher, and entirely ignored the idea that his heart was broken. "The best thing that ever happened to me," he said, to his brother, "was the rejection of my book," and Algernon, was discreet enough to refrain from saying, "I told you so."

Caleb seldom writes verses now, and still more seldom exhibits them. He has come to the sensible conclusion that "a poet must be born, and not made."

### FLOWERS AND MUSIC.

Yes, two gifts God has bestowed upon us, that have in themselves no guilty trait, and show an essential divineness. Music is one of these, which seems as if it were never born of earth, but lingers with us from the gates of heaven; music, which breathes over the gross, or sad, or doubting heart, to inspire it with a consciousness of its own mysterious affinities, and to touch the chords of its unsuspected, undeveloped life. And the other gift is that of flowers, which, that though born of earth, we may well believe, if anything of earthly soil grows in the higher realm—if any of its methods are continued, if any of its forms are identical, they will live on the banks of the river of life. Flowers! that in our gladness and in our sorrow are never incongruous—always appropriate. Appropriate in the church, as expressive of its purest and most social themes, and blending their sweetness with the incense of prayer. Appropriate in the joy of the marriage hour, in the loneliness of the sick room, and crowning with prophecy the foreheads of the dead. They give completeness to the associations of childhood, and are appropriate even by the side of old age, strangely as their freshness contrasts with wrinkles and gray hairs; for still they are suggestive, they are symbolical of the soul's perpetual youth, the inward blossom of immortality, the amaranth crown. In their presence we feel that the body shall go forth as a winged seed.—*Florida's Interpreter.*

### Sad History of a Young Female.

We have some painful facts to narrate about a woman who was lately found in this city in a most wretched and degraded condition. A simple sketch of her antecedents will show how rapid is one's going downward, after the first step is taken, and how mercilessly retribution follows after wrong doing and crime.

The woman in question was, a few years since, a young lady in the seminary of Professor Crittenden, in Brooklyn, N. Y. She was then a protegee of Henry Ward Beecher, lived with his family, and was being educated by him. Of course, she was placed under the most favorable circumstances, and had her every want, that was reasonable, gratified. She was surrounded by the very best of associations, and had been adopted by Mr. Beecher, because of her natural brightness of disposition and intellect. In the school, though she was regarded as an eccentric and wayward being, yet she was admired by all of her companions for her superior quality of mind.

No young lady in Prof. Crittenden's school, (one of the best in the East,) could write so brilliant and beautiful a composition as she, and all had to yield to her in intellectual inferiority. All her compositions were gems of thought and language, and she promised to become prominent as a female writer. She became a passionate admirer of one who reciprocated her affections, but who was forbidden to tender his hand in marriage. He was already married to another. This first disappointment occasioned a violent brain fever, which completely prostrated her, and in the course of her recovery, she was advised to resort to stimulents, by which she acquired a taste for what has since plunged her into the depths of degradation.

Afterwards she went to Boston, and became a teacher in a House of Refuge. It was an advantageous station for a lady of education and character, and she is said to have filled it, at first, with great promise of usefulness. Soon, however, she yielded to the appetite which she had planted within herself, when recovering from her previous illness, and she was picked up in the streets of Boston one night in a state of intoxication. Efforts were made to effectually redeem her, but it is almost impossible to reclaim a woman once disgraced. She soon married against the wishes of those who had been her former friends and protectors. From this time she sinks rapidly.

Three or four years elapse, and she came with her husband to Chicago last year. He found employment there, but in the great fire of last fall his situation was lost to him. Pretty much all winter long he remained destitute of work, pawning away his household goods and clothing meanwhile, and when spring came, they determined to come to Milwaukee. They had one child, and on their way here that was taken away from them, at Kenosha. Their poverty had now become lamentable indeed, but undoubtedly their situation might have been much better, but for rum, to which they had both now become addicted. Having buried their child at Kenosha, they came on here, and hired a miserable room in the 3d ward of this city. A few days passed, and the wretched woman whose career we have been sketching was forced to go out and beg from door to door. In the course of her alms seeking, she chanced upon one who had been her school-mate in Brooklyn, and upon another who had known her in Boston. Fearing the worst, but still ignorant of what a wretched creature she had become, they went to her room, where she and her husband were almost freezing and starving. She confessed to them that she had nothing to eat for three long days, and on their rickety old bed there was but a single sheet to protect them

from the cold. There was a single chair, with three legs to it, in the room, and scarcely any other article of furniture cumbered up the room.

These friends at once began to exert themselves in her behalf, got others interested to aid her and her husband, gave them clothes and food, promised them both a plenty of work, and it seemed now that her destiny was taking a favorable turn. The woman wept over her poverty, manifested touching tokens of a reanimation, but here too the fire was only being smothered a few days, to break out again the first favorable opportunity. The money that was given her to buy food and clothing with, was spent in the rum hole, and when she was next visited she was found demented by intoxication. From that time she turned her back upon all friendly offers of assistance, abandoned her first quarters, was afterwards found by the authorities in low houses of prostitution, and has now again left the city, in company with her husband. She has almost reached the lowest round of misery, and this once gifted young lady, an adopted child of Henry Ward Beecher, will soon find that peace in death, which she has been unable to find in the cup and in the corruption of licentiousness.—*Milwaukee Daily Wisconsin.*

### THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh! the old, old clock, of the household stock  
Was the brightest thing and neatest;  
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,  
And its chime rang with the sweetest.  
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,  
Yet they lived, though nations altered;  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick, to bed—  
For ten I've given warning.  
Up, up, and go, or else you know,  
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"  
A friendly voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And tossed the time with a merry chime,  
The winter hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly;  
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick out of bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth  
Unless you're up in the morning."  
Still early the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,  
And the old friends pass forever!  
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone  
That warmer beat and younger;  
Its hands still move—though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
"Tick—tick," it said—to the church-yard  
The grave hath given warning—  
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning.

### THE MATCH MAKING MOTHER.

My married daughter could you see,  
I'm sure you would be struck—  
My daughters all are charming girls,  
Few mother's have such luck.  
My married one—my eldest child—  
All hearts by magic wins;  
And my second so resembles her  
Most people think them twins.  
My married daughter spoils her spouse;  
She's quite a pattern wife;  
And he adores her—well he may,  
Few men lead such a life!  
And she ne'er had married mortal man  
Had he not won her heart;  
And my second darling's just the same;  
They're seldom known apart.  
Her husband oft has pressed my hand,  
While tears stood in his eyes,  
And said "You brought my Susan up—  
With you the credit lies."  
To make her a domestic wife  
I own was all my aim;  
And my second is domestic too—  
My system was the same.  
Now, do you know, I've often thought  
The eldest of the two,  
(She's married, so I may speak out)  
Would just have suited you!  
You never saw her? how shall I  
My eldest girl portray?  
Oh! my second's just her counterpart  
And her you'll meet to-day.  
Truth crushed to earth will rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers,  
While Error writhing lives in pain,  
Or dies amid her worshippers.



## HOUSE CLEANING.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"Do put away your sewing, Ellen! Such close application will bring on one of your headaches," said Mr. Morgan, as he entered the little parlor where his wife sat bending low over her needlework.

"I must stitch just as long as I can see, husband, for next week I begin house cleaning, and then I shall have no time to touch a needle," replied Mrs. Morgan, without looking up or heeding the persevering attempts of her youngest child to gain her attention.

"I wish house cleaning was abolished; it is a nuisance!" exclaimed the first speaker, in a slightly impatient voice.

"I'm sure you have no reason to complain, for the labor all comes upon me," retorted the wife.

"But I certainly experience a large share of the annoyances resulting from the operation, and therefore have some interest in the matter. I dread house cleaning nearly as much as an epidemic, and I dare say half the married men would join with me in this assertion; in fact, I have no hesitation in saying that were the question put to vote, the majority would be on my side."

"No doubt, no doubt, Mr. Morgan! Men are selfish creatures, and generally look out for their own comfort first. What if you do have to eat a cold dinner once in a while, or get up a little earlier for a week or two? Are those slight sacrifices to be compared to the labor of cleaning a good sized house from attic to cellar?"

"I was not thinking particularly of my own individual sufferings during that trying ordeal of patience and good humor, but, on the contrary, was calculating how many hours Nellie would scream at the top of her lungs; how often the children would be late at school; how many colds we should catch by sleeping in damp rooms; how many times you will lose your temper; how much—"

"There, that will do," interrupted Mrs. Morgan, smiling at the long list of grievances he had narrated, although at first she felt a little piqued at his remarks.

"But that isn't half; the subject is so fruitful, that I could go on in that strain from now until morning. You have no idea how eloquently I could discourse upon it! Why not give me leave to occupy the next hour in detailing the plain state of the case?—a man always talks better about things which interest him."

"Nonsense, husband! But to be serious, how will you make a change for the better?" asked the wife.

"Omit house cleaning altogether."

"Omit it altogether! What can you be thinking of, Mr. Morgan? I don't imagine you like a dirty home any better than I."

"I'm rather partial to cleanliness, I allow. But if that proposal don't suit, I'll suggest another; hire one or two able bodied women to come in and assist you."

"Hinder me, you mean! Why, I should have every inch of paint to clean over after them, provided they left any on, which isn't often the case. But as to hiring, we can't afford it, and so there's an end of the matter."

"But I'll promise beforehand to find no fault with the bill; surely, that is reasonable."

"I can't think of it, husband—a dollar a day and board! I should dream of the useless expense for the next three months," persisted Mrs. Morgan, who was one of those wise individuals who never venture a penny to gain a pound.

"But your health, my dear?" ventured Mr. Morgan.

"O, that won't suffer any more than it would by running after a couple of lazy women all the time. Let me have my own way in the matter, and then the work will be done to my mind. It isn't everybody, Mr. Morgan, that knows how to clean paint. Some folks will slop the water over a whole room while I'm rubbing a single board; others use coarse sand, which makes the paint look very much like a nutmeg grater; and I've even known people to take—"

"There's no remedy, then, little Nellie," interrupted Mr. Morgan, who was not in the humor of hearing a long dissertation on his wife's favorite employment; for, however unromantic it may seem, she had a great partiality for scrubbing. "There's no remedy, my dear," he continued, lifting the child upon his lap, "we shall have to submit to our fate with the best grace we can; but the neglect you will have to put up with, and the cold dinners I shall have to eat are sure and certain."

The gentleman saw that his wife could not be induced to change her resolve, and he reluctantly dropped the subject, regretting that he could not convince her that she subjected herself to needless labor and trouble. As he had intimated, Mr. Morgan considered the yearly house cleaning the bane of his married life. Once in every twelve months his dwelling was turned topsy-turvy, and made almost uninhabitable for a week or more. He never enjoyed a quiet moment within doors during these periodical visitations, for there was always plenty of odd jobs for him to attend to—such as putting the children to bed, holding the baby, making the fires, tending door-bell, and occasionally waiting on his wife, who considered a plentiful use of soap-suds paramount to everything else. No matter whether the house needed cleaning or not, the forms must be gone through with just the same, even if dirt could not be discovered by the aid of a microscopic glass.

Mr. Morgan's income was not large, and his wife managed to do her own work, although, having three children, the family duties were by no means light; but she was an ambitious, industrious little woman, accomplishing more than many persons who kept help. Her worthy husband had no fault to find, except in

the matter of house cleaning, which she obstinately persisted in doing alone, even if she made herself ill, and the whole family uncomfortable in consequence.

Well, the important Monday morning arrived. Mrs. Morgan was up betimes, "for there was nothing," she remarked, "like getting a fair start." An early breakfast was prepared, which Mr. Morgan sat down to with very little appetite; but he looked resigned, and sipped his coffee with apparent zest. The children were waked an hour earlier than usual, and reluctantly came down stairs, looking sleepy and cross. But the mother made no allowance for their lack of interest in house cleaning, and after giving them their bread and butter, dressed them for school immediately, that she might gain time for the great undertaking before her; then repeatedly charging them to sit still and keep their clothes clean, she sat down a minute to determine what next to do.

"I think I'll take the attic first, and so work down," she said to herself. "I'll be thorough, for if there's anything I do despise, it certainly is sham house cleaning; yes, I'll commence at the top, and then—"

Mrs. Morgan's reflections were interrupted by her husband's asking what he should send home from the market.

"Dinner?—O, yes; well, a codfish I guess, for that's the easiest cooked of anything I know of," she replied.

Mr. Morgan sighed, for codfish was a luxury he could not appreciate; the odor of it when cooking somehow didn't prepossess him in its favor. But knowing that an expression of this sentiment would not mend the matter, he wisely said nothing, resolving to fortify his stomach by a generous lunch at an eating-house.

As soon as the street door closed after him, Mrs. Morgan, with a pail of water and the necessary accompaniments, made her way up two pair of stairs. A large chest stood in one corner, upon which she cast uneasy glances, as though dreading to open it; but at length she flung back the lid, and ran her eye over the contents.

"O, dear me, I quite forgot to put this chest to rights!" she exclaimed, pulling out one thing after another. "These coats are wholly ruined by the moths! I shall have every article to carry down into the yard, for I shouldn't enjoy cleaning a mite to know they were heaped up here in this condition."

And so Mrs. Morgan went back and forth between the yard and attic some five or six times, with her arms full of half-worn clothing, which she deposited in a pile under the shed steps, to be looked over and aired at her leisure.

She had scarcely commenced operations in good earnest, when she happened to think that the children, Johnny and Alice, were too still not to be in mischief; so hastily wiping her hands, she again descended the stairs to look after them. Not finding them in the parlor or kitchen, Mrs. Morgan looked out of the window and saw the missing juveniles playing in a muddy pool of water, which they had succeeded in splattering plentifully over their clean clothes. Mrs. Morgan felt like chastising them both severely; but, restraining this feeling, marched them into the house, and spent another half hour in putting them into a presentable condition, when they were despatched to school.

With zeal somewhat cooled, she returned to her task, and was really progressing considerably, when Nellie gave ample evidence from the chamber below—where she had been left asleep—that she wished to be attended to forthwith. Mrs. Morgan sighed, and again left work. It was an unpropitious beginning, but she was not one to be easily discouraged by adverse circumstances.

The baby was taken up, fed and dressed, and made no opposition to being tied into a chair and placed at her side, who once more attempted to go on with her work. Nellie busied herself for some time with a few playthings; but when they ceased to interest her, she gave abundant evidence of the fact by sundry wriggings, contortions, and little screams, which soon proved so annoying to the mother, that she was compelled, much against her will, to turn all her efforts to pacifying her. But this did not promise to be an easy task, for the uncomfortable Nellie was in such a perverse state of mind, that she was quite impregnable to the usual assuasive arts employed by maternal tenderness to allay such unhappy symptoms. The good woman was even forced to take her rebellious one down to the nursery, supported by the delusive hope that a little well-timed rocking and singing would send her to sleep. But Nellie had different ideas, and heeded her mother's anxiety no more than she did her discarded rattle; and Mrs. Morgan had to continue her musical and mechanical operations at least an hour without intermission, before she succeeded in lulling her charge away to the balmy land of dreams.

She had scarcely placed her in the crib, when she heard the grocer at the door, and the clock telling the hour of twelve. It was now time to get her simple dinner; for be it remembered, that a dinner, though ever so frugal, requires attention—it being a fact well-known to housekeepers, that dinners will not cook themselves and march on to the table, without the intervention of hands.

Mrs. Morgan cooked her fish, put it on a plate, and as her husband had not made his appearance, she thought she would run up stairs and improve the few minutes she might have before his return. She had scrubbed but a short time, when she heard his well-known step in the hall. When she reached the kitchen, the fish which she had left on the stove-hearth had mysteriously vanished. Looking from an open window, she discovered a large cat triumphantly dragging away the missing dinner.

Mr. Morgan laughed at the flagitious theft, and was assured by his industrious half, "that if he had been subjected to half the annoyances which she had experienced, he would be in a less merry mood." But in spite of this reasonable remonstrance, and the flushed cheeks of his wife, the sight of the feline offender, cowering and cowering over his thimble, wife, approved to

amuse the gentleman more and more; for to be frank, he didn't feel as though he had been much of a sufferer by the loss.

The family having dined off bread and butter, Mr. Morgan went whistling away, leaving the children in a less happy disposition; for like other little folks, they were fond of good dinners.

That afternoon Johnny and Alice were kept at home to look after the baby, and our house cleaner, with raised hopes, again tried the virtues of soap and water.

Things went on very well for a time, when her misfortunes were resumed by the discovery that her fire had gone wholly out. Of course, when she attempted to rekindle it, the fuel stubbornly refused to burn, and so her work was retarded by the want of hot water.

Just as her efforts were being crowned with success, a series of bumps on the stairs admonished her that somebody was descending in an unnatural manner. She screamed, and ran into the hall just in time to see Johnny effect a landing, having fallen from the top to the bottom, in consequence of treading upon a piece of soap which she had carelessly left in his way. The poor boy was considerably bruised, having performed all kinds of evolutions in his downward course. It was now the duty of our heroine to apply cold water to his bleeding nose, and a bandage to his bruised forehead.

The train of trials thus set in motion did not relax its speed. As soon as Johnny had ceased crying, Alice came rushing down with the somewhat alarming information "that the baby had got an apple core in its throat." Mrs. Morgan flew to the rescue, and found her youngest born kicking on the floor, black in the face through strangulation. The ill-starred baby was destined to undergo a violent shaking and pounding before the alarmed parent had the satisfaction of removing the impediment. The frightened and fretful child would not allow her mother to leave her again, and in her anxiety for the sufferer, she forgot "house cleaning" until it was too late to resume it.

Mr. Morgan looked suspiciously at Johnny's swollen head, Nellie's red eyes, his wife's not very interesting *dishabille*, and the confused state of things generally; but whatever might have been his reflections, he did not express them vocally. In the morning, after a hurried and unpalatable breakfast, he was glad to leave the scene of operations.

It being a pleasant day, Alice was allowed to take the baby into the open air; and upon going out to look after them, she made the discovery that the pile of clothes which she had negligently left exposed, had been stolen. This did not increase her good nature, for among the articles were several good garments, which her husband would certainly miss.

When she got back to her cleaning, the door bell rang, and Mrs. Starch, one of her most aristocratic neighbors, presented herself. Now, our lady was in such a plight, that this "caller" was the last person she wished to see, and she conducted her to the parlor, blushing with mortification, and pouring forth numberless apologies. Happily, she did not stay long; but being a talkative individual, Mrs. Morgan felt assured she would repeat what she had seen, with a few exaggerations of her own, by way of embellishment.

That day Mrs. Morgan made but little progress; everything went wrong, and she began to regret that she had not taken her husband's advice. Accidents, trifling in themselves, but still annoying, kept continually occurring to interrupt her operations. The children whom she had kept from school proved hindrances rather than helps, requiring as much watching as the little one.

To add to her afflictions, the ensuing night the latter gave indications of an attack of croup, which by morning became confirmed—resulting unquestionably from her exposure to the air and cold rooms. In addition to this misfortune, some friends from the country came to stay a week, while the spare chamber was in a sorry condition, the carpet being up, and the curtains down.

What now was to be done? Nellie could not be neglected, for the doctor said she must have the most careful nursing and attention. As a consequence, house cleaning had to be postponed, and Mrs. Morgan at length was forced to yield to her husband's wish to procure competent help, feeling pretty well convinced that his policy was the wisest. As if to demonstrate yet more plainly her want of foresight, she was herself taken ill in consequence of her exertions, and it was with difficulty she could attend to the wants of her little patient. As the latter grew better, she became worse, and was not able to leave her room for a fortnight, requiring the advice of a physician.

Now, it is easy for the reader to perceive that the annoyances and evils which have been enumerated, grew out of the want of calculation and foresight on the part of Mrs. Morgan. To save a few dollars, she had undertaken a labor to which her strength was not commensurate, and which she in reality had no time to attend to; while there were very many poor women depending on such employments for subsistence, and who would have been grateful for the job, besides being far more competent to do the work quickly and well. It is obvious that, in making a misdirected effort to save money, she had incurred expenses of more than thrice the amount, besides suffering so much in body and mind.

At the recurrence of the yearly house cleaning, Mr. Morgan was not troubled again by seeing his wife toiling and fretting over a task which she could not accomplish without neglecting other imperative duties.

Love.—Love, peculiarly so called, must always centre on a single object, because that thorough coincidence of interests and participations of pleasures necessary to render it perfect, cannot obtain between more than two persons. Friendship may take in a little larger compass, but can extend only to a few chosen objects; the friendships recorded in history have always run in pairs, as between Theseus and Pirithous, Orestes and Pylæus, Scipio and Lælius, Cicero and Atticus.—Tucker.

## Pleasant Sketch.

## THE VILLAGE WEDDING.

BY MISS MITFORD.

The sweetest flower of the garden, the joy and pride of Dame Wilson's heart, was her daughter Hannah. Well might she be proud of her. At sixteen, Hannah Wilson was, beyond a doubt, the prettiest girl in the village, and the best. Her beauty was quite in a different style from the country rose-bud—far more choice and rare. Its chief characteristic was modesty. A light, youthful figure, exquisitely graceful and rapid in all its movements; springy, elastic, and buoyant as a bird, and almost as shy; a fair, innocent face, with downcast eyes, and smiles and blushes coming and going almost with her thoughts; a low, soft voice, sweet even in its monosyllables; a dress remarkable for its neatness and propriety, and borrowing from her delicate beauty an air of superiority not its own. Such was the outward woman of Hannah. Her mind was like her person; modest, graceful, gentle, affectionate, grateful and generous above all.

The generosity of the poor is always a very real and fine thing; they give what they want, and Hannah was, of all poor people the most generous. She loved to give, it was her pleasure, her luxury. Rosy-cheeked apples, plums, with the bloom on them, nosegays of clover, and blossomed myrtle; those were offerings which Hannah delighted to bring to those whom she loved, or those who had shown her kindness; while to such of her neighbors as needed attention more than fruit and flowers, she would give her time, her assistance, her skill; for Hannah inherited her mother's dexterity in feminine employments, with something of her father's versatile power.

Besides being an excellent laundress she was accomplished in all the arts of the needle, millinery, dress-making, and plain work; a capital cutter out, an incomparable mender, and endowed with a gift of altering, which made old things better than new. As a dairy woman, and a rearer of poultry, she was equally successful; none of her ducks and turkeys ever died of neglect or carelessness; or, to use the phrase of the poultry yard on such occasions, of "ill-luck," Hannah's fowls never dreamed of sliding out of the world in such an ignoble way, they all lived to be killed, to make a noise at their deaths, as chickens should do.

She was a famous "scholar," kept accounts, wrote bills, read letters, and answered them; was a trusty accountant, and a safe confidant. There was no end to Hannah's usefulness, or Hannah's kindness; and her prudence was equal to either. Except to be kind or useful, she never left her home; attended no fairs or revels, or Mayings; went no where but to church, and seldom made a nearer approach to rustic revelry than by standing at her own garden gate on a Sunday evening, with her little sister in hand, to look at the lads and lasses on the green.

In short our village beauty had fairly reached her twentieth year without a sweetheart, without the slightest suspicion of her having ever written a love-letter on her own account, when, all of a sudden, appearances changed. She was missing at the "accustomed gate," and one had seen a young man go into Dame Wilson's, and another had described a trim, elastic figure walking, not unaccompanied, down the shady lane. Matters were quite clear. Hannah had gotten a lover, and when poor little Susan, who, deserted by her sister, ventured to peep rather near to the gay group, was laughingly questioned on the subject, the hesitating *no* and the half *yes*, of the smiling child were equally conclusive.

Since the new marriage act, we who belong to country magistrates, have gained a priority over the rest of the parish in matrimonial news, we—the privileged—see on a work day the names which the Sabbath announces to the generality. Many a blushing, awkward pair bath our little lame clerk—a sorry Cupid—ushered in between dark and light, to stammer and stutter, to bow and courtsey, to sign or mark, as it pleases heaven. One Sunday, at the usual hour, the limping clerk made his appearance, and,

walking through our little hall, I saw a fine, athletic young man, the very image of health and vigor, mental and bodily, holding the hand of a young woman, who, with her head half buried in a geranium, in the window, was turning bashfully away, listening, and yet not seeming to listen, to his tender whispers. The shrinking grace of that bending figure was not to be mistaken.

"Hannah!" and she went aside with me, and a rapid series of questions and answers conveyed the story of the courtship.

"William was," said Hannah, "a hatter in B. He walked over one evening to see the cricketing, and then he came in. Her mother liked him. Everybody liked her William—and she had promised—she was going—was it wrong?"

"Oh, no!—and where are you to live?" "William has got a house in B. He lives with Mr. Smith, the rich hatter, in the market-place, and Mr. Smith speaks of him—oh, so well! But William will not tell me where our house is. I suppose in some narrow street or lane, which he is afraid I shall not like, as our common is so pleasant. He little thinks—anywhere—"

She stopped suddenly, but her blush and clasped hands finished the sentence, "anywhere with him!"

"And when is the happy day?" "On Monday fortnight, madam," said the bridegroom elect, advancing with the little clerk to summon Hannah to the parlor, "the earliest day possible."

He drew her arm through his, and we parted. The Monday fortnight was a glorious morning; one of those rare November days when the sky and the air are soft and bright as in April.

"What a beautiful day for Hannah!" was the first exclamation at the breakfast-table.

"Did she tell you where they should dine?"

"No, madam, I forgot to ask."

"I can tell you," said the master of the house, with somewhat of good-humored importance in his air; somewhat of the look of a man who having kept a secret as long as it was necessary, is not sorry to get rid of the burthen. "I can tell you; in London."

"In London!" "Yes, your little favorite has been in high luck. She has married the only son of one of the best and richest men in B., Mr. Smith; the great hatter. It is quite a romance," continued he. "William Smith walked over one pleasant evening to see a match at cricket. He saw our pretty Hannah, and forgot to look at the cricketers. After having gazed his fill, he approached to address her, and the little damsel was off like a bird. William did not like her the less for that, and thought of her the more. He came again and again, and at last contrived to tame his wild dove; and even to get the *entree* into the cottage." Hearing Hannah talk in not the way to fall out of love with her, so William at last finding his case serious, laid the matter before his father, and requested his consent to the marriage. Mr. Smith was at first a little startled; but William is an only son and an excellent son, and after talking with me and looking at Hannah—I believe her face was the more eloquent of the two—he relented, and having a spice of his son's romance, finding that he had not mentioned his situation in life, he made a point of its being kept secret till the wedding day. We have managed the business of settlements, and William, having discovered that his fair bride has some curiosity to visit London—a curiosity, by the by, which I suspect she owes to you or poor Lucy—intends taking her thither for a fortnight. He will then bring her home to one of the best houses in B.—a garden, fine furniture, fine servants, and more money than she will know what to do with. Really, the surprise of Lord E's farmer's daughters, when thinking she had married his steward, he brought her to Burleigh, and installed her as his mistress, could hardly have been greater. I hope the shock will not kill Hannah, though, as is said to have been the case with that poor lady."

"Oh, no! Hannah loves her husband too well. Anywhere with him."

And I was right. Hannah has survived the shock. She is returned to B., and I have been to call on her. I never saw anything so delicate and bride-like as she looked in her



white gown and lace mob, in a room light and simple, and tasteful and elegant, with nothing fine except some beautiful green house plants. Her reception was a charming mixture of sweetness and modesty, a little more respectful than usual, and far more shame-faced! Poor thing, her cheeks must have pained her! But this was the only difference. In everything else she is still the same Hannah, and has lost none of her old habits of kindness and gratitude. She was making a handsome matronly cap, evidently for her mother, and spoke, even with tears, of her new father's goodness to her and Susan. She would fetch the cake and wine herself, and would gather, in spite of all remonstrances, some of her choicest flowers as a parting nosegay. She did indeed, just hint at her troubles with visitors and servants—how strange and sad it was!—seemed distressed at ringing the bell, and visibly shrank from the sound of a double-knock. But in spite of these calamities, Hannah is a happy woman.

The double rap was her husband's and the glow on her cheek, and the smile on her lips and eyes when he appeared, spoke more plainly than ever, "Anywhere with him!"

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### HOPE.

See, through the clouds that roll in wrath,  
Yon little star benignant peep,  
To light along their trackless path,  
Those wanderers on the stormy deep!

And thus, O Hope, thy lovely form,  
In sorrow's gloomy night, shall be  
The star that looks through cloud and storm,  
Upon a dark and moonless sea!

When Heaven is all serene and fair,  
Full many a brighter beam we meet—  
'Tis when the tempest hovers there,  
Thy beam is most divinely sweet!

The rainbow, with the sun's decline,  
Like worldly friend will disappear;  
Thy lights, dear star, more brightly shine,  
When all seems dark and lonely here!

And though Aurora's gentle gleam,  
May wake a morning of delight,  
'Tis only thy enchanting beam,  
Will smile amid affliction's blight!

CAROLUS.

#### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

"Good luck is all!" the ancient proverb preaches;  
But though it looks so very grave and wise,  
Trust not the lazy lesson that it teaches,  
For, as it stands, the musty maxim lies!

That luck is something, were a truer story,—  
And in life's mingled game of skill and luck,  
The cards that draw the stake of wealth or glory  
Are Genius, Patience, Perseverance, Pluck!

To borrow still another illustration,  
A trifle more specific and precise,—  
Small chance has Luck to guide the operation,  
Where cunning Wit has loaded all the dice!

The real secret of the certain winner,  
Against the plottings of malicious Fate,  
Learn from the story of a gaming sinner  
Whose frank confession I will here relate:—

"In this 'ere business, as in any other  
By which a chap an honest living earns,  
You don't get all the science from your mother,  
But, as you follow it, you lives and learns;

And I, from being much behind the curtain,  
And getting often very badly stuck,  
Finds out, at last, there's nothing so uncertain  
As trusting cards and everything to luck!"

So now, you see,—which nat'rally enhances  
The faith in Fortune that I used to feel,—  
I takes good care to regulate the chances,  
And always has a finger in the deal!"

#### MENTAL INDEPENDENCE.

Every man and every woman is brought up from the cradle with a bias. The mind is never sent out into the world's life unfettered. It carries with it always the heavy chain of habit. The politics of the father are usually the politics of the son; the religious character of the household is the seed of many more households of like faith. It is a strong and admirable mind indeed, which, nursed in error, has the courage and heroism to begin its own emancipation. It requires more courage to think differently from the multitude, than it does to fight them. The first hero, therefore, was not he who made the first conquest, but he who uttered the first doubt.

#### FAITHFULNESS.

Thou art changed—I know thee careless,  
Know thee silent, calm, and cold,  
Know thine eyes again will never  
Wear the loving light of old.  
Tears were nothing, and I weep not,  
Words of murmuring too were vain,  
And the stars nor storms have ever,  
Ever heard my lips complain.

True, my spirit was impassioned  
When the loves of long ago,  
With their new, delicious fragrance,  
O'er my ardent heart did blow.  
Weary now, alas, so weary,  
Through my life I wander on,  
And the fire that warmed my bosom,  
When I met thee, all is gone.

The soft South's bewildering sweetness,  
With old dreamy memories dim—  
With the gods of classic worship  
And the rose's lover's hymn—  
With its temples, groves and pictures,  
And its poetry and love—  
Could not win me for an instant  
From one thought, all thoughts above.

Oh, I know thy heart's a ruin—  
Stern and gloomy, wild and chill,  
But my spirit's ivy-clinging  
Clasps the desolation still—  
Clasps it with a fearful fondness,  
While the winds around it moan,  
Not to shrink through all the ages  
From the coldness of its stone.

For the Maine Farmer.

#### I LOVE THE COUNTRY.

BY MYRA MYRTLE.

O, I love, I love the country,  
With its sweet refreshing air—  
With its green and pleasant meadows,  
And wild flowers fresh and fair.

I love its mountain scenery,  
And its healthful morning breeze,  
I love the verdant, fertile fields,  
And the noble forest trees.

I love sweet nature's choristers  
That warble merrily,  
Their joyous, blithesome songs well up  
From hearts so light and free.

I love the sparkling brooklet  
That murmurs soft and low,  
And from its flower-gemmed banks I love  
To watch its gentle flow.

I love the glad approach of spring,  
Dispelling winter's gloom,  
When nature all around us  
Is bursting into bloom.

I love the glad summer time,  
With its bright and sunny days,  
And its gentle flower-perfumed breath  
That 'mong the leaflets plays.

I love the golden autumn,  
It cometh richly laden,  
To cheer and bless our grateful hearts  
When summer beauties fade.

O, I love, I love the country  
'Mid all its seasons change,  
But best in summer's flowery time,  
When fields and woods I range.

Phillips, June, 1853.

[Original.]

#### September.

Sweet September, mild and lovely,  
Thou art to us ever dear;  
Thy Autumnal winds are only  
To subdue the coming fear.

We see the roses fast decaying,  
The forest dressed in colors bright;  
While many souls are sad and praying,  
To that Heavenly world of light.

When the moon's pale rays are beaming,  
The poor man sits in his low thatched cot,  
While his darling ones are near him dreaming,  
His head bows down in troubled thought.

He thinks of the rich who are seeking for gain,  
And pressing the laboring poor;  
They have no heart, they feel no pain,  
For 'tis money they love and adore.

Belfast, Sept. 24th, 1858. C. G.

#### Lines to a Miniature.

BY EBENEZER KELLOGG.

It is before me! 'tis her counterpart!  
She, who in my affections stood alone!  
Who sweetly cheered my sad and lonely heart,  
As smiles of gladness on her fair face shone.

She once the source of all my comfort was,  
Her ev'ry motion to my sight most dear,  
And we were bound by Heaven's most sacred laws;  
Our future prospects then were bright and clear.

For her I would have suffered racks and pain,  
Suffered all ills endured by mortal man;  
But ah! my love and pleadings were in vain,  
As scalding tears adown my cheeks have ran.

This Phototype is all I now have left,  
To cheer me through this world of sorrow—grief,  
Ah grief, has twined around my heart—bereft  
I am of all, even hope gives no relief.

Nought now I'll love, since she whom most of all  
I dearly, fondly hoped would prove a spring  
Of joy, has fled—grant ill may ne'er befall  
The lot of her, who could no comfort bring.

Nothing to love! O yes! this miniature  
I'll love, and keep and cherish as my life—  
On it I'll pour my whole affections pure,  
The likeness of my loved—unloving wife.

#### LONG AGO.

Long ago, a dream of beauty  
Filled my heart with sweet delight;  
Till it seemed as if life's duty  
Came with visions of the night.

Long ago, Hope, like an angel,  
Furled her white wings in my breast,  
Singing there a sweet Evangel,  
Lulling me to perfect rest.

Long ago, the strains of pleasure  
Floated on the perfumed breeze;  
To a sweet, enchanting measure  
From the fairy land of ease.

Long ago, lips open'd to greet me,  
With the gentleness of love;  
Loving eyes kept watch, to meet me,  
With the fondness of the dove.

Long ago, Alas! that ever  
I should sing the solemn strain;  
That the chords of love should sever,  
That the hopes of years were vain!

Joy and pleasure left me lonely,  
Gentle love next left my side,  
And the dream of beauty only  
Brighter grew, and then—it died!

And I live in solemn sadness,  
Brooding at the shrine of woe;  
At the wreck of former gladness,  
At the tomb of LONG AGO.

#### POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Dirge

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HARRIET C. REYNES.  
When setting sunlight o'er the waters beaming,  
With dying splendor streaming far and wide,  
The days of one portraying to my dreaming,  
Gone down to slumber in death's "waveless tide,"

Grim Death, in his black chariot speeding by,  
Curbed his pale coursers, mortals to survey;  
Thee, glorious seraph, from afar did spy,  
And hurled his flying shafts upon his guiltless prey.

His first, great choice, the gifted and the good—  
His care how to inflict the direst pains  
Of grief on mortals, in despitful mood,  
With bleeding hearts to stain his horrid fangs!

Now Summer's breath shall paint thy hills in green,  
And from the sunset flood bland breezes pour,  
Where thou in rapture oft didst view the scene,  
Yet never there shall eye behold thee more!

From the lone bowers by inspiration borne,  
O'er the loved scene thy spirit oft would burn;  
Thy much loved haunts shall thy departure mourn,  
That thou canst never, never more return!

Let sunshine never gild those fields again,  
But dark clouds wrap thy native hills in gloom,  
Since now thy lyre breathes no enchanting strain,  
But hushed and mouldering on thy distant tomb!

Thus we behold thee, death, through sorrow's tears,  
Her guardian angel dear, in dark disguise;  
Last deed of love, that dark to us appears,  
From this drear earth to bear her to the skies.

Heaven's windows open'd, and long beams of light  
Darted upon her through this dark abyss;  
"Come up unto our chambers of delight,"  
The angel voices cried, "and dwell in endless bliss."

Epping, N. H. M. J. HARVEY.



[For Life Illustrated.]

#### THE VILLAGE SABBATH.—JULY.

BY S. S. WALLIHAN.

The bell has tolled for church—the scorched air  
Makes the green leaves droop on their stems,  
And dries the heated ground to dust.  
Transparent waves of quivering heat dance on the roofs—  
The sweltering poplars shake their little fans  
And beckon to the lazy clouds, that hang  
In the white sky like ghosts of others gone before.  
The herd—fly-fretted—crop the dried grass  
Awhile, and then, with panting sides,  
Seek the still shade, or wade the shallow pond.

Birds, here and there, from shaded perch  
Pipe notes of joy—though calm or storm  
Surround, they sing their one sweet song  
Of love—happy but to know the right  
To sing. Hushed from the busy clash of life  
The weary world indulges rest—the hammer still,  
The noisy engine dumb, the clattering car  
Uncoupled on the bruised track. No whirl of wheels,  
No scream of pent-up steam, no clear-voiced bells,  
But sleeping calm throughout the blazing day.

Original.

#### MY MOTHER.

Revered Mother! How this sacred name,  
Thrills through each fibre of this anguished heart,  
Fixing remembrance, painful and intense,  
Upon the brightness of the past; making  
Its contrast with the darkness present, in  
Images too strong for nature to endure!

My mother! O! I knew thy priceless worth,  
While thou wert with me. 'Tis not thy absence  
Teaches me how inestimably dear  
Thou wert, or that such virtue is a gem  
Not often seen. But bitterly I learn  
The coldness of the world—its heartlessness—  
The sting ingratitude can give, and know  
No heart like thine could feel the same chord struck—  
The same nice sympathies awakened there.

Seldom, indeed, and passing rare, to find  
Two souls, where the same touch, unlocks the same  
Warm founts, without a ripple or discordant jar.  
Yet thus it was with us. My soul was formed  
To thine with such nice skill, that it seemed but  
The same reflected—mirror'd nicely out!

But thou wert taken hence, and I was left  
Alone, to meet the storms and ills of life—  
To view its waves, unaided by thy mild  
Advice, approving look, or meek remonstrance.

She's gone! And I am changed. The world has been  
Too reckless of this heart. It cared not how  
It suffered—how this bosom bled in secret,  
'Till I became a blighted, wayward thing,  
Braving what'er might come, with stoic hardness.

This heart, encased in steel, feels less its own  
Deep wrongs, and less regards what others feel—  
Viewing, too oft, the grossness of their souls.  
O! I am changed! What once I doating loved,  
Brings now such thrilling pangs, I shun it like  
Some noxious thing, formed but to poison joy.

I cannot relish that, alone, on which  
We used to dwell with such supreme delight.  
No! Better far, to shun these painful pangs,  
By shutting out their cause, with stern denial,  
Even though existence hung upon it.

But we shall meet—not in this cold bleak world,  
But where perennial spring, and youth restored,  
And beauty ever reign. There I will join thee—  
There again behold thee, as in my night-dreams  
I have seen thee, with the light of the redeemed  
Circling thy head with heavenly radiance.

ELIZABETH.

#### Died.

In this city, June 18, Henry J., son of Horatio Spicer, aged 2 years.

In Searsport, July 1st, Mr. T. S. Shute, aged 49 years. After a lingering and painful illness, when it became apparent that his life was fast drawing to a close, Mr. S. took an affectionate leave of his wife, his children and friends, and, in the hope of blessed immortality, relying upon the Savior of mankind, passed away from earth.

In Freedom, June 8th, of palsy, Enos Briggs, aged 84 years, 8 months, one of the oldest settlers of that town. He leaves a wife to mourn his loss.

In Prospect, June 7th, Mr. Wellman Heagan, aged 28 years, 10 months.  
In Newburyport, 24th ult., Mary Ann, wife of Capt. Edmund S. Raynes, formerly of Deer Isle, aged 47.

#### TRUST IN GOD.

Leave God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him what'er betide,  
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days  
Thy all-sufficient strength and guide;  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,  
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail,  
These never-ceasing moans and sighs?  
What can it help us to bewail  
Each painful moment as it flies?  
Our cross and trials do but press  
The heavier for our bitterness.

Only thy restless heart keep still,  
And wait in cheerful hope; content  
To take what'er His gracious will,  
His all-discerning love hath sent.  
Doubt not our inmost wants are known  
To Him who chose us for His own.

He knows when joyful hours are best,  
He sends them as he sees it meet;  
When thou hast borne the fiery test,  
And art made free from all deceit,  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own His loving care.

Nor, in the heat of pain and strife,  
Think God hath cast thee off unheard,  
And that the man, whose prosperous life  
Thou enviest, is of Him preferred.  
Time passes and much change doth bring,  
And sets a bound to everything.

All are alike before His face;  
'Tis easy to our God most High  
To make the rich man poor and base,  
To give the poor man wealth and joy.  
True wonders still by Him are wrought,  
Who setteth up and brings to nought.

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,  
But do thine own part faithfully,  
Trust His rich promises of grace,  
So shalt thou be fulfilled in thee;  
God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

#### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Friendship.

The harvest being over, the golden corn in the crib; the juicy fruits gathered; the leaves fallen from the trees; the farmer's work done, and his time for rest fully come; then, when Winter is fast approaching, the birds fly to a more sunny clime. I say birds, but except one—the little snow bird still remains. The sweetly singing robin and the tiny blue-bird soar away, but the little snow bird lingers ever. The cold blasts may blow, but the more piercing the chilling wind, the nearer comes the wee thing to your door, and while seeking shelter, it cheers you by its presence.

Thus it is with friendship and love. Fortune smiling lavishly upon you; as you have an abundance of riches, and can be driven through the streets in a splendid carriage, then you will have friends enough, who will say, "What, my dear sir, is your pleasure to-day?" but change the scene, and let fortune frown, your possessions be taken from you, where now are those friends? And oh, how often does echo answer—where?

But how happy is that one who has some "little snow bird" to stand by his side through the whole; to nestle closer to his bosom the rougher the blast; to soothe and cheer with words of love! 'Tis well to have friends; 'tis better to have that one dear friend! Blessed the one thus favored, and may his lot be ours! We will then go forward, this gentle winter friend by our side, with the love of Christ in our hearts, and God overhead, truly very happy!

OTIS ELLWOOD.

#### POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

#### Memory.

As roves the honey-bee  
O'er field and glade and bower,  
Gathering her varied store,  
Through Summer's busy hour,  
Sipping the nectar dew,  
From rose or pink or thyme,  
And storing up for use,  
The sweets of every clime—  
So, Memory gathers all,  
As through life's scenes she goes,  
And stores the contents well,  
Of earthly bliss or woes,  
And in the future world,  
Will reproduce the same,  
To color our eternal state,  
With endless bliss—or shame!

D. FORBES.

MONUMENT TO DR. YOUNG. The New South Society, of which the Rev. Alexander Young, D. D., was the pastor, has recently erected a handsome monument to his memory in the cemetery at Mount Auburn. It is a Roman Pedestal, with recessed panels on the sides of the die, simple and massive in its proportions, made of Italian marble, of fine quality, and at a cost of about five hundred dollars. It was designed by Mr. A. Cary, and was executed under his superintendence, at the establishment of Mr. Thomas J. Bayley, No. 72 Harrison avenue.

The following inscription is engraved on the front of the die:

IN MEMORY

OF

REV. ALEXANDER YOUNG, D. D.  
BORN IN BOSTON SEPT. 22, 1803.  
GRADUATED AT HARVARD COLLEGE, 1820.  
ORDAINED PASTOR OF THE NEW SOUTH CHURCH  
IN BOSTON, JAN. 19, 1825.  
DIED MARCH 16, 1854, IN THE 50TH YEAR  
OF HIS MINISTRY.

An accomplished Scholar,  
a profound Theologian,  
a consistent and faithful Minister,  
his Character was marked with Piety,  
Truth, Honor, and a tender sense  
of Domestic Ties.

In the midst of his usefulness, surrounded  
with affectionate relatives and friends,  
he was unexpectedly summoned away,  
and found ready.

THIS TOKEN OF RESPECT AND LOVE

HAS BEEN ERECTED

BY HIS BEREAVED CONGREGATION.

DEATH OF ANOTHER WEALTHY MERCHANT. Thomas Wigglesworth, Esq., one of the oldest and most wealthy merchants of this city, died at his residence in Franklin Place last evening, at the advanced age of 79 years. The deceased was one of the last of the merchants of Boston who commenced business previous to the present century.

#### Poetry.

#### FOR THE MOTHER'S SAKE.

A young man, who had left his home in Maine ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and though nursed with devoted care by friendly strangers, he died.—When the coffin was being closed, "Stop," said an aged woman who was present: "Let me kiss him for his mother!"

Let me kiss him for his mother!

Ere ye lay him with the dead

Far away from home, another

Sure may kiss him in her stead.

How that mother's lip would kiss him

Till her heart should nearly break!

How in days to come she'll miss him!

Let me kiss him for her sake.

Let me kiss him for his mother!

Let me kiss the wandering boy;

It may be there is no other

Left behind to give her joy.

When the news of woe the morrow

Burns her bosom like a coal,

She may feel this kiss of sorrow

Fall as balm upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother!

Heroes ye, who by his side

Waited on him as a brother

Till the Northern stranger died.—

Heeding not the foul infection,

Breathing in the fever-breath,—

Let me, of my own election

Give the mother's kiss in death.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!"

Loving thought and loving deed!

Seek nor tear nor sigh to smother,

Gentle matrons while ye read.

Thank the God who made you human,

Gave ye pitying tears to shed;

Honor ye the Christian woman

Bending o'er another's dead.

T. McK.



# Poetry.

## THE CONSUMPTIVE'S REPLY.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Yes, dear one, I am dying. Hope at times  
Has whispered to me, in her syren tones,  
But now, alas! I feel the tide of life  
Fast ebbing from my heart. I know that soon  
The green and flowery curtain of the grave  
Will close as softly round my fading form  
As the calm shadows of the evening hour  
Close o'er the fading stream.

Oh! there are times  
When my heart's tears gush wildly at the thought  
That in the fresh, young morning tide of life,  
I must resign my breath. To me the earth  
Is very beautiful. I love its flowers,  
Its birds, its dews, its rainbows, its glad streams,  
Its vales, its mountains, its green, wooing woods,  
Its moonlight clouds, its sunsets, and its soft  
And dewy twilights; and I needs must mourn  
To think that I shall pass away,  
And see them nevermore.

But thou, the loved  
And fondly cherished idol of my life,  
Thou dear twin-spirit of my deathless soul,  
'Twill be the keenest anguish of my heart  
To part from thee. True we have never loved  
With that wild passion that fills heart and brain  
With flame and madness, yet my love for thee  
Is my life's life. A deeper holier love  
Has never sighed and wept beneath the stars,  
Or glowed within the breasts of saints in heaven.  
It does not seem a passion of my heart;  
It is a portion of my soul. I feel  
That I am but a softened shade to thee,  
And that my spirit, parted from thine own,  
Might fade and perish from the universe  
Like a star-shadow when the star itself  
Is hidden by the storm-cloud. Ay, I fear  
That heaven itself, though filled with love and God  
Will be to me all desolate, if thou,  
Dear spirit, art not there. I've often prayed  
That I might die before thee, for I felt  
I could not dwell without thee on the earth.  
And now my heart is breaking at the thought  
Of dying while thou livest, for I feel,  
My life's dear idol, that I cannot dwell  
Without thee in the sky. Yet well I know  
That love like ours, so holy, pure and high,  
So far above the passions of the earth,  
Can perish not with mortal life. In heaven  
'Twill brighten to a lovely star, and glow  
In the far ages of eternity.  
More beautiful and radiant than when first  
'Twas kindled into glory. Oh! I love,  
I dearly love thee—these will be my last,  
My dying words upon the earth, and they  
Will be my first when we shall meet in heaven;  
And when ten thousand myriads of years  
Shall fade into the past eternity,  
My soul will breathe the same dear words to thine,  
I love thee, oh! I love thee!

Weak and low  
My pulse of life is fluttering at my heart,  
And soon 'twill cease forever. These faint words  
Are the last echoes of the spirit's chords,  
Stirred by the breath of memory. Bear me, love,  
I pray thee, to your open window now,  
That I may look once more on nature's face  
And listen to her gentle music tone,  
Her holy voice of love. How beautiful  
How very beautiful, are earth and sea,  
And the overarching sky to one whose eyes  
Are soon to close upon the scenes of time!  
Yon blue lake sleeps beneath the flower-crowned hill  
With his sweet picture on her breast; the white  
And rosy clouds are floating through the air  
Like cars of happy spirits; every leaf  
And flower are colored by the crimson hues  
Of the rich sunset, as the heart is tinged  
By thoughts of Paradise; and the far trees  
Seem as if leaning, like departed souls,  
Upon the holy heavens. And look! oh look!  
Yon lovely star, the glorious evening star,  
Is shining there, far, far above the mists  
And dews of earth, like the bright star of faith,  
Above our mortal tears! I ne'er before  
Beheld the earth so green, the sky so blue,  
The sunset and the star of eve so bright,  
And so soft and beautiful; I never felt  
The dewy twilight breeze so calm and fresh  
Upon my cheek and brow; I never heard  
The melodies of wind and bird and wave,  
Fall with such sweetness on the ear. I know  
That heaven is full of glory, but a God  
Of love and mercy will forgive the tears,  
Wrung from the fountain of my frail young heart,  
By the sad thought of parting with the bright  
And lovely things of earth.

And, dear one, now  
I feel that my poor heart must bid farewell  
To thee. Oh! no, no, dearest! not farewell,  
For oft I will be with thee on the earth,  
Although my home be heaven. At eventide,  
When thou art wandering by the silent stream  
To muse upon the sweet and mournful past,  
I will walk with thee, hand in hand, and share  
Thy gentle thoughts and fancies; in thy grief,  
When all seems dark and desolate around  
bleak and lonely pathway, I will glide

Like a shadow o'er thy soul, and charm  
Away thy sorrow; in the quiet hush  
Of the deep night, when thy dear head is laid  
Upon thy pillow, and thy spirit craves  
Communion with my spirit, I will come  
To nerve thy heart with strength, and gently lay  
My lip upon thy forehead with a touch  
Like the soft kisses of the southern breeze  
Stealing o'er bowers of roses; when the wild,  
Dark storms of life beat fiercely on thy head,  
Thou wilt behold my semblance on the cloud,  
A rainbow on thy spirit; I will bend  
At times above the fount within thy soul,  
And thou wilt see my image in its depths,  
Gazing into thy dark eyes with a smile  
As I have gazed in life. And I will come  
To thee in dreams, my spirit-mate, and we,  
With clasping hands and intertwining wings,  
Will nightly wander o'er the starry deep,  
And by the blessed streams of Paradise,  
Loving in heaven as we have loved on earth.

[For the Jeffersonian.]

## All Things do not Change.

Some say this world is fraught but with change,  
And that flowers, and thorns our path beset,  
Though this be true, we'd ne'er forget,  
That all things do not change.

Some cherished friends are not the same  
In dark adversity's lone way,  
Their ears are deaf to our sad lays,  
Yet all things do not change.

Our hopes and fears are not the same,  
As time rolls on they come and go;  
First smiles of joy, then tears of woe—  
Yet all things do not change.

The stars above shine forth the same,  
Unchanged through life's most varied scenes,  
And when at morn we wake from dreams,  
The sun appears the same.

Long years have come and gone again,  
Since a lone star with brilliant ray  
Told wise men where an infant lay:  
That star still points the same.

While passing through this world of change,  
Oppressed by cares and sorrows sore,  
Look up! and view the heavens o'er,  
That star still points the same.

The brilliant sun, with lofty mein  
Moves on, though oft by clouds bedimmed;  
Oh, gaze on it! and think of Him  
Who died and rose again.

What though the scenes of life may change,  
And sorrows sore be thine to bear,  
Look up and view the lovely star  
That ever points the same.

Bangor, June, 1859.

L. B. H.

## MERIT WILL MAKE ITS WAY.

A man passes for what he is worth. Very  
idle is all curiosity concerning other people's  
estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining  
unknown. If a man knows that he can do  
anything—that he can do it better than any  
one else—he has a pledge of the acknowledge-  
ment of the fact by all persons. The world is  
full of judgment-days, and in every assembly  
that man enters, in every action that he at-  
tempts, he is gauged and stamped. "What  
hath he done?" is the divine question which  
searches men, and transpires every false repu-  
tation. A fop may sit in any chair in the  
world, nor be distinguished for his hour from  
Homer and Washington; but there never can  
be any doubt concerning the respective ability  
of human beings, when we seek the truth.  
Pretention may sit still, but cannot act. Pre-  
tention never wrote an Iliad, nor built a Cryst-  
al Palace, nor established a great newspaper,  
nor drove Xerxes, nor Christianized the world.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### To Willie.

Think not that I'll forget thee,  
Think not that time can fill  
The aching void without thee—  
Oh, no, my dearest Willie!

I think of by-gone moments,  
And happy ones were they,  
Which I passed with you, dear Willie,  
Before you went away.

I think of thee when music fills  
The empty space of time,  
I think of thee when birds of spring  
Are carolling in rhyme.

Though far apart, we still may be  
Near ocean and the sea—  
Then o'er the waves my words of love  
Will gently float to thee!

MARIE.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### A Prayer.

That Thou didst ever call for me  
To seek Thy truths or learn Thy ways,  
And teach me how to speak Thy praise—  
I thank Thee, O, my Father!

That I, through life have been Thy care—  
That blessings Thou hast ever shed,  
From infancy upon my head—  
I thank Thee, O, my Father!

For every good desire or deed,  
Or thought sincere, by Thee approved,  
That met Thy smile in Heaven above—  
I thank Thee, O, my Father!

For all that's made my life so sweet—  
For all the bright and happy hours  
I've spent amid earth's fairest flowers—  
I thank Thee, O, my Father!

For home's blest joys and loved ones all,  
That Thou to me hast kindly given,  
To make this earth so much like Heaven—  
I thank Thee, O, my Father!

That I may ever, ever live  
A blameless life before Thee, Lord,  
And seeking, know Thy way and word—  
I humbly pray, my Father!

That Thou wilt hear my earnest prayer,  
And when on earth my work is done,  
Wilt say, "Thou weary-one come home—"  
I humbly trust, my Father!

ELFETTA.

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Though I am but an occasional reader of  
the Cultivator, yet I always anticipate a rich  
treat when I unfold its pages. Many a gem  
have I found in its columns, that has given me  
new strength to toil on in the journey of life;  
and I often wish, that I too might contribute  
to the good of others. And now, as the dim  
twilight gathers around me, I see forms long  
since shrouded in the grave, and I hear voices  
that have long been enshrined with my heart's  
treasures. Yes.

"The heart will have its chamber, and guests will  
gather there."

Fortune may frown, and rude storms assail  
us, and the present may seem dark and dreary  
to our view; but amid the dim silence of the  
Past, we see forms that we once loved, and  
think of the hearts into whose mysteries we  
have looked, and perchance touched some  
chord that vibrated in unison with our's; and  
the remembrance of their kind words, with  
the thought that there are others in the wide  
world like them, girds us anew for life's con-  
flict.

I am thinking now of my birth-place among  
the Green Mountains; though I remember it  
not, yet I love it well, for it is the only place  
in which I have heard a father's voice. Al-  
though that voice was hushed during my in-  
fancy, yet his form seems ever like a guardian  
angel to hover around my path, and his voice  
ever bids me onward in the path of Knowl-  
edge and of Right. But other forms are  
crowding on my sight; friends that I loved  
with a sister's love, forms that I clasped in a  
parting embrace "long ago," on whose lips I  
pressed a farewell kiss, with the cherished  
hope that we should soon meet again. But  
they are gone, I know not whither; the waves  
of life have parted us, and perhaps they are  
thinking like me—"where is the merry band  
that were gathered in a time-worn mansion  
we shall long remember?" Shall I meet them  
again? Not all of them in this world, for the  
death-damp has gathered on the brow of at  
least one of our number! She was a being of  
life and beauty; poetry and music were but a  
part of herself; but the fell destroyer came,  
and took from the parent's heart a darling  
child, and from a brother's watchful care, an  
only and cherished sister. And I remember  
another—a pale, sad one; but she was loved  
for her meek and unrepining spirit; and al-  
though long years of pain were allotted her,  
she had ever a kind word and cheerful smile  
for those around her. She, too, has departed.  
And to-night, I have wandered to the vacant  
school-room, where I had been wont to meet  
a happy group; but they too are scattered.—  
Some are searching for the hidden treasures  
of knowledge; others have for years been im-  
parting that knowledge to other minds.—  
Another, with the same glad laugh that was  
her's in youth, is quietly employed with the  
busy cares of life. Some are in distant cit-  
ies, toiling for the gold that perisheth, and  
others are delving for gold "on the banks of  
the Sacramento!" while I am sitting in my  
childhood's home, musing on the forms, now  
far away!

L. I. H.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Why the Unmarried are Unhappy.

It is not, because old maids suppose that  
to be married, have husbands and be accosted  
by the term, dearest, is the sum of human  
happiness—the true and only honors of wo-  
man—that they are unhappy. It is not, be-  
cause they are less virtuous, worthy, amiable,  
or lovely; nor is it, because they are less qual-  
ified to appreciate and reciprocate the affec-  
tions of a good husband. It is not, because  
they are less affectionate, esteemed, and re-  
spected, or are (by nature) more selfish, whim-  
sical, and discontented than married ladies,  
that they are unhappy. And I think I may  
venture to say that, as a general thing, it is  
not, because they never had a chance to be  
married, or are afflicted with fears of a super-  
annuated state. But it is, because that, pos-  
sessing the same traits of character, which  
exist in married ladies, old maids are usu-  
ally, (I had almost said necessarily) less be-  
loved than the generality of married females,  
and a conviction of this truth renders them  
less happy.

Love has a transforming power. The sim-  
ple consciousness that my husband, my chil-  
dren love me, has borne many a suffering fe-  
male above the gathering ills of life, and en-  
abled her to tread beneath her feet the thorns  
which beset her pathway. But take away this  
consciousness, and substitute even respect  
and esteem, and a lovely disposition may be  
transformed into restlessness, yea, even fret-  
fulness and discontent. A heartless woman  
would be a monster. Such is the strength  
and tenderness of virtuous woman's affections  
that nothing in the wide world can compen-  
sate her for the absence of a tender and ac-  
knowledge reciprocation from the objects of  
her solicitude, and objects of heart-felt regard  
and solicitude gentle women must have,  
whether married or unmarried.

The girl of eighteen, surrounded by family  
friends, and happy in the endearments of in-  
stinctive affection, seldom anticipates a change.  
But when, for reasons best known to herself,  
she remains for any considerable time single,  
and the providence of God removes one fam-  
ily relation to the grave and another to a fam-  
ily of her own, where she forms new and more  
endearing associations; by and by this unsus-  
pecting girl begins to feel the cold and cheer-  
less want of reciprocated attachment, and as  
the objects of her affection decrease, the  
strength of that affection increases, even  
though but one distant relative be the object,  
and he, perhaps, (though he esteems and re-  
spects his warm-hearted friend,) has his heart  
engrossed by more tender ties, and this lonely,  
disheartened creature, finds herself compelled,  
as it were, to build a dam at the outlet of her  
heart, to prevent the affections thereof from  
flowing out upon objects who do not realize  
their value; and she piles one board of forced  
indifference upon another till her best earthly  
affections are left to recoil back upon her sin-  
gle-self for want of a proper object on which  
to repose. She is necessarily unhappy; and  
by and by, seeks a parrot or a puppy, or a kit-  
ten perhaps, on which to lavish her love, and  
learns to place too high a value upon little, un-  
important things, and becomes, (I had almost  
said, by compulsion in course of time,) that  
whimsical, discontented, not to say selfish and  
singular creature, denominated an old maid.

What has been said is equally applicable to  
the male as to the female sex; and if it be  
true, we infer, that the instinctive affections  
are a blessing, and marriage, rightly under-  
stood, is a blessing, and should be considered  
as such; for if an old maid be an oddity, by  
what name shall we call a frozen-hearted  
bachelor, who, with elbow bare, has climbed  
the barren hill of single life almost to its sum-  
mit, fretting and sorrowing at every ascent,  
that he had none to inherit his substance, or  
garnish his sepulchre. So long as we inhabit  
these tenements of clay, the best of us must  
or will have, some earthly object upon which  
to place, at least, the subordinate affections of  
our hearts. The immortal Cowper evinced  
this truth, in his pathetic address to his Har-  
riet.

"If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave,  
And when I place thee in it, sighing say,  
I knew at least one Harriet that had a friend."

And if it be true, as a respectable writer has  
remarked, that "the human heart is just as  
large as the objects of its affections."

"Happy the virtuous man who finds a bride,  
Whose soul is to his own allied,  
The sweetest joy of life."

And infinitely more happy that heart which  
is daily enlarged by the pure and holy love of  
God, "which passeth knowledge!"

After all that has been said, it matters lit-  
tle what our fare is in this short life, only as  
the things of time have a bearing upon our  
immortal destiny. "The time is short. It re-  
maineth that they that have wives be as though  
they had none."

Forgive, Mr. Editor, this long soliloquy up-  
on a little subject, from your superannuated  
correspondent. You have so many interest-  
ing young writers, that I seldom dare take up  
my pen, but I dislike to hear the young, who  
know as little of themselves, as they do of the  
sober realities of life, talk of being independ-  
ent of others for their happiness and support.  
Let them wait a little and see. The slender  
vine may need the sturdy oak on which to  
lean, when the roughening storms of life beat  
stoutly.

J. S.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Another Bachelor.

Mr. Editor:—Having recently enjoyed the  
privilege of perusing the pages of the "Culti-  
vator," which comes to us weekly, fraught  
with knowledge of the most interesting kind  
to the husbandman, views of the most exalted  
character for the moralist, a rich repast for  
those fond of augmentative reasoning, soul-  
stirring poetry, gushing forth in concert with  
some joyous heart, or the deep, plaintive mu-  
sic of a spirit, bending in sweet submission  
to Heaven's will; here is one portion of  
your paper, in which I feel a deep and grow-  
ing interest—it is the Ladies Department;  
and the animated discussions now going for-  
ward upon the duties and advantages of en-  
tering the marriage state, against the pleas-  
ures and freedom of single blessedness, being  
in the full enjoyment of the latter state, and,  
a little on the shady side of thirty, I am de-  
liberating, whether it is right or proper for  
me to deprive one of those fair and lovely ones  
of the opposite sex, of their liberty, and place  
them under the chain of this lawful bondage,  
even should I be so fortunate at this late day,  
as to obtain their consent. Permit me to con-  
gratulate my brother bachelors, however,  
that there is quite a loop-hole for us. If this  
question is to be decided on the principles of  
duty, and the right of freedom is established,  
for which Miss Pry and others have constitu-  
tional ground, I think we can claim to be a  
most conscientious portion of the community.  
I truly hope the discussion may continue in  
the spirit, which is ever the characteristic of  
my fair friends. HEART WHOLE.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## MARRIAGE.

Mr. Editor:—I would beg the indulgence  
of a short space in the columns of your paper,  
that I may add a few words to the discussion  
upon marriage. I would notice first, the com-  
munication of the "Highland Girl," who de-  
clares, that she "would rather go single and  
alone to Heaven, than to have some strong  
arm to rely upon, to be dragged through a  
hell in this life, well fitted by companionship  
with a fiend here, for the society of devils  
hereafter." This is, indeed, setting forth the  
matter in a strong light, and is, in reality, I  
presume, the sentiment of all; but, if I under-  
stand, it would rather carry the impression,  
that there was no alternative, and that one or  
the other of these must, of necessity, take  
place. Ladies have an undisputed right to  
choose their associates, and there are those, I  
firmly believe, among the gentlemen, whose  
character is unsullied; and I do not think as  
"Rose" does, that because we may not choose  
our own husbands, we are in such an unfor-  
tunate condition. Unless the "fiend" be en-  
couraged, there is but little danger of being  
molested by him; and I think it depends  
much upon the lady, whether "congeniality  
of feeling, and a sympathizing heart," are  
secured in a companion. I regret to say, too  
many are influenced by worldly property and  
station, to such an extent, as to become  
blinded to real worth; I think every one may,  
if she will, have a just appreciation of self,  
but not, while we pile up all the deficiencies  
upon one side. Take one peep in the mirror  
of Candor, and see if we do not exact an  
amount of perfection in others, which we are  
incapable of acquiring ourselves. As regards  
friend Romeo, I must now, as on a former oc-  
casion, differ somewhat. I think, with him,  
that woman is capable of supporting herself,  
and I think, with him, that love is a most  
powerful agent in securing happiness. It  
makes earth like Heaven; it is the law of Na-

ture, the strongest tie of life, the principle  
that elevates us to a companionship with all  
that is pure and holy, both in the visible and  
invisible world, and in no place is it seen in  
such perfection, as at the domestic fireside—  
in the family circle, there, sorrow is soothed,  
and joy met with joy; deceit enters not; the  
heart feels that it has something to love, and  
is loved. The same note in music, if contin-  
ually sounded, would become insupportable;  
differing notes make harmony; so it is with  
people—the same tastes, feelings, thoughts,  
brought continually together, would make  
life so monotonous, as to be a burden; not  
that I advocate dissension, but where strict  
justice holds the balance, people of very op-  
posite inclinations live harmoniously, and are  
capable of doing more good to themselves and  
others, than where there is such uniformity;  
that there is nothing to bear, or forbear. Un-  
less a person be possessed of such a bickering  
spirit, that the more close connections are  
formed, the more will there be to be rendered  
unhappy, I think it best for all to marry; but  
unless you can love and respect, deeply, truly,  
constantly—unless you can, in spite of self,  
give others all the credit they deserve, do  
not venture on so important a matter; live  
single, rather than intrude an uncontrolled  
spirit of differing upon another. JULIET.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## CELIBACY.

Mr. Editor:—I have been a constant reader  
of your paper for many years, yet, have never  
before taken my pen in hand, for the purpose  
of indicting any thing for it, nor would I now,  
but that a certain class of ladies have been  
spoken of as "cumberers of the ground,"  
neglecting to fill that sphere which they, (the  
correspondents,) in their wisdom, think all  
women should fill; but as no one takes up the  
cudgel in behalf of what I consider a very  
valuable part of the community, I have con-  
cluded to say a few words, for the purpose of  
calling up abler writers to defend them.

The marriage relation is unquestionably the  
true position for both man and woman, pro-  
vided they are of suitable age, have a congeni-  
ality of tastes and habits, and move in the  
same sphere of society, and are disposed to  
give up something in the way of compromise,  
where their opinions conflict; else, it will be  
better for both parties, that they remain sin-  
gle. Among my acquaintances, there are sin-  
gle ladies, who are such from choice, prefer-  
ring to remain single, rather than take the risk  
of matrimony; others would like to marry, if  
likely to improve their condition; but as they  
are very happy as they are, they do not wish  
to take a husband merely for the sake of get-  
ting rid of the odium of being called single  
ladies, as some of their friends have done,  
and by so doing, brought the marriage insti-  
tution into disrepute, and gained nothing by it.  
Such marriages prove unhappy for both par-  
ties, and the result with the husband is, that  
finding no pleasure at home, he spends his  
time at places of amusement, thus wasting,  
—or it may be worse—his life in dissipation,  
while his wife remaining at home, surrounded  
by a family of children, who are orphans,  
although they have, what the world calls,  
parents, presents a monument of warning to  
those of her sex, who are fast verging toward  
a certain age, and admonishes them to let  
well enough alone, and be content to glide  
onward through the remainder of their pil-  
grimage, doing what good they may, out of  
pure, disinterested affection, thus fulfilling  
their destiny; and most of us, by looking  
around among our acquaintances, will find one  
or more of those, who are ever ready to wait  
upon the sick, and do every thing in their  
power to alleviate suffering; being, indeed,  
"Sweet Sisters of Charity," while who will  
say, that such an one, who does all the good  
she can, is not more to be commended, and  
better fulfils her mission, than she who mar-  
ries for a home, or to escape the odium of be-  
ing considered an "Old Maid."

I have said, the marriage relation is the true  
relation for both man and woman, provided  
the parties are suited to each other; but un-  
less they are so, the difficulty in settling that  
matter is a sufficient justification, for the sin-  
gle of either sex, to remain so.

NORFOLK.

Genius and Pride.—Genius, like the sun  
upon the dial, gives to the human heart both  
its shadow and its light.

Pride may sometimes be a useful spring-  
board to the aspiring soul, but it is much more  
frequently a destructive stumbling-block.





[Written for the True Flag.]

## NEVER DESPAIR.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

There's gold for the man that will dig it,  
And peace for the soul of the seeker—  
There's Love's wine for him that will drink it,  
O'erflowing the golden-lipped beaker—  
There's Fame for the brows of the thinker,  
If he'll work and struggle to win it—  
Every care-cloud that folds o'er the future  
May prison rich blessings within it.

There's a home for the son of gaunt sorrow,  
A rest for the worn out and weary,  
A hope for the pallid despairing,  
A light o'er each path that is dreary;  
There's no wave so dark but the summit  
Will break into snowy-like whiteness—  
There's no cloud so black in the heavens  
But has some rich, folded up brightness.

'Tis hard to wade through the deep waters  
Unseeing the shore that we covet;  
'Tis dismal to look for Hope's rainbow  
When black veils of doubt hang above it;  
But Faith's hand can lift up the mountains  
And give us to riches supernal—  
She points to the land of the prophets,  
The land of the blessed Eternal.

## DO RIGHT.

Awake, my soul, thy hours are fleeting,  
Thy life is rapidly completing,  
Time with eternity is meeting,  
Soon comes the night;  
Thy retribution, too, will come,  
According to thy state thy doom—  
Do right, do right.

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,  
And tempests burst around thy head,  
Though life its greenest foliage shed,  
In sorrow's blight;  
And though thy holy hopes and fears  
Lie buried 'neath the gathering years—  
Do right, do right.

The warring element's worst wrath,  
The earthquake and the whirlwind's breath,  
The valley and the shade of death,  
Need not affright;  
For Duty's calm, commanding form,  
With rainbow arms shall clasp the storm—  
Do right, do right.

Faint not in all the weary strife,  
Though every day with toil be rife,  
Work is the element of life,  
Action is light;  
For man is made to toil and strive,  
And only those who labor live—  
Do right, do right.

Life is not all a fleeting dream,  
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam,  
A bubble on the floating stream,  
Soon lost to sight;  
For there's a work for every hour—  
In every passing word a power—  
Do right, do right.

Oh! life is full of solemn thought,  
And noble deeds if nobly wrought—  
With fearful consequences fraught;  
And there is might—  
If gathered in each passing hour,  
That gives the soul unearthly power—  
Do right, do right.

## OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'Tis sad—yet sweet to listen  
To the soft winds gentle swell,  
And think we hear the music  
Our childhood knew so well;  
To gaze out on the even,  
And the boundless fields of air,  
And feel again our boyhood's wish,  
To roam like angels there.

There are many dreams of gladness  
That cling around the past—  
And from the tomb of feeling  
Old thoughts come thronging fast—  
The forms we loved so dearly  
(In the happy days now gone)  
The beautiful and lovely,  
So fair to look upon.

Those bright and lovely maidens  
Who seemed so formed for bliss,  
Too glorious and too heavenly  
For such a world as this!  
Whose soft, dark eyes seemed swimming  
In a sea of liquid light,  
And whose locks of gold were streaming  
O'er sunny brows and bright.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine  
In the spring-time of the year—  
Like the changing gleams of April,  
They followed every tear!  
They have passed, like hope away—  
All their loveliness has fled—  
Oh! many a heart is mourning  
That they are with the dead.

Like the bright buds of Summer  
They have fallen from the stem—  
Yet oh, it is a lovely death  
To fade from earth like them!  
And yet—the thought is saddening—  
To muse on such as they,  
And feel that all the beautiful  
Are passing fast away!

The fair ones whom we love  
Grow to each loving breast,  
Like tendrils of the clinging vine,  
Then perish where they rest.  
And can we but think of these  
In the soft and gentle Spring,  
When the trees are waving o'er us,  
And the flowers are blossoming?

For we know that Winter's coming,  
With his cold and stormy sky—  
And the glorious beauty round us  
Is blooming but to die!

### My Home.

'Tis a sacred spot, my early home,  
Where my childhood's days were past;  
I'll cherish its scenes where'er I roam,  
As long as my life shall last.

'Tis a quiet spot, in a lowly vale,  
Encircled by towering hills,  
From whose sides the wave-like murmur came,  
Of the music-making rills.

That old elm-tree, 'neath whose spreading boughs,  
When Spring's bright zephyrs played,  
I smiled away the morning hours,  
Or through the garden strayed.

That gurgling stream o'er which I passed,  
As I wended my way to school,  
Or gazed on its crystal face as I drank  
From its bubbling waters cool!

That school-room, too, is a favorite spot,  
Though my school-days now are o'er;  
Its scenes will ever be cherished, I wot,  
In memory's hoarded store.

How oft within those walls at even,  
I've heard the fervent prayer,  
From voices since attuned in Heaven,  
To sing 'mid Angel's there.

(Those prayers) they linger round me yet,  
With holy, healing spell;  
Impressive words, as oft we met,  
Rest deep in Memory's cell.

Greenwich, Mass. SOPHRONIA.

### A Mother's Prayer while watching over her sick and dying son.

O, God of mercy! how a gracious ear,  
And hear thy suppliant offer up a prayer!  
Withdraw the dart that's sheathed in my breast,  
And grant me hope, and joy, and peace and rest.  
Send some kind ray to cheer my aching heart,  
To bid my sorrows and my tears depart!  
O, calm my mind, and bid me be resigned  
To thy decrees—for my own good designed.  
Lord! now in mercy hear my fervent prayer,  
Stretch forth thine arm, and shield my son so dear.  
'Twas thou that sent him—I to thee resign  
My darling—all—forever to be thine.  
Myself I give thee! take me when thou wilt,  
To thine abode above, some humble place to fill.  
L. J. P.

## Poetry.

### TO MY EARLY FRIENDS.

BY C. C. C.

(Early Friends!) since last we parted,  
Life with hand and aim sublime,  
Golden sheaves of years hath gathered,  
In the harvest-field of Time.  
We have wandered from each other,  
Toiling in a field so wide;  
But our hearts, e'en as in childhood,  
Still are walking side by side.

Ah! I see, as from my labor,  
Back a lingering look I cast,  
Pictures (drawn by Memory's pencil)  
On the canvass of the past;  
And my eyes with tears are filling  
As I gaze upon the scene,  
Tracing there the joys and sorrows  
Of the years which intervene.

There is a train of passing moments,  
Robed in perfect happiness,  
Bear each pleasure's golden chalice,  
Laughter-loving youth to bless.  
Happy scenes 'mid woods and waters,  
Happy hearts, smiled back his glee,—  
Gone—as ships with sails trimmed outward  
Sink into the sombre sea.

(They are gone) and on the door-stone  
Where I've laughed in thoughtless play,  
Tears have dropped as from the threshold,  
Mourning steps have moved away.  
Some who used to sit upon it,  
Happy in each other's vows,  
Mourn in loneliness, while sorrow  
Presses with cold lips their brows.

For while Life bound up these moments  
Into golden sheafed years,  
Death has thrust his fatal sickle  
Dimmed with blood and washed with tears;  
And the ears all fully ripened,  
And the tender shooting blade  
Mingle with the falling moments  
In the swath which he has laid.

When the summer smiles upon me,  
As it smiled in days of yore,  
While the sun steps o'er the threshold  
Of the breeze-inviting door,  
And I see the silvery ripples,  
Which the lazy zephyr leads,  
Curl the lake, above whose waters,  
Still the birch in beauty beads;

When the billowy fields of harvest  
Wave their riches manifold;  
When the orchard on the hill-side,  
Shows its fruitage red and gold;—  
When the winds that sweetly wander  
With September's golden ray,  
Whisper, till the maple blushes,  
As her garments drop away;

Of returning memories echo  
From the chambers of my soul,  
Like the wind-harp's many voices,  
Garbed in music's angel stole.  
Breathing, oft, out into silence,  
As life hushes into death—  
Voicing oft, a glad'ning chorus  
With a full, triumphant breath.

Ever thus are ye remembered,  
When the earliest roses bloom,—  
When the Autumn-leaves affrighted  
Fly before the Winter's gloom.  
When, upon the snow-fringed house-top,  
Howls the wind-voice, high, and higher,  
Dreamily I seem to see you,  
As I gaze into the fire.

(Early Friends!) will you recall me  
Round the hearth-stone of your hearts  
Where th' unfading fires of friendship  
Warmth and cheerfulness imparts?  
May we not a moment linger  
On the glimmering offer up of toil,  
And though distant with our voices,  
Cheer each other's hearts awhile!

Mount Vernon, Ohio, Nov. 1853.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### To L.

How oft the tenderest ties are broken—  
How oft the parting tear must flow;  
The words of friendship scarce are spoken,  
Ere those are gone we love below.  
Like suns they rose, and all was bright,  
Like suns they set, and all was night!  
Oh! may those suns forever shine,  
And virtue's friendship e'er be thine. I. F.

## Poetry.

### Grief for the Dead.

O hearts that never cease to yearn!  
O brimming tears that ne'er are dried!  
The dead, though they depart, return,  
As if they had not died!

The living are the only dead;  
The dead live—nevermore to die;  
And often when we mourn them fled  
They never were so nigh!

And though they lie beneath the waves,  
Or sleep within the churchyard dim—  
(Ah! through how many different graves  
God's children go to him!)

Yet every grave gives up its dead  
Ere it is overgrown with grass!  
They long have tolled life's rugged way,  
Or need we cry Alas!

Or why should memory, veiled with gloom,  
And like a sorrowing mourner craped,  
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb  
Whose captives have escaped!

'Tis but a mound—and will be mossed  
When'er the summer grass appears;—  
The loved, though wept, are never lost;  
We only lose our tears.

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead,  
By bending forward where they are;  
But Memory, with a backward tread,  
Communes with them afar!

The joys we lose are but forecast,  
And we shall find them all once more;—  
We look behind us for the Past,  
But lo! 'tis all before!

### MY FATHER.

As die the embers on the hearth,  
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,  
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,  
And ticks the dial watch in the wall—  
I see a form in yonder chair,  
That grows beneath the waning light;  
There are the wan sad features—there  
The pallid brow and locks of white!

My Father! when they laid thee down,  
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,  
And left thee sleeping all alone  
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,  
I know not why I could not weep—  
The soothing drops refuse to fall;  
And oh! that grief is wild and deep  
Which settles fearless on the soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair,  
Thine idle hat upon the wall,  
Thy book—the pencilled passage where  
Thine eye had rested last of all;  
The tree beneath whose friendly shade  
The trembling feet had wandered forth,  
The very prints those feet had made  
When last they trod the earth!

And thought, while countless ages fled,  
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—  
Unwon thy hat, thy book unread,  
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand;  
And widowed, in this cheerless world,  
The heart that gave its love to thee;  
Torn, like a vine, whose tendrils curled  
More closely round the falling tree!

Oh! Father, then, for her and thee,  
Gushed madly forth the searching tears,  
And oft, and long, and bitterly  
Those tears have gushed in later years;  
For, as the world grows cold around,  
And things take on their real hue,  
'Tis sad to learn that love is found  
Alone above the stars, with you.

HON. H. A. LAMBERT.

### My Mother's Grave.

BY MARY HANDS.

I culled the sweet forget-me-nots,  
And violets fresh and blue,  
And plucked the little daisies white,  
From the green earth where they grew.  
Then tied me to a sacred spot—  
Where bending willows wave,  
And strewed these floral offerings  
Upon my mother's grave.

I knelt me down and sadly wept;  
Upon the earth so cold,  
And almost wished death's chilling arms  
Would also me enfold.

My poor head pillowed on the grass,  
Above her silent breast,  
I slumbered long, and pleasantly,  
Upon that place of rest.

Waked upon the still, soft breeze,  
Came notes of rapturous song;  
And 'fore my wondering vision burst  
A bright and happy throng.

One hastened from the angel band,  
And gave a kiss to me,  
While from her lips a blessing fell  
In richest melody.

Oh, many a year has fled since then,  
And ne'er shall be forgot,  
The blessing that my mother gave  
Upon that silent spot.

Written for the Gospel Banner.

### Speak Kindly.

Speak kindly, oh! speak tenderly  
To the sick and sorrowing heart;  
Let genial love and sympathy  
A soothing power impart.

Speak kindly, and when years are flown,  
And the crushed spirit's fled,  
No cruel thorn, which you have sown,  
Shall pierce you from the dead.

Speak kindly to the orphan, when  
The young heart's wrapt in gloom,  
For, though among the haunts of men,  
The spirit's in the tomb.

Speak kindly to the children, you  
May never know their grief;  
For their rare cares and sorrows, too,  
Which never know relief.

Speak kindly to the aged, they  
No youthful joy may share,  
They long have tolled life's rugged way,  
Fraught with corroding care.

Speak kindly, then, and gloomy hours  
With ruddier light will glow;  
And life's regenerated powers  
With healthier vigor flow.

Auburn, Me.

J. F. S.

### A YEAR IN HEAVEN.

[Lines addressed to Mrs. K. on the anniversary of the death of her daughter and mother.]

The gates of Death are o'ped to you,  
Two of your household band,  
By angel spirits, have been led,  
Up to the better Land.

Thus one by one, the tender links,  
Break ever in Life's chain;  
But God's own hand shall reunite,  
Never to part again.

The fragile flower you've watched so long,  
With tenderness and care,  
Is now one of the glorious throng,  
'In that bright realm of air.'

Lovely on earth, thrice lovelier with  
Her blessed Saviour now;  
Who hath placed a crown, with loving hand  
On her pure, sinless brow.

Your cherished mother joined her soon,  
And at heaven's pearly Gate;  
They watch and long for you to come;  
There they together wait.

A year in heaven! rejoice that they  
Such rapturous bliss have known:  
Now seated at their Savior's feet,  
Beside God's blessed throne.

Their golden harps new strung each day  
His precious love to sing—  
Their sweet notes thro' that blissful realm,  
Melodiously ring.

A year in heaven! how blest that thought!  
ALL EARTH could not bestow,  
Such pure, abiding, perfect joy,  
As your beloved ones know.

Tho' opening bud and ripened flower,  
Fall from the parent stem;  
They live in ever fadeless bloom,  
In Jesus' diadem!

### A LAMENT.

T. K. Harvey is one of the most graceful of living English poets. His works, which are not numerous, without any pretensions to power or sublimity, are almost always beautiful, and cannot fail to please readers of refined taste.

She sleeps that still and placid sleep  
For which the weary pant in vain,  
And, where the dews of evening weep,  
I may not weep again—  
O! never more upon her grave  
Shall I behold the wild flower wave!

They laid her where the sun and moon  
Look on her tomb with loving eye;  
And I have heard the breeze of June  
Sweep o'er it—like a sigh:  
And the wild river's swelling song  
Grew dirge-like as it stole along.

'Tis years ago!—and other eyes  
Have hung their beauty o'er my youth;  
And I have hung on other sighs,  
And sounds that seem'd like truth;  
And loved the music which they gave  
Like that which perish'd in the grave!

And I have left the cold and dead,  
To mingle with the living cold—  
There is a weight around my head,  
My heart is growing old!  
O! for a refuge and a home  
With thee, dead Ellen, in thy tomb!

Age sits upon my breast and brain,  
My spirit fades before its time,  
But they are all thine own, again,  
Lost partner of thy prime!  
And thou art dearer in thy shroud  
Than all the false and selfish crowd!

Rise, gentle vision of the hours  
Which go, like birds that come not back!  
And fling thy pale and funeral flowers  
On Memory's wreted wack!  
O! for the wings that made thee blest,  
To flee away, and be at rest!

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

(Hope on, and never Despair.)  
Though the sky above thee with clouds be o'ercast,  
And vanished seems all that is fair,  
Wait patiently firm, till the storm is o'erpast—  
Hope on, and never despair.

If the friends desert thee, who once cared,  
And refuse of thy trials to share,  
Look up unto Heaven, the home of the blest—  
Hope on, and never despair.

Though grief and sorrow, and wave after wave,  
Fill thy bosom with sickening care,  
Oh! seek for a spirit, high and brave—  
Hope on, and never despair.

Thy God he is near, he knoweth full well  
How hard are thy troubles to bear,  
And kindly speaks, tho' unheard and still—  
Hope on, and never despair. EMILY.

Ashby.

### Give for Something!

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Live for something, be not idle—  
Look about thee for employ!  
Sit not down to useless dreaming—  
Labor is the sweetest joy.  
Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are never gay,  
Life for thee hath many duties—  
Active be, then while you may.

Scatter blessings in thy pathway!  
Gentle words and cheering smiles  
Better are than gold and silver,  
With their grief dispelling wiles.  
As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
Ever on the grateful earth,  
So let sympathy and kindness  
Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts there are oppressed and weary;  
Drop the tear of sympathy,  
Whisper words of hope and comfort,  
Give, and thy reward shall be  
Joy unto thy soul returning  
From this perfect fountain head,  
Freely, as thou freely givest,  
Shall the grateful light be shed.

[For the Sunday Mercury.]

For the Boston Cultivator.

### A Picture.

She sat upon a gray and mossy stone—  
That youthful maiden with the sudden eye,  
And felt amid that Autumn scene alone,  
As the sore leaves were hurrying swiftly by.  
This was her blest retreat in Summer hours,  
Amid the shadows of the forest green;  
Where, with the notes of birds, the breath of flowers,  
The fairy brooklet with its glancing sheen,  
She led a life of joyous, sweet romance,  
And dreamed of voices ever true, sincere,  
Of kindred hearts that would her joys enhance,  
And soothe to bliss the tender, troubled tear.  
The poet-strain from her deep soul came up,  
She tuned her harp to dreamy, gladsome lays!  
No bitter draught was in her young life's cup,  
Nought in her heart but glowing love and praise!  
And then there came, amid that forest shade,  
To share the beauties of the brook and flower,  
One, whom that guileless heart an angel made,  
And dearer loved each swiftly passing hour.  
Each leaf, each bud was hallowed in their eyes,  
By the young Love that drank its beauties in,  
That bade all earthly, grovelling thoughts to rise,  
And feel the dawn of heavenly love begin.

'Tis Autumn now—gone are the flowers and buds—  
The green, fresh leaves are falling to decay—  
The brook's low murmur brings alone the words  
That charmed her soul in many a burning lay,  
Sung by its voice amid the Summer bowers,  
Prolonged in echoes over hill and stream!  
And will those strains no more with wondrous power  
Bring to her soul a bright and loving beam?  
Ah! as she sits upon that mossy stone,  
Viewing the beautiful pictures of the past,  
A light, swift step draws near, a sunny tone  
Takes from those eyes the sadness o'er them cast!  
Millington, Conn. LOUISA.

[For Life Illustrated.]

### THOUGHT.

BY MRS. D. M. F. WALKER.

We see it, feel it, know its power,  
Its impress stamps the man—  
Oppression can not make it cower,  
'Tis always in the van.

It glistens in the wishful tear  
Which dims the infant's eye;  
We hear it in the schoolboy's cheer,  
The loud laugh ringing high.

We see it on the maiden's brow  
In lines so sad and sweet!  
That parting hand—we feel it now—  
That kiss—again we'll meet.

It lingers in the mother's gaze—  
She looks upon her son;  
Ah! what will be his future ways,  
The race which he will run!

It shines out in the student's look,  
With golden schemes inwrought;  
Ambition's hope, his fame, his book,  
All center in one thought.

It flashes in the statesman's eye,  
It trembles on his lip;  
Its thunders shake oppression's sky,  
Its lightnings through it flit.



Original.

### We Part to Meet Again.

WE have walked life's path together;  
We have called sweet flowers of joy;  
Now the death shades around us gather,  
Threatening to our hopes destroy!

Up the hills of youth we've clambered,  
Hand in hand, along the way;  
But two roads now lie before us,  
And we bid *farewell* to-day.

All the joys of precious memory  
Seem to fill our hearts with pain,  
As we take our different pathways;  
But we part to meet again.

WE MEET TO PART NO MORE.  
Once again, when trouble ceases,  
Far removed from Time's dark shore,  
We recount the sorrows over,  
As we meet to part no more!

Re-mitted, now eternal  
Shall our paths forever be,  
Parallel with God Almighty's  
Full of joy eternally!

Joy of joys shall now employ us,  
As we over Heaven's hills soar,  
Singing, as we join together,  
"Now we meet to part no more!"

CLARENCE CARLETON.

Original.

### SOMETHING WANTING.

SOMETHING wanting, something wanting!  
There is e'er an aching void within,  
For a good we wish to win.

Not a palm from fields of carnage,  
Not so much a victor's crown,  
Bought by bloody hands, to win them  
Glory's coveted renown!

Not so much the princely mansion  
With its coffers running o'er,  
Lighted by the smile of fashion,  
And the gifts it has in store.

These are not the shining real  
Of our every waking dream,  
Though as such to giddy millions,  
They may now and ever seem.

For our real and our seeming  
Daily wants are not the same;  
Our own spirits name the seeming,  
God has given the real name.

And so little wisdom have we,  
That we think to win us joy,  
When we try to rate the seeming  
With inglorious employ.

Hearing not the guardian voices  
Whispering to the yearning soul,  
Which, if heeded, find the real  
At its want-supplying goal.

Till the heart, with inborn gladness,  
Lights all gloriously our eyes,  
With the love-light of the angels,  
From the radiant upper skies!

Yet the real should be sated,  
Whatsoever the seeming be,  
And the seeming then will vanish,  
Leaving all the spirit free!

Ever at life's earnest duties,  
Doing good wherever we may,  
This will win the blissful real,  
And the spirit-sailing day!

EDWARD ASHTON.

For the Gospel Banner.

### Umbly Worth.

BY MACK.

Tell me not that he's a poor man,  
That his dress is coarse and bare;  
Tell me not his daily pittance  
Is a workman's scanty fare;

Tell me not his birth was humble,  
That his parentage is low;  
Is he honest in his actions?  
That is all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?  
Has his character no blame?  
Then I care not if he's low born—  
Then I ask not whence his name.

Would he from an unjust action  
Turn away with scornful eye?  
Would he, than defraud another,  
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard-gained earnings  
On a brother in distress?  
Would he succor the afflicted,  
And the weak one's wrongs redress?

Then he is a man deserving  
Of my love and my esteem;  
And I care not what his birth-place  
In the eye of man may seem.

Let it be a low, thatched hovel,  
Let it be a clay-built cot,  
Let it be a parish work-house—  
In my eye it matters not;

And, if others will disown him  
As inferior to their cast,  
Let them do it—I befriend him  
As a brother to the last.

Wilton, Me.

Original.

### MEMORIES.—TO M. I. A.

HERE are memories sadly staining  
O'er my weary heart to-night,  
Whose low murmurings are revealing  
All the olden days so bright;

That lingered round me like a vesper  
Of a sabbath evening bell,  
Bearing prayers in saint-like whisper,  
To the land where angels dwell.

And silently the chastened beaming  
Of the hope I cherished well,  
Falls fair upon my heart's faint dreaming,  
Where a shadow darkly fell.

That in each recess strangely lingers,  
Like a sorrow ever new,  
Still pointing with unwearied fingers  
To our heart's last sad adieu.

And again there comes the radiance  
Of thy smiles that beamed on me,  
And thy low voice in thrilling cadence  
Fills my heart with melody.

And once more the rapturous pressure  
Of thy hand within mine own,  
Thrills my lone soul, whose hallowed treasure  
Is the grave of what hath flown.

The whisper of thy sweet replying  
Lingers with its olden spell,  
Around the hopes that slowly dying,  
Murmur sadly their farewell.

And the passionate vows once spoken,  
In our heart's bright summer day,  
Are cherished still, though they were broken,  
Like a dying minstrel's lay.

And thy remembered tones are bringing  
Back again the blissful hours,  
While my heart worship still is clinging  
To the love that once was ours.

And all that gleaming love's bright glories,  
Fill my soul with joy to-night,  
Like carols from the Bible stories,  
Low sung at sabbath twilight.

For future scenes of life o'ershadowed,  
I may pray, and find their bliss;  
For the radiant dream that faded—  
No! I may not pray for this.

For in thy heart there is no yearning,  
For the golden dream that fled,  
No lamp of hope, that's brightly burning  
O'er that blessed love now dead.

And so I must not speak the longing  
Of my dreaming heart to-night,  
But only weep o'er memories thronging  
Round those olden days so bright.

INVIO.

..... A Temperance lecturer, descending on the essential and purifying qualities of cold water, remarked as a knock-down argument, that "when the world became so corrupt that the Lord could do nothing else with it, he was obliged to give it a thorough sousing in cold water." "Yes," replied a wag, "but it killed every darned critter on the face of the earth."

### The Mother's Faith.

"Hark how the wind is whistling, mother,  
List to the driving rain;  
And, alas, to think that my gentle brother  
Is tossed on the stormy main."

The mother raised her meek blue eye  
From the holy book to the stormy sky,  
And a moment's flush went over her brow  
As she thought of the boiling flood below.

But she checked her human weakness well,  
And sighed for the heart that would rebel;  
And then she meekly spoke—"My love,  
I will not fear, there's a God above."

"But I have been to the garden, mother,  
And the vine is trailed and torn,  
One rose-tree crushed, and pale the other  
Droops like a thing forlorn;

And oh! all night how the tall trees creaked,  
As if some fearful woe they shrieked."  
Again the mother's pale cheek burned,  
As she thought of him for whom she yearned;

And she spoke again in holy trust,  
And she spoke again in holy trust,  
"The God I worship is good and just."

"But look at the tossing waves, mother,  
How they dash, and foam, and roar,  
And the wild wind's howling almost smother  
Their echoes ashore."

The mother looked to the ocean wild,  
And her heart grew sick for her absent child,  
And the strong prayer rose from that swelling heart,  
"My God, thy help and aid impart."

"Look, look to the path from the beach, mother;  
Some neighbor that must be—  
Oh, should he say mine only brother  
Is wrecked in that stormy sea."

But the mother's brow grew deeper flushed,  
And the very breath at her heart was hushed,  
And the light in her meek and trustful eye  
Grew bright as a star in the frosty sky;

Then over the cottage door she sprang,  
And back the door on its hinges flung,  
And round her wet and weary boy  
She flung her arms in feverish joy.

The gallant ship is all a wreck,  
But she hath fallen upon his neck;  
His hard-earned wealth is lost and gone,  
But the God of mercy hath spared her son.

—Mrs. Jane Gray.

Original.

### A Tear is Memory's Gift.

Oh! do not say I can forget  
My friends forever dear,  
My heart's en now repels the thought  
And wakes to sudden fear.

A tie of sweet remembrance binds  
My heart to those I love,  
And each familiar face appears  
Within my memory wove.

And grief and joy alike recall,  
At some lone quiet hour,  
The still endearing names again  
In all their charming power.

As dew-drops to the drooping flower,  
So fit they o'er the mind,  
And leave a trace of pure delight  
That may not be defined.

And then, at times, a sweet regret  
Around the Past may play,  
I think of hearts that beat with mine,  
But now far, far away.

But still a sadder tear will steal  
Along my glowing cheek,  
As sad presentment whispers low,  
"You meet no more to speak."

Then do not say I can forget  
The friends that now are dear;  
When they and I may meet no more  
I'll shed affection's tear.

ALVARS.

Original.

### THE BETTER LAND.

HAVE ye heard, have ye heard of that better land,  
The region of the blest,  
Where by the breath of angels fanned,  
The weary, at last, shall rest?

Have ye heard of that stream which so gently glides  
By the foot of the great white throne;  
On whose ever blooming and fragrant sides  
The weary at last sit down?

With crowns of gold on each radiant brow,  
Bright palms in each victor hand,  
While a halo of light ineffable  
Encircles the earth-freed band?

Have ye heard of the lyres there shall attune,  
Of the harps that to them shall be given;  
And how all sorrow shall flee away  
From the earth-crushed spirit, in Heaven?

Have ye heard all this? Then weep no more  
For the pleasures of earth that are gone,  
Life, life's but a dream; ye shall soon reach that shore,  
Soon that heavenly crown shall be won.

Your Father in Heaven has numbered each sigh,  
Has treasured each scalding tear,  
And the light of His smile through eternity  
Shall repay for thy suffering here.

JEANNIE.

A CONTEMPLATED CHANGE.—An acquaintance suggests the propriety of changing the popular name, needlework, to *needleless* work. Let the ladies speak on the question.

Original.

### PASSING AWAY.

THE scar leaf rudely rustled  
By the north wind's cruel blast,  
Now slowly, sadly, falling  
To the cold, damp earth at last;

The beauteous stars just fading,  
As the eastern "rosy light"  
The sun's approach revealing,  
Chase away the starlit night.

The sun, so slowly sinking  
To his downy western bed,  
The holy mellow twilight,  
Softly reigning in his stead;

The tiny wavelet, sighing,  
As it laves the thirsty shore,  
Which drinks the little wavelet,  
To its home returns no more.

The youth is tasting, gaily,  
Life's cup of pleasures sweet,  
When Death steps in and dashes  
The goblet to his feet;

All scenes of earthly beauty,  
All things that dwell below,  
All things, both great and simple,  
All things, both high and low.

All things? aye, all but one thing!  
The word of God above,  
Which to this world life giveth,  
The story of His love;

All else is transitory,  
All else, though bright, shall fade;  
But that shall last forever,  
Nor know Oblivion's shade.

And in that blessed Heaven,  
When all things here below  
Have passed away forever,  
Time's stream hath ceased to flow;

Then in that land of beauty,  
The home of God above,  
Shall rest the souls forever,  
Saved by that Book of Love.

CARRIE COMSTOCK.

## Poetry.

### (The Love of Later Years.)

BY BERNARD BARTON.

(They err who deem Love's brightest hour in blooming youth is known.)  
Its purest, tenderest, holiest power in after life is shown.

When passions chastened and subdued to riper years are given,  
And earth and earthly things are viewed in light that breaks from heaven.

It is not in the flush of youth, or days of cloudless mirth,  
We feel the tenderness and truth of Love's devoted worth.

Life then is like a tranquil stream which flows in sunshine bright,  
And objects mirrored in it seem to share its sparkling light.

'Tis when the howling winds arise, and life is like the ocean,  
Whose mountain billows brave the skies, lashed by the storms commotion;

When lightning cleaves the murky cloud, and thunderbolts astound us,  
'Tis when we feel our spirits bowed by loneliness around us.

Oh! then, as to the seaman's sight the beacon's twinkling ray,  
Surpasses far the lustre bright of summer's cloudless day.

E'en such, to tried and wounded hearts in manhood's darker years,  
The gentle light true love imparts, 'mid sorrows, cares, and fears.

Its beams on minds of joy bereft their freshening brightness fling,  
And show that life has somewhat left to which their hopes may cling.

It steals upon the sick in heart, the desolate in soul,  
To bid their doubts and fears depart, and point a brighter goal.

If such be Love's triumphant power o'er spirits touched by time,  
Oh! who shall doubt its loveliest hour of happiness sublime?

In youth, 'tis like the meteor's gleam which dazzles and sweeps by,  
In after life its splendors seem linked with eternity.

### ("Think of Me at My Best.")

Dickens.—Steerforth to Copperfield.

By the warm friendship of life's early spring,  
The golden age that comes not back again,  
Whatever lot the future years may bring,  
(I charge thee to remember me as then.)

Youth's open brow will sadly change, I know,  
The lip forget its old familiar smile,  
And feelings that with honest fervor glow,  
Assume, ere long, the hateful mark of guile.

A dark, mysterious destiny I feel,  
That bids my nobler promptings all be still;  
Binding in stronger fetters than of steel  
Each loftier aspiration of the will.

I go forth to the battle-field of life,  
Borne onward, weak and powerless to the fray;  
Soon, 'mid the shock and tumult of the strife,  
Must ill prevail, and virtue flee away.

Then on thy memory be my portrait drawn,  
Not with the thoughts or features of the man,  
But picture me as on youth's early morn,  
When side by side our lives together ran.

As thou hast gazed on some far mountain height,  
Lit by the sinking sun's departing glow,  
A solitary flush of purple light,  
While lost in shadow lay the vale below,

So let my evening years in darkness rest—  
The better moment of my boyhood be,  
Like that far hill-top, lighted from the west,  
Alone beheld (when thou rememberest me)

Life.

If man could see  
The perils and diseases that lie elbows  
Each day he walks a mile, which catch at him,  
Which fall behind and graze him as he passes,  
Then we would know that life's a single pilgrim,  
Fighting unarmed among a thousand soldiers.

"Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt,  
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out."

[For the Progressive Age.]

### To M. C. R.

Could I beguile one lonely hour,  
Or cease one moment's pain,  
Or call the roses that have fled  
Back to thy cheek again;—  
Oh if the power were given to me,  
In some kind form or other,  
Quickly I'd send sweet health to thee,  
My best and dearest brother.

The birds still sing their glad, sweet songs,  
So joyously and free;  
When nature seems so gay and glad,  
Does it bring joy to thee?

Thro' summer's heat, thro' winter's snows,  
For many a weary day,  
Has sickness been thy lot, and sad  
Hath seemed to thee life's way.

And dost thou think thy lot is hard?  
Dost ever wonder why  
That God should such a precious boon  
As health to thee deny?

While others with a healthful form,  
A bright and sparkling eye,  
Are treading life so happily,  
You on a sick bed lie.

To thee this world is not all dark,  
Its joys are not all gone;  
Canst thou not kiss the rod and say,  
"Father, thy will be done!"

God willingly does not afflict—  
'Tis for some wise intent;  
He sends us blessings in disguise—  
In mercy they are meant.

May God the precious boon of health  
Once more on thee bestow;  
And may'st thou never more, my friend,  
Sorrow be called to know.

Yet trust in God—whatever thy lot,  
Oh! lift thy thoughts above,  
For there is One who dwelleth there  
Remembers thee in love.

### Old Letters.

Come they from sinner or from saint,  
Cast them in, for the fire is faint,  
The fire is faint, and the frost is strong,  
And these old letters have lived too long—

How welcome once it matters not,  
Their worth away with time has sped,  
The love is over, the hope is dead,  
The old friend has forgot.

Cast them in, they're hard to keep,  
And will not let one's memory sleep,  
For hints of age, and tales of change—  
Oh, but the turns of life are strange—

The world whereof they speak is gone—  
How bright they come, how dim they part,  
These passing ages of the heart,  
When life and we wear on.

Cast them in, why should they last,  
When the light we read them by is past,  
And never again will glad our days?  
Up like a banner goes the blaze—

It is waste paper and nothing more—  
Some have been treasured up for years,  
Some are blotted with heavy tears,  
And some of our dreams read o'er;

These are sprinkled with many a vow,  
The love was never as warm as now,  
Those by a trusty hand were penned—  
Woe is me for that friendship's end—

There goes a page of boyish rhyme—  
That was a sheet of good advice—  
We took our own way on the ice  
And learned the worth of it all in time.

One glossy curl of wavy gold  
Was hid in this burning letter's fold—  
'Tis long since that golden head grew gray,  
And the grave where it rests is far away!

Up in its might the broad flame flashes—  
And there they lie, in what all our aims,  
Seekings and strivings, hopes and schemes,  
Must come to—dust and ashes!

—Frances Brown.

The young child Jesus had a garden,  
Full of roses, rare and red;  
And thrice a day he watered them,  
To make a garland for his head.

When they were full-blown in the garden,  
He called the Jewish children there,  
And each did pluck himself a rose,  
Until they stripped the garden bare.

"And now how will you make your garland?  
For not a rose your path adorns."  
"But you forget," he answered them,  
"That you have left me still the thorns."

They took the thorns and made a garland,  
And placed it on his shining head;  
And where the roses should have shone  
Were little drops of blood instead!

## Poetry.

[For the Progressive Age.]

### Lines, on the Death of Mrs. A. E. R.

Asleep in Jesus! oh what bliss!  
How sweet and calm repose is this!  
No more earth's sorrow, sin and pain  
Shall wring her heart, or rack her brain.  
Asleep in Jesus! what repose!  
Unheeding now life's toils and woes,  
Calm is her brow, her slumbers deep,  
O, who would not thus sweetly sleep?

Asleep in Jesus! how she strove  
To trust her children to His love,  
That blest her life so many years,  
And robbed e'en death of all its fears.  
Asleep in Jesus! do not weep,  
How sweet she rests in slumber now,  
Her dark eyes closed on things below,  
No more shall weep the tears of woe.

WOODLAND MAY.

[For the Progressive Age.]

### Autumn Winds.

Now the evening winds are sighing  
O'er the flowers all hushed in sleep—  
On earth's damp breast relying,  
Till in dew drops they shall weep.

Now their perfume on the zephyr  
Brings a sigh for long ago;  
Softly do they whisper ever,  
Joy like flowers must fade below.

Now the night winds through the branches  
Brings low sounds of fading flowers,  
For they say that they must wither  
In the Autumn's fading hours.

Moon and stars together gleaming  
Over flowers all hushed to rest;  
And the autumn winds are sighing  
Over earth's devoted breast.

CARO.

## Poetry.

From the Scientific American.

### Pleasure.

What are riches, glory, pride,  
Laurel-wreath, or jewelled crown,  
When upon life's troubled tide  
Weary, wayworn man goes down:

What are mankind's dearest pleasures,  
But the fitful meteor's gleam?  
What his grandeur?—what his treasures?  
Moonlight on a mountain stream.

Soon we quit life's dreary path,  
For the silence of the grave,  
Soon thy banner, mighty death,  
O'er the proudest head shall wave.

Soon the dweller in the hall,  
And the child of peasant birth  
Like the forest leaves shall fall,  
Mingling with their mother earth.

Prince and peasant, priest and king—  
Like the little flowers that blush  
On the bosom of the spring,  
Time's insparing foot shall crush.

What! O what is pleasure then!  
Can it hush our woes to sleep?  
Can it still the throb of pain,  
Rankling in the bosom deep?

When the the brightest cloud that swims,  
Vision-like, across the sky,  
Stays the summer's burning beams,  
As it floats unheeded by—

Then shall glittering gems of earth  
Bid our sorrows cease to flow—  
To the joyous laugh of mirth,  
Change the thrilling pang of woe.

What a power there is in Innocence! whose  
very helplessness is its safeguard—in whose  
presence even Passion himself stands abashed  
and turns worshipper at the very altar he came  
to despoil.



## TRIFLING WITH A HEART.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Louisa, who was that gentleman that came home with you?"

"O—it was one of my friends."

"It was not Henry Southron?"

"No. It was not."

"But I thought Henry waited upon you to the party."

"So he did."

"And did he not remain until the close?"

"Yes—I believe so."

A cloud came over Mrs. Burnet's face, and she seemed troubled. She gazed upon her daughter for some moments without speaking further. Louisa was nineteen years of age; a bright-eyed, happy, merry-making girl, possessing a true and loving heart, but a little inclined to be thoughtless in her moments of social joy. She was an only child, and had been a pet in the family; but her love was not confined to the circle that met around her own hearthstone. More than a year before she had promised Henry Southron that she would be his wife as soon as time and circumstances rendered such a step proper. Henry was an orphan, and had just gone into business on his own account. He was a young man of whose friendship any sensible maiden might have been proud; a generous, upright, steady, industrious youth; fixed firmly in his moral course, and of a fair, manly personal appearance.

"My child," said the mother, after reflecting awhile, "what have you been doing? Why did not Henry come home with you?"

"Because he didn't choose to, I suppose," replied Louisa.

"That is not the reason," said Mrs. Burnet, with assurance. "Something that you have done has caused this. Now tell me what it is."

"You are too anxious altogether, mother. There is no damage done, I assure you."

"Still, my child, I should like to know what you have been doing."

"Well—I'll tell you," returned Louisa, giving herself a look in her chair. "Henry is altogether too attentive. One would think, to see him at a party, that I was already his wife, and about the only female present."

"And you have become tired of so much attention?"

"Of course I have."

"And you have been throwing it off?"

"Yes. I took occasion this evening to show him that I didn't like quite so much oversteering. I talked with everybody else, and suffered Mr. Pingree to wait upon me down to supper. Poor Harry looked as though he had lost his last friend. It will give him a lesson, I guess; and in future I hope he will make a little less love in public."

"My child," said Mrs. Burnet, with much feeling, "you are trying a dangerous experiment. The time will come, if you ever marry with Henry Southron, when you will be proud of his undivided attention."

"It will be time enough for that when we are married," replied Louisa, with a toss of the head. "But don't give yourself any uneasiness. He will come around again all right."

"Did he offer to wait upon you home this evening?"

"No. He was rather shy of me after supper; and when the party broke up I ran off alone. Mr. Pingree overtook me on the way, and accompanied me to the door."

"I think, my child," remarked the mother, after another season of reflection, "that you have been not only very foolish, but, to a certain extent, wicked. Stop—listen to me. You know that Henry loves you most truly—that his whole soul is devoted to you—and that his attention is but the result of his affection—a demonstration of which you should be proud; for, let me tell you, an undivided, unswerving love is something not always to be secured. Now you have been trifling with Henry's heart—you have both pained and mortified him; and it so happens that those hearts which love the most strongly and deeply are the ones which suffer the most from slight or neglect, and which shrink the most quickly from coldness and trifling. Believe me, Louisa, you are entering upon dangerous ground. If you care for Harry's love, I advise you to ask his pardon as soon as you have opportunity."

"Ask his pardon!" repeated the thoughtless girl, with an expression of surprise. "Mercy on me! what are you thinking of? You shall see him at my knees before the week is out."

"Ah, my dear one, you don't know so much about the human heart as you think you do. A heart may revolve steadily around its centre of affection for a long time—for so long a time that it seems fixed in its course like a planet around its sun—but a sudden strain may snap the cord in sunder, and the stricken heart fly off in a tangent, and never come back. If you must trifle, trifle with anything rather than with the heart. We are going to Mr. Winthrop's to-morrow, and I hope I may induce Polly to tell you a little story of her experience in life."

Louisa said she should be very glad to hear it; then she tried to laugh; and then, having told her mother once more that she was needlessly anxious, she went to her chamber.

On the following morning Mrs. Burnet met her daughter as usual, making no allusion to the circumstances of the previous evening. In the afternoon they walked out to call at Mrs. Winthrop's, having had an urgent invitation to visit there. They remained to tea, and spent the evening.

Polly, of whom Mrs. Burnet had spoken, was Mr. Winthrop's sister. She was a maiden lady, past three-score, and had for many years found a home with her brother. Her head was now silvered, and time had drawn deep marks upon her brow; but still there were traces of beauty left upon her face. During the evening she came and took a seat by the side of Louisa, and after some commonplace remarks, the old lady said, in a quiet way—

"Your mother told me that you would like to hear a little of my life history."

"If you would please to tell it, I certainly should, for anything which you deem worthy of telling must be interesting," replied Louisa.

"Then let us walk in the garden. The moon is up, and the air is warm and pleasant." They went out, and when they had reached the gratery they went into the arbor and sat down.

"There is no need that I should make any preliminary remarks," commenced Polly, "for I have come out on purpose to tell you a short story, and I shall tell it to you as plainly and simply as possible, and when I have done, you may know why your mother wished that you should hear it."

"When I was of your age people called me handsome; but still, with all my faults, I do not think I was ever proud or vain. I knew that I was good-looking, and I meant to be good. I tried to do right, as I understood it; and when I failed, it was from a lack of judgment, and a proneness to be thoughtless where I should have been directly the opposite. When I was eighteen years of age, George Ashmun asked me if I would be his wife. He was a noble-hearted, generous, upright man, and I never experienced a season of more blissful joy than when I became thus assured that his heart's best love was mine. I told him yes, and our vows were plighted. We were to wait a year, and then, if we continued to hold the same purpose, we were to be married. I don't know as any one envied me; but I do know that in all the country around there was not a better man than was he who loved me, nor was there one whose prospects in life were more promising."

"From my girlhood up I had been a sort of pet and favorite in our social circle, and considerable attention was shown me from all quarters. George was one of those honest-minded, practical men, who cannot appear different from what they really are, and who follow a true and just cause straightforwardly and frankly. When he had proposed for my hand, and I had promised to be his wife, he devoted his entire attention to me. It almost seemed as though he could not be devoted enough. In public, or in private, it was all the same. When out upon our social pic-nics and excursions he was constantly by my side, anticipating my every want, and ever ready to guard and assist me. I allowed myself to get tired of this; I allowed myself to feel that I would like a little more of my old liberty; I even went so far as to feel annoyed by his close, undivided attention. It was a thoughtless, reckless emotion on my part, but I was foolish enough to give it a place in my bosom. Some of my female friends joked me on the subject, and I finally determined that I would not be quite so closely tied to my lover. I did not stop to ask myself how I should feel if he were less attentive to me. I did not reflect that I might have been very unhappy had he bestowed his social favors upon others of my sex. In short, I did not reflect at all. I was only seized with a reckless determination to be a little more free and independent."

"We had a pic-nic in the grove near our village. I was buoyant and happy, and I laughed and chatted with all who came in my way. We had a dance before dinner, and George asked me if I intended to join in the amusement. I told him certainly. Then he took my hand, and said he would bear me company; but I broke from him with a laugh, telling him at the same time that I was engaged to dance with another. He was disappointed—I could see it at a glance—but he took it in good nature. Before the second dance he came again; but again I told him I was engaged. He betrayed no ill-feeling at all, only I could see the disappointment. In a little while I was among a company of laughing, joking, merry-making friends, of both sexes, who had been companions for years, and one of the gentlemen said I must go with him to dinner. I knew that George had made arrangements for me to take dinner with him; but what of that? Should I be tied to his skirts? No. I meant to be free, and I told the man who had made the proposition that I would go with him. I must have been blind, as I know I was foolish and wicked; but I did not stop to think. When the dinner-hour arrived George came, with a happy, smiling, hopeful face, and offered me his arm."

"For what?" said I. "For dinner, my dear," he replied. Then I told him I was engaged with another; and, before his very face, I took the proffered arm of the man to whom I had given my promise, remarking to my lover, as I tripped away, that he would have to find somebody else. I saw the look he gave me—a look of pain, of mortification, and of reproach—and as I called it to mind after I had reached the table I felt a little uneasy; but I said to myself—He will come around all right, and thus I tried to pass it off. Towards the latter part of the afternoon George came to me again. He asked me what I meant by my treatment of him. He was earnest and anxious. I told him he must not question me in that manner.

"But," he urged, "only tell me if you mean anything by it."

"Yes," said I, "I do." "And he asked me what it was. I told him I meant to teach him a lesson." "A lesson of what?" he asked. "Of good manners," said I. "I want to teach you not to be too attentive to me." And I added, very thoughtlessly,—"you annoy me!" "He did not answer me. I saw his lip quiver, and his manly bosom heave; and, as he turned away, the sunbeams that came through the branches of the trees rested upon the big tears rolling down his cheeks. The impulse of my heart then was to spring forward and detain him; to ask his forgiveness, and make him happy. But a foolish, whimsical pride restrained me. I let him go, and tried to comfort myself with the reflection that it would come out all right.

"When the party was breaking up, he came and asked me if he should see me home. He was very cool, and seemed only to mean that he felt bound to make the offer, seeing that he had brought me there. I was not going to accept any such offer as that, and I told him I should not require his attention."

"Polly," he said, "you do not mean this. Do not make me think that I have mistaken you!" He trembled as he spoke, and I could see that he was fearfully agitated.

"But I had gone too far to give up then; and with a light laugh I turned from him. I went home one way—he went home another. All the next day I looked for him, but he did not come. And a second day I watched. And a third—and a fourth. On the fifth day I received a letter from him. It was from a distant town whither he had gone to see his widowed mother. He wrote to me that he feared he had been disappointed. If I could trifle with his heart then I might do it again. He said he was going out West, and might be gone some time. If I still loved him when he returned I might be sure of finding him unmarried, for he had no heart to give another. Still he would like to hear from me—he would like to see me if I wished it. He wrote as one who had been deeply wronged, and there were one or two sentences in the missive that touched me unpleasantly. A week passed away, and I did not answer it; but at the end of that time I made up my mind to call George to me, and confess my fault; for well I knew that I had been very wrong. I wrote, and my letter reached its destination just twelve hours after he had started on his journey."

"I never saw George Ashmun again. In less than a year he died in a mad-house! \* \* \*

\* \* \* He did wrong—he did wrong—

ENERGY.—The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men is energy—invisible determination—an honest purpose once fixed, and then death or victory. This quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make one man without it.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.

## THE BIRTH-DAY OF BURNS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

His birthday,—Nay, we need not speak The name each heart is beating,— Each glistening eye and flushing cheek In light and flame repeating!

We come in one tumultuous tide,— One surge of wild emotion,— As crowding through the Fryth of Clyde Rolls in the Western Ocean!

As when you cloudless, quartered moon Hangs o'er each storied river The swelling breast of Ayr and Doon With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll,— The past becomes the present,— And face to face, and soul to soul, We greet the monarch peasant!

While Shennstone strained in feeble flights With Corydon and Phillis, While Wofe was climbing Abraham's heights To snatch the Bourbon lilies,

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,— The babe beneath the shieling, Whose song tonight in every sky, Will shake earth's starry ceiling,—

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends And floats like incense o'er us, Whose ringing lay of friendship blends With Labor's anvil chorus?

We love him, not for sweetest song,— Though never tone so tender,— We love him, even in his wrong,— His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him not for gifts divine,— His muse was born of woman,— His manhood breathes in every line, Was ever heart more human?

We love him, praise him, just for this: In every form and feature, Through wealth and want, through wo and bliss, He saw his fellow-creature!

No soul could sink beneath his love,— Not even angel blasted;— No mortal power could soar above The pride that all outlasted!

Ay! Heaven had set one living man Beyond the planet's tether,— His virtues, frailties, He may scan, Who weighs them altogether!

I fling my pebble on the cairn Of him, though dead, undying, Sweet Nature's nursing, bonniest bairn, Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe Shall spare the minstrel's story,— The centuries weave his purple robe The mountain-mist of glory!

[For the Olive Branch.]  
LINES WRITTEN IN A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO —.

May this world bring thee no sorrow, If the like was ever known; Still if shadows come, tomorrow Storms and clouds may all be gone.

Ev'ry rose to June-winds sighing, Lives where some rude bramble rears; Lilies bloom while they are dying, Even smiles have sister tears.

Now, our hearts may be delighting, Singing as the wild birds are, Hardly dreaming joys are blighting Round us as the lilies were.

Yes, sweet hopes have loved to dwell in— Once glad hearts, too soon their urn— Clouds will frown, but brave them ELLEN! Kindly till blue skies return. [WELBY.]

Meadville, Jan. 1, 1853.

Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all their life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives, is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. To be cast upon one's resources, is to be thrown into the very lap of fortune, for one's faculties then undergo a development, and display an energy, of which they were previously insusceptible. [Dr. Arnold.]

THE SICK CHAMBER.

There is enough in a sick chamber to lower the pride of the proudest, the vanity of the most vain. Terrible is the tax there paid to the mortal part of man. There the mind quails under the power of the dust it tries to despise; there delicacy suffers martyrdom, energy faints, fortitude is overcome, genius extinguished, temper lost. There strength and independence are propped on pillows and fed by another's hand; there heroism learns to weep, and patience to complain; the philosopher is surprised at the superiority of opium to reasoning; the Christian starts at his unwilling murmurs. There all that once was pleasure becomes wearisome; the imagination loathes music, mirth and feasting; the memory flies from scenes of wild joy and laughter, of splendor, gaiety, and show, and lingers round those calm resting-places which once perhaps seemed dull and cheerless; there lessons are learned in an hour, which a long life had failed to teach.

WHOM TO MARRY.

When a young woman behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful, from principle as well as nature, there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in whatever condition she may be placed. Were I to advise a friend as to his choice of a wife, my first counsel would be, "look out for one distinguished for her attention and sweetness to her parents." The fund of worth and affection indicated by such behavior, joined by the habits of duty and consideration thereby contracted, being transferred to the married state, will not fail to render her a mild and obliging companion.

TO MY BROTHER.

From Tait's Magazine we select this elegant poetry, which is very superior to the poetry that generally drags the pages of the periodicals:—

Come with me, dearest, to the river side, Where the bright floods make music as they flow, And while we wander by its sparkling tide, Sweet memories will arise of long ago, And thoughts, that childhood bade these waters keep, Flash forth once more from their enchanted sleep.

Look where it flows, unchanged, unchangeable, Foaming o'er rocks and rippling to the sun, The shy trout plays among its eddies still, Where dense and dark the restless currants run; How strange to know that thrice three years have past, Since we two wandered by its margin last!

Yet change is here; when we were wont to stray From morn till eve these woody banks among, Thick hung the hawthorn blossoms from the spray, And birds of spring in every thicket sung; And like a shade of gold the bonny broom Flung to the gale her buds of rich perfume.

No autumn looks o'er fields of ripened corn, And gear leaves rustle where our footsteps fall, Few and frequent now the notes are borne, That made these solitudes so musical; And so it is with us, for life no more, Though happy still, is spring time as of yore.

Ay, we are changed; upon thy noble brow Dwells the deep musing meet for manhood's prime; Thy step is firmer and thy rich locks now Are somewhat darkened by the touch of time, And graver cares are round thy spirit twined Than in these shades thy childhood left behind.

Yet though time sports with outward forms at will, In deeper things his breath has scarce been felt, And the long lapse of years doth find us still Before the shrines at which our childhood knelt; And what in those young days were wont to prize Are still the same, the dearest in our eyes.

Still, as of yore, 'tis thy delight to bend Where some bold river thunders in its course, Where cataracts in whitened showers descend, Deafening the air with clamor loud and hoarse; Thou lovest to ply the angler's silent art, Along with nature and thy deeper heart.

Thou hast gone forth to mingle with the world, And breathed the air of many a foreign clime; But from thy spirit never has been hurled The warm, fresh feelings of that early time; And I behold the holy of thy youth, But with the heart of kindness and truth.

For we, though years have borne upon their flight, A thousand joys my childhood could not dream, My soul has ever found its chief delight, By lonely mountain glen or gushing stream, And life can yield no pleasure and no pride Dearer than this—to wander by thy side.

THE LESSER SENSITIVE COBWEBS ARE THOUGHT ABOUT, THE BETTER IT IS FOR THE PEACE OF THEIR OWNERS; IGNORANCE OF THEM MAY, INDEED, BE CALLED A BLISSFUL IGNORANCE.

IN OUR climate, intellectual discipline and exertion are particularly required, in order to counteract the effects of the varying pressure of the atmosphere. This will, in a few hours, increase from one hundred weight to half a ton, and what can become of the head which has only a vacuum to oppose to so enormous a pressure? The busy may complain of the day, but have no time to think of its effects; while the idle remark every slight sensation in their frames, smell to ether, drink camphor julap, and threaten themselves with fever, asthma, or apoplexy. The society of a real invalid is much more agreeable than that of one of these fanciful people. The former describes the symptoms and treatment of but one complaint, but the latter cannot descend to have less than a complication of disorders. A Pezzan proverb says, "Give a Morzoukowi your finger, he will beg first the elbow, and then the shoulder-bone as keepsakes;" and of a hypochondriacal patient one may with truth affirm, "Grant him a cold in the head, and he will make you pity him for pleurisy or consumption." In real illness, too, there is often a resignation and reserve, a sort of drawing from pity and disclosure; while the fanciful draw on your compassion till you are wearied, and describe circumstances and effects till minuteness excites disgust.

GREATEST OF ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

Hope never stops in his daring cruise Vainly to sorrow o'er The quivering trunk of the waves that loose Their curly heads on the shore.

Faith, when her heart has known the blight Of noisy doubts and fears, Goes thenceforward clad in the light Of the still eternal years.

Truth is Truth: no more in the prayers Of the righteous Pharisee; No less in the humblest sinner that wears This poor mortality.

But Love is greatest of all: no loss Can shadow its face with gloom,— As glorious hanging on the cross As breaking out of the tomb.

GENTLENESS—A SONG OF THE HEART.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I. There's a deep, angelic meaning In Hymen's legend old, Of a frag on which the billows Are forever vainly rolled, And on which as vainly thunder Engines of the Human Race— Snoring force from man or billow There it firmly keeps its place.

II. But there is one potent power At whose magic touch the rock Trembles as it never trembled, To a fierce, defiant shock. In what being, think you lieth Such a rare, seraphic spell? Listen! though you wonder, listen! In the little Aspidochel!

III. O the deep, the heavenly lesson!— Would you truly move a soul? Never then against its rampart Tyrant-passion's billow roll: Take some flower of Love, and gently Touch it, and the stubborn heart, Thrilling with your own true feeling, Will to you responsive start!

## Special Notices.

### Centennial Celebration.

One century ago, (viz., in 1759,) the Colonial Governor of Mass., then occupying under a Commission from King George II, first sent a posse to take possession of and fortify the Penobscot River in the District of Maine. The place selected was Fort Point on Cape Jellerson at the mouth of the River now in the town of Stockton. The fortification was finished July 28, 1759, and named in honor of the Governor, FORT POWNALL, that proved the first permanent settlement of the vicinity, either for civil or Military purposes.

And it is now proposed by the citizens of Stockton, Searsport Prospect, &c., &c., to celebrate said anniversary on the 28th of July, and as a spot of cherished remembrance not only to the inhabitants of said town's, but to all the Penobscot Valley, they have selected as the place of gathering the site of said Fort Pownall. The entertainment is expected to commence at 10 o'clock A. M. The arrangements for dinner are essentially Pic Nic. Each family, society and community taking with them what they may choose. The Rev. Dr. Thurst. of Searsport is to be orator of the day.

The balance of the exercises will consist of speeches, Music, &c., such as the occasion may suggest. The space is ample, the grounds level, the scenery delightful, and the occasion one of no little importance.

Will all the friends in the town named, as well as Belfast, Frankfort, Hampden Bangor, &c., take notice of the facts and endeavor to lend their presence and aid in making the celebration worthy of the occasion.

The editorial corps of the towns mentioned are requested to be present of the guests of the inhabitants of Stockton. Per order of Committee of Arrangement, J. W. THOMPSON, Chairman.

N. B.—The Committee of arrangement are requested to meet at my house in Stockton, July 23, at 1 o'clock, P. M., to further perfect the arrangements.

J. W. T. Bangor paper.



# POETRY.

## Pay the Printer.

"PAY THOU THE PRINTER!" is written on the face  
Of Nature and of Art; yet day by day  
Thou'lt see the Printer toiling at his case,  
And read his paper, and refuse him pay!

This is not right: he works for thy good pleasure—  
For thee he gathers telegraphic news;  
And when thy heart is longing after treasure,  
He ascends where thou canst gain or lose.

Think how he suffers evils without measure,  
By printing advertisements never paid for;  
Nor longer deem, that to amuse thy leisure,  
Is all the Printer and the paper's made for.

No night's so dark, but, twinkling like a star,  
The Printer's light can penetrate its gloom;  
And on the barren, desert waste afar  
Of Ignorance, bid sweeter flow'ers bloom!

And wilt thou strive to dampen such a fire?  
No, no! it were injustice to creation!  
"The laborer is worthy of his hire,"  
The PRINTER, of his honest compensation!

GEORGE H. COOMER.

## YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

### Reverses of Fortune.

Few of your readers will need a definition  
Of the caption at the head of my article.—  
Their own sad experience has, perhaps, taught  
them its meaning; if not, I am sure, observa-  
tion has. How often do we see a young man  
of towering ambition, whose hopes of future  
happiness are of the most sanguine cast, pur-  
suing a course exactly calculated to bring de-  
feat to his ardent anticipations, and then,  
when clouds and darkness overcast his sky,  
with a doleful brow he regrets his ill-advised  
career. But sometimes, calamities seem to  
hover over the pathway of the young or  
the old, that are not perceptibly connected with  
any wrong or ill designs on the part of those  
who most severely suffer. Children often  
scourge the old age of parents, and by their  
evil deeds bring their "grey hairs with sorrow  
to the grave;" and this, too, when the inten-  
tion of the parent was, to train the child prop-  
erly. We hope, however, that for the credit  
of human nature, few instances of filial ingrati-  
tude resemble the one, a part of which I will  
endeavor to sketch. Facts are often stranger  
than fiction, and my readers may rely upon  
the truth of my narrative.

Captain Ross was a wealthy farmer in one  
of the outer towns of Massachusetts, and the  
father of six children, three sons and three  
daughters. Never was there a more affectionate  
or indulgent parent. During the tender  
years of childhood, the wants of his children  
were promptly, and with a loving heart, fully  
supplied, and in after years, no want of his  
children ever appeared in vain to the sym-  
pathy of their father. Years passed on—the  
children grew up, and all save one, the young-  
est son, married. The eldest son settled at  
home with the parents, became dissipated,  
and left. Next came the oldest daughter,  
with her husband, and "settled at home."—  
After sucking the life-blood long enough for  
his own credit, the son-in-law left. In the de-  
cline of life, but still in affluence, the old gen-  
tleman leaned upon the second son for direct-  
ing his affairs. Col. Ross, the son now men-  
tioned, was the agent of a large manufactur-  
ing company in an adjoining town, and for  
many years bore the reputation of being an  
honest man. The confidence of the old gen-  
tleman in this son was almost boundless, and  
after trying to live happily by trusting his other  
children, he at length merged all his inter-  
ests in the hands of Col. Ross. Meanwhile,  
the earthly companion of Capt. Ross, and the  
solace of his old age, was taken away by  
death; his wife died suddenly, of a violent  
fever, and left the husband lamenting her loss,  
but hoping for the comforts of his son's fire-  
side and protection, to cheer the lonely hours  
of old age. Capt. Ross still lived for years  
upon his extensive farm, and raised cattle and  
marketable produce in abundance, nearly all  
of which was sent to Col. Ross, and, as the  
Capt. supposed, credited to him. More than  
this, Mr. Ross had given his son, the Col., a  
deed of his farm, upon certain conditions.—  
The Company for which Col. Ross was agent,  
were suddenly notified, that Col. Ross was  
among the missing. Of course, great excite-  
ment prevailed, and report said strange things  
of Col. Ross. Whether he did or did not  
embezzle the money of the Company to the  
amount of several thousand dollars, is not for  
me to say; but he proved himself a villain.—  
His creditors laid hands upon the farm of his  
father, and under the hammer of the auction-  
eer, it went to pay the debts of this rebel son;  
whilst upon the books of the Company, in  
whose service the produce of the old gentle-

man's farm had been "worked up," not a cent  
could be found credited to him! News of  
the son's flight and the state of his pecuniary  
affairs, were soon brought to the old man, and  
never shall I forget his agonized expressions.  
"O, God, have mercy upon my grey hairs!—  
my children have been my ruin! Strangers  
have never wronged me—but my own child-  
ren! I cannot trust one of them!" As he  
paced his room, wringing his hands, whilst  
the tears ran down his furrowed cheeks,  
I thought of the bitter regret of that parent  
whose "children have been ruin" to him, in-  
stead of comfort.

Time passed on, and Mr. Ross saw himself  
"a pauper" in his old age. His mind still  
strong, his affections still unblighted, this  
weeping man of eighty years turned his eyes  
very naturally towards his daughters for com-  
fort; and, shall I say it?—looked in  
vain! Strange as it may seem, no sympathy  
seemed to move them, even when the whiten-  
ed locks of parental tenderness itself pleaded  
for it! Grandchildren, too, looked with cold  
indifference upon the destitution of one who  
had often supplied their wants with liberal  
hand, in the days and years of their poverty  
and wretchedness.

At length, aid was sought from the town,  
and, I am happy to say it, that the selectmen,  
whose duty it was to supply his wants, lis-  
tened very courteously, and tenderly consulted  
the happiness of their aged townsman, touch-  
ing his future abode. A home in a pleasant  
family was provided in his "old neighbor-  
hood," where the few remaining sands of life  
rapidly ran out, and in the hope of a better  
and more ennobling portion hereafter, he died.  
His children could pass him unnoticed, but  
God comforted him with the consolations of  
His grace—a richer treasure than earth alone  
can yield. His grandchildren could ungrate-  
fully forget the food and clothing that their  
grandfather so cheerfully bestowed, when a  
brutal father, whose cash was expended for  
rum, refused to aid them! Many a time has  
the old sea-captain "weathered the gale" with  
a horse-load of eatables, on his way to the  
poverty-stricken abode of a daughter and her  
worse than fatherless children; but when asked  
to take charge of an own father, a most  
kind, father, too, and be liberally paid for it  
from the public coffers, an affectionate daugh-  
ter, could, and *did*, roughly refuse! Such in-  
gratitude we may forget, but God never will.  
Let me suffer bodily pain, poverty or persecu-  
tion, if need be, but never may I bear the ag-  
ony of a "wounded spirit," in view of my  
shameful neglect of a tender parent.

Blooming Dale. NEREUS.

## POETRY.

### In Memory of my beloved Child.

Ah, so it is—the spirit's fled,  
The waves of death are o'er;  
Numbered thus early with the dead,  
She lives, to die no more.

Earth's chilling blasts have nipt the flower  
I cherished with care;  
But now, transplanted to heaven's bower,  
She blooms forever there.

Released from pain, from sorrow free,  
Although her smiles I lack,  
Dear as this loved one was to me,  
I would not call her back.

When God afflicts he says to thee,  
"Lean not on ought below;  
Earth's fairest flowers belong to me—  
Resign what I bestow." O. M.  
Windham, N. H.

## POETRY.

### Be Cheerful.

Be cheerful, friend, whate'er may come;  
At work, at play, abroad, at home,  
Be cheerful, ay, where'er thou art,  
Despair is for the coward's heart.

He hath not learned life's lesson half,  
Who thinks that goodness should not laugh;  
Who thinks the greatest share of grace;  
Must lie beneath the sourest face;  
As soon expect sweet plants to grow  
Beneath December's dismal snow;  
No cloud can spring from virtue bright,  
For darkness is not born of light.

The man whose heart is warm and kind,  
By nature to the right inclined,  
Strives not to check by grim control  
The gushing fountain of his soul.  
He thinks no wrong, intends no sin,  
His smiles are from the light within;  
But he whose goodness all depends  
Upon the length his face extends,  
However saint-like be his oily strain,  
Oh, stamp him with the cursed mark of Cain!  
G. H. C.

## YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

## The Organ.

Then swelled the organ: up through choir and  
The music trembled with an inward thrill  
Of bliss at its own grandeur: wave on wave  
Its flood of mellow thunder rose, until  
The hushed air shivered with the throbs it gave,  
Then, poised for a moment, it stood still,  
And sank and rose again, to burst in spray  
That wandered into silence far away.

Like a mighty heart the music seemed,  
That yearns with melodies in cannot speak,  
Until, in grand despair of what it dreamed,  
In the agony of effort it doth break,  
Yet triumphs breaking; on it rushed and streamed  
And waned in its might, as when a lake,  
Long pent among the mountains, bursts its walls,  
And in one crowding gush leaps forth and falls.

## Spring.

It is early spring time. The winter has  
passed with reluctant step, and even now  
the traces of it are discernable on every side.  
At noon of these bright days the sun looks  
down upon the soil it seeks to bless with its  
warm, cheering rays. The tiny grass  
blades peep out, and stretch forth their  
graceful forms as if to thank the unknown  
source from which their enjoyments spring.  
"Unknown," I said. Is it "fancy" that  
makes my soul withdraw that word, and  
suggest that it may be that even that blade  
of grass recognizes the hand that ministers  
to its wants. I think not. I think that what  
we term "fancy" and "imagination" are the  
most real and enduring portions of our ex-  
istence.

Look you how that little pile of snow  
hides itself in yonder shady nook—right  
there where the sun's rays never come;  
right there, as if ashamed, like a man out  
of place,—pity that it lingers. Here and there,  
at the side of the brook, a little ice is wait-  
ing to be dissolved, that it may bound away  
bright and sparkling, over the glistening  
pebbles. The farmer opens his barn doors,  
that the warm, fresh breeze may ramble  
amid its rafters. The cattle snuff the re-  
freshing winds, that bear tidings of green  
fields. The house-wife opens door and  
window, and begins to live more without  
than within.

Let us to the woods. How the old leaves  
rustle beneath our tread. Winter hides his  
cold, wet hand underneath these leaves, and  
occasionally we feel his chilling touch as we  
pass along. But from above, the pleasant  
sunshine comes trickling down between the  
branches, and the warm south wind blows  
charmingly among the trees.

"Didst thou not hear young swallow sing,  
Chirp! chirp! In every note he seemeth to say,  
'Tis Spring! 'Tis Spring!"

Yes, 'tis spring; bright, glorious season,  
when nature awakes to new life, and fresh  
concerts begin. Up with the window, throw  
open the closed shutters, let the fresh air in,  
and let the housed captive breathe the in-  
vigorating elixir of life,—better by far than  
all your pills, and cordials, and more  
strengthening than all the poor-man's plasters  
that have been or ever will be invented.

Look at the little boys and girls; how  
their bright eyes flash with the joyous soul  
within them, as they ramble among the wild  
woods, and behold the trees put forth their  
buds, and hear the warbling of the birds  
once again, where a few weeks since winter  
brooded in silence. These youthful ones are  
seen here and there in little companies,  
plucking the flowers and forcing the buds  
from their stems, as though to punish them  
for their tardiness. The very beasts of bur-  
den and of the field partake of the general  
joy.

Welcome, spring!—a hearty welcome to  
thee! Thou bringest with thee sweet-smell-  
ing flowers, and the birds of the woo-  
forth thy welcome.

## REPLY TO "I AM ALL ALONE."

WEEP not, mourn not, gentle maiden,  
Thou hast a friend who ne'er will roam;  
Is thy heart with sorrow laden?  
Go thou to Him! He bids you "come!"  
Hope's light-winged angels disappear;  
Fond loving ones have left thy home;  
Life's pathway now seems dark and drear,  
Yet, Nellie, thou art not alone.

For there is One who cares for thee,  
Who'll prove a true, unchanging friend,  
And thee safe o'er life's rough sea,  
To yon light world, where spirits blend

In praises sweet around His throne,  
Where household ties are never riv'n,  
Where none shall say "I'm all alone!"  
Happy with the loved in Heaven. JENNIE.

## Original.

### Evening Reflections.

SEATED in my cozy little chamber, away from  
all noise and cares of the day, I would sit  
down to commune once more with my thoughts,  
which flow so rapidly and confusedly across my  
mind.

Many thoughts, pleasant and sad, seem rushing  
before me now, more than I could now present.  
Here I am, seated before the little old-fashioned  
bureau, with a dim, flickering lamp, paper before  
me, and pen in hand, to write.

To-night I am thinking of absent and dear  
friends, some of which are many miles away.  
Would that friend Annie were with me to-night!  
I imagine, dear reader, I should not be seated  
here, writing thus. O, no! probably we should  
be chatting together on some light topic of the  
day, or maybe looking forward to the future,  
planning some future proceedings.

Annie and I have as yet never met, yet we have  
long been friends, and many a kind missive has  
been interchanged. Years have rolled on since I  
first heard of this dear Annie. We were but as  
children then; she, the inhabitant of the "Old  
Granite State," while I, poor, humble Hattie, was  
in our much-loved Massachusetts. It is useless  
for me to acquaint my readers how Annie and  
myself became friends; suffice it to say, there  
was that congeniality of sentiment which inspired  
in us that trust of friendship. O, the letters I  
received from her, wishing me to visit her much-  
loved home! And how urgently did I wish her to  
behold my simple country residence. Yet fates  
seemed ordered our visits should not be inter-  
changed. At last, one day, news came to me  
that the southern clime claimed her for a period.  
Yes, Annie went to the South, then, to "teach  
the young idea how to shoot." I wonder if we  
shall ever meet! Methinks we shall some time;  
but as my thoughts press upward, there are other  
dear friends who claim at least a part of my at-  
tention to-night. Yes, many dear ones are ab-  
sent; perchance we may never meet again! Yet  
there is something within me which is ever bid-  
ding me "Hope on, hope ever, all will be well."

Where are the friends of my earlier days? Oft  
does my mind revert to those sunny hours of  
childhood, when, with my little pail of dinner in  
hand, I walked beside my playmates, Martha and  
Lizzie, to our little country school-house. Where  
are those happy, laughing little ones I used to  
frolic with, under the shade of that old elm? Ah,  
where are they! Some, perhaps, have left the  
homes of their childhood for distant shores, others  
are married, and they, too, are absent, and many  
of that youthful band sleep the last peaceful sleep  
of death. The little white school-house is not  
there, O no! "times aint now as they used to  
be," and the inhabitants of our own town even,  
(who ever thought our town could boast such a  
fashionable and popular set!) aspire higher than  
a simple white house, with green blinds, for a  
place of learning. That dear little white house  
has been removed, and converted to other pur-  
poses, perhaps, while a more modern one stands  
but a short distance from the grounds where my  
school-house once stood. And those teachers, are  
they gone too? Echo answers "yes, all gone."  
Well do I remember that favorite teacher of mine,  
Miss S—, but she, too, has gone; married, and  
away from all old associations, and perhaps even  
her most favored pupils are now blotted from her  
memory, mid her other and more important duties  
of life.

All the friends that once were with us seem to  
have left us, and we are in one sense alone!  
Alone! Oh no! we have a Father still. Yes, an  
heavenly parent, who is ever with us, caring ever  
for our welfare. Let us, then, when all seems  
dark before us—when our youthful friends pass  
one by one away from us—when troubles arise  
before our view, and all is absence—let us, then,  
turn to our Father above, for He loveth us, and is  
never absent from us; and through perfect faith  
and trust in Him, we may be enabled, ere long, to  
see through our tears "that every cloud hath a  
silver lining." But 'tis late, and the hour for re-  
pose. Sadly do I lay by my pen, for I love to  
think and write of those dear absent ones on

earth; but life's changes teach us that all things  
must have an end. And lest my reader's patience  
may be too heavily taxed, I will cast my writing  
implements aside, and turn only in secret thought  
to such as I would wish to dwell upon.

HATTIE.

## Original.

### One Year Ago.

ONE year ago, how near death seemed to me,  
The wavering lamps of life burned faint and low;  
I calmly waited for the hour, when, spirit-free,  
I to a home of rest might gladly go.  
It passed—the love of friends now back,  
My soul to life, my heart again beat high,  
And though I tread again life's busy track,  
Yet death, as then, to me seems ever nigh.

I do not grieve to realize how fleeting  
Are all the joys of life, the hopes of earth;  
It is less hard to part, with hopes of meeting  
With those we leave around the homestead hearth;  
And, oh! how blest those hours of pain to me,  
To prove the friendship and the worth of friends;  
To meditate on Heaven, and that eternity  
In which the deeds of this vain world must end.

The time will not be long, not long to me,  
And yet I do not grieve to feel it so;  
For how much happier will my spirit be,  
When I may watch o'er those I love below.  
'Tis sweet to feel that angels hover near,  
And it is well to know that death is nigh;  
For the little ills of life why should I shed a tear,  
When I know that I am fated in early life to die.

And I still think of death? he's in the air;  
I hear his whispering in the breeze's sigh,  
And in the bosom of the flowers most fair  
He sleeps; 'tis thus that he is ever nigh.  
I'll converse with this terror day by day,  
And hold communion with the angel near;  
Nor will I ask him for a longer stay,  
When they shall bid me leave my earth-form here.

Methought, when sorrow's iron hand  
Pressed heavily on my weary throbbing heart,  
That hope's bright castles built upon the sand  
Had perished beyond the powers of art.  
'Tis false, for other joys and hopes and friends  
Will rise to fill the place of those untrue,  
And o'er my darkened spirit sweetly blend  
The softened radiance of the rain-bow's hue.

O, sorrow! e'en thy chastening power is sweet;  
'Tis thou who leadest the weary soul to God;  
Gently subduing the bitterness of grief,  
Strengthening the hearts that bow beneath the rod.  
O, thou eternal one! my father and my friend,  
I thank thee for thy watchful love and care;  
Blessings be sent until this life shall end,  
Still be it thine to wipe away each tear.

ANNIE LINNEMER.

..... FASHIONABLE MOURNING.—Profound  
grief for the loss of parents, husband, child, broth-  
er, or other dear relative is now, as formerly, ex-  
pressed by the hue of darkness which seems an  
apt emblem of the gloom which encompasses the  
wearer's heart; but custom has by little and little  
so embellished the sombre funeral symbol of sor-  
row, that in naught save color is the mourning  
dress now worn to be distinguished from the gay-  
est holiday attire. Costly fringes, rich laces, shin-  
ing bugles, and elaborate flounces, all vie with  
each other in decorating bonnet, mantle, sleeves,  
basque and skirt of the wearer, as though the pre-  
scribed color was tolerated only for fashion's sake  
and the irksome restraint, compelling a show of  
grief, was made as endurable as possible by rob-  
bing it completely of the stern simplicity which  
was the original intention of the sad-colored dress  
expressive of grief for departed friends.

The mourning of the present day has, in fact,  
become quite a gala-dress, leaving old-fashioned  
primitive people to infer that the hearts of the  
fashionable mourners are so frittered away by the  
frivolous petty nothings which make up the sum  
of existence in fashionable life, that genuine mourn-  
ing is an utter stranger to them. The mania for  
fashionable mourning seems, strangely enough,  
to be almost of purely indigenous growth to this  
great and "fast" American metropolis. In Bos-  
ton, Philadelphia, and in fact in all the lesser cities  
and provincial towns of this country, as well as  
in the leading cities and towns of other countries,  
the close mourning dress is marked by a simplici-  
ty and neatness, which, if mourning be worn at  
all, would seem especially appropriate and becom-  
ing, and its legitimate prerogative.

## For the Boston Cultivator.

### Antoinette.

Go, seek me a bud of loveliness rare,  
True emblem of all that is fading and fair,  
And fondly I'll place it upon the lone breast,  
Where the form of the loved was wont to be pressed.

A flower I had given, both lovely and fair,  
I cultured its growth with unceasing care;  
But the spoiler, he came and tore it away,  
And left me to mourn o'er its early decay.

Through long, weary weeks, with unceasing care,  
I watched o'er the couch of the loved and the fair,  
Until I was summoned, with sorrow and pain,  
To yield up the prize to her Maker again.

She was torn from my bosom and borne to the tomb;  
I fain would have asked them, why claim ye that  
bloom?

'Twas then my sad heart it answered me why?  
'Twas the will of thy Maker thy offspring should die.

Oh! never, till then, had my heart known her worth;  
My joy and my all were consigned to the earth—  
I returned to my home, with grief and despair;  
The cradle was vacant;—oh! she was not there.

They may think that I smile, and heed not the past;  
But oh! there are clouds like the winter's cold blast  
That sweep through my heart,—there the grief is  
confined.

Oh! think not I'm happy, because I'm resigned.  
The hand of my Father hath chastened me now;  
Resigned and submissive, I'm willing to bow;  
But my heart's cherished idol I ne'er will forget;  
The joy of my life, my sweet Antoinette.

REBECCA.

## A PLEASANT STORY.

"Well, I think it's likely; but don't  
tease me any more. Your brother has mar-  
ried a poor girl, one whom I forbade him  
to marry, and I won't forgive him if they  
starve together."

This speech was addressed to a lovely  
girl scarcely eighteen, beautiful as the  
lily that hides itself beneath the dark wa-  
ters. She was parting the silvery locks  
on her father's high, handsome forehead,  
of which her own was a miniature, and  
pleading the cause of her delinquent  
brother, who had married in opposition to  
her father's will, and consequently been  
disinherited. Mr. Wheatly was a rich  
old gentleman, a resident of Boston. He  
was a fat, good natured old fellow, some-  
what given to mirth and wine, and sat in  
his arm-chair from morning until night,  
smoking his pipe and reading the news-  
papers. Sometimes a story of his own  
exploits in our revolutionary battles filled  
up a passing hour. He had two children,  
the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl  
before spoken of. The fond girl went on  
pleading:

"Dear father, do forgive him; you don't  
know what a beautiful girl he has married,  
and—"

Ellen left him. The old man's heart  
began to relent.

"Well," he went on, "Charles was al-  
ways a good boy, a little wild or so at  
College, but I indulged him; and he was  
always good to his old father, for all, but  
he disobeyed me by marrying this poor  
girl; yet as my old friend and fellow-sol-  
dier, Tom Bonner used to say, we must  
forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all  
the old shoes I have got, to know what  
ever become of him. If I could but find  
him or one of his children! Heaven  
grant they are not suffering! This play-  
ground smoky room, how my eyes waver! If  
I did but know who this girl was that my  
Charles has married; but I have never  
heard her name. I'll find out and—"

"I think it's likely," said the old man.

Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy,  
about two years old. His curly hair and  
rosy cheeks could not but make one love  
him.

"Who is that?" said the old man, wip-  
ing his eyes,

"That—that is Charles' boy," said  
Ellen, throwing one of her arms around  
her father's neck, while with the other  
she placed the child on his knee. The  
child looked tenderly up in his face and  
ispied out:

"I think it's likely," said the old man,  
"but don't tease me, and open the door a  
little, this playroom smokes so."

"Well," continued Ellen, "Won't you  
just see her now—she is so good, and the  
little boy, he looks so innocent."  
"What did you say?" interrupted the  
father; "a boy! have I a grandchild?—  
Why Ellen, I never knew that before!  
but I think it's likely. Well, now give  
me my chocolate, and then go to your  
music lesson."

"Grandpa, what makes you cry so?"  
The old man clasped the child to his  
bosom, kissed him again and again. Af-  
ter this emotion had a little subsided, he  
bade the child tell his name.

"Thomas Bonner Wheatly," said the  
boy, "I am named after grandpa."

"What do I hear?" said the old man,  
"Thomas Bonner your grandfather!"

"Yes," lisped the boy, "and he lives  
with ma, at—"

"Get me my cane," said the old man,  
"and come Ellen; be quick child."

They started off at a quick pace, which  
soon brought them to the poor, though  
neat lodgings of his son.—There he be-  
held his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seat-  
ed in one corner, weaving baskets, while  
his swathed limbs showed how unable he  
was to perform his necessary task. His  
lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, was  
preparing their frugal meal, and Charles  
was out seeking employment to support  
his needy family.

"It's all my fault," sobbed the old man  
as he embraced his friend, who was petri-  
fied with amazement.

"Come," said Mr. Wheatly, "come all  
of you home with me, we will live to-  
gether, there is plenty of room in my  
house for us all."

"Oh, how happy we shall be!" she ex-  
claimed, "Ellen and her father will love  
our little Thomas so, and he'll be your  
pet, won't he father?"

"Ay," said the old man, "I think it's  
very likely."



## THE BLUES.

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,  
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

DRAWDE says: "Tis only the most lively, funny, and vivacious dispositions which are susceptible to the influence of blue devils, and the more naturally facetious the individual, the more keenly will he feel the horrors of mental depression at times." According to that idea, we must be the oddest, liveliest, queerest, most facetious and comical genius now a pensioner on this nether earth; for, for the last week our spirits have been sunk into the lowest depths of what is so sweetly termed "the blues." We have been converted into a very indigo mill, grinding out nothing but the most lugubrious sighs and groans, and filling the minds of our afflicted and sorrowing friends with pity and dismay. We have hardly dared to shave, lest we might convert our vandal hands into unholly laborers. But in looking back upon that season, we smile grimly, we confess, to think of the perils we have escaped. Yet we are brought to contemplate the nature and origin of the complaint, and its general effect on man, physically and mentally—its uses and evils. Prussian blue is supposed to be a compound of iron and cyanogen, which latter is a gas having an odor resembling peach leaves. Now our blues must have been Prussian blues, for they were caused by peach brandy, which has also the odor of peach leaves; and as there is supposed to be a greater or less degree of iron in the human system, we may imagine the "gas," having the odor of crushed peach leaves or cyanogen uniting with it, and forming blue, and as men generally partake of the complexion of his "inner nature," he must of necessity become blue. Thus were we so, and thus by a chemical process we arrive at its solution and explanation.

All blues, however, do not revert to peach brandy as their origin, and therefore we are led to inquire, scientifically, whence they arise, and how they may be destroyed. Blues, though a pleasant color to the physical or outward eye, is death, or at least torture to the mental or inner eye, and therefore when it attains a place within the system, it must be forced outwardly, and inwardly dispensed with. In blues caused by peach brandy, allopathic treatment is essential and even in other kinds we may imagine homeopathy as at once distasteful and rather aggravating than otherwise.

Blues emanate from various causes, and are thus to be avoided by various remedies, differently applied. They may be caused by the demise of a dear friend, when the mind will naturally, and almost unavoidably, revert to his or her peculiar excellencies, to their necessary possession as incentives and retentives to all of our happiness. While dwelling on our loss, rebellious and refractory feelings will arise, our sorrow feed itself on our own wretched meditation, depressive thoughts will arise, and the mind reveal in its own sadness, causing discontent and "the blues." This may be avoided by remembering that our loss is far exceeded by the posthumous bliss attained by the rejection and abandonment of the "mortal coil" in which they had here been confined, and by looking forward in hope toward the delightful reunion beyond the grave.

This may be caused by business or pecuniary complexities; but such a state of feelings and being can only render the involution the more intricate and perplexing. Work them out, and thus in labor lose your sorrow, and render yourself more open to subsequent happiness and joy. Here are only two causes; but they are sufficient. Let all troubles and trials be looked in the face, and where the imbibition of New Year's day is the fault, look an emetic in the face—or, rather, let it enter your face, and the blues are and must be dispelled.

Give us joy, give us happiness, or give us an entire oblivion in the grave! Man must be happy, or he loses his charm. "Strive for happiness, and you shall get it. Chain it about your neck, keep it ever near your heart, and you shall ever be blessed!" Thus says Drawde, and in re-echoing his sentiments, we close. *Vale!*

..... FASTING.—Fasting has been frequently recommended and practised as a means of removing insipid diseases, and of resetting the body to its customary healthful sensations. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, used to fast one day in the week. Franklin, for a period, did the same. Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repast, and took exercise on horseback. The list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased—but why adduce authority in favor of the practice which the instinct of the brute creation leads them to adopt whenever they are sick? Happily for them, they have no meddling prompters in the shape of well-meaning friends, to force a stomach already enfeebled and loathing its customary food, to digest this or that delicacy—soup, jelly, custard, chocolate, and the like. It would be a singular fashion, and yet fully as rational as the one just mentioned, if on eyes weakened by long exercise in a common light, we were to direct a stream of blue, or violet, or red, or even green light, through a prism, in place of keeping them carefully shaded and at rest.

MAJOR GENERAL FOR THE THIRD MILITARY DIVISION OF MAINE.—Hon. S. S. HEAGAN of the Senate, has been elected Major General of the third military division of Maine. As an evidence of his high standing and the appreciation of Gen. Heagan, we notice he received every vote but one in the Senate. The selection was fit to be made in every respect. General H. is a sound and consistent democrat, and the late election in Prospect showed that he acts in harmony with the great bulk of the democracy of his town.

## BOARDING-HOUSE CHARMS.

"Be it ever so humble,  
There's no place like home."

IF Paine could sing these inspired lines as he roamed 'mid pleasures and palaces," with what a deep weight must they fall into the hearts of we wretched bachelors, who are obliged to suffer the many inconveniences and nuisances of a modern boarding-house.

When we wake up in the morning with a bug in our ear, and discover another playing gentleman with our hat, two or three taking a morning bath in the water prepared for our toilet, and half a dozen trying to drag our panis and boots up the chimney flue, how heartily do we exclaim, as our mind wanders off to the little room where no such intrusive vermin dared enter, "There's no place like home."

When we sit down to the table, spread with numerous promoters of indigestion; lamb tough as a slice from the old Methuselah of the flock; beef about as tender as that of the stump-tailed steer which they hunt in the edge-patches of Virginia; "chicken," which was killed and sent to market because too old to lay eggs, the mind will flit back to the neat, plain fare of the family table, and we sigh, "There's no place like home."

Let the biscuits be ever so light and look "whiter than the driven snow," we can't help thinking of that great strapping Leviathan, with greasy apron and greasier face and hands, whom we saw in the kitchen fisting the dough upon a table, at one end of which was a biped pounding beef, and at the other end the toilet-stand of the "help;" and we have to say, as Burns says of the proud man's wine, it "so offends our palate that it chokes us in the gullet," and, drawing a breath as long as the moral law, we affirm, "There's no place like home."

When we look around among the boarders for society, and discover Mr. Saphead, puffed up with what he thinks a profundity of erudition; Mr. Sealey, who is in great trouble because he is not able to make everybody in the house as *scaly* as himself; Mr. Meddlesome, who is always ready to give you some advice; Mr. Longyarn, who proceeds to give you a history of the character and standing of each person in the house, from purely disinterested motives, before you have been there a day; Miss Blabb and Miss Glibb, who exercise their ingenuity by inventing materials to keep their well-oiled tongues in running order; Mrs. Tattle, with her sharp tongue whittling up reputations; our hearts will turn to the circle of loved ones far away, and we think, "not loud, but deep," "There's no place like home."

"Good enough for you," exclaims a merry voice at my elbow; "wouldn't you like to have me tell you a remedy for these vexations?" "Well, what would you prescribe?" "Marriage. Commit matrimony and make a home of your own!" "Humph! What do you know about war, you little meddler?"

..... EGGS PRESERVED IN CORN MEAL.—Eggs, which are now so abundant, can, it is said, be better preserved in corn meal than in any other preparation yet known. Lay them with the small end down, and if undisturbed, they will be as good at the end of a year as when packed.

## Singular Case of Elopement.

We gather from a statement published in the Albany Evening Standard of the 28th ult., that two children, respectively aged fourteen and fifteen years, eloped from that city on the 26th of February—and all for love! The facts are as follows: The parties were attendants at a select school in a fashionable part of the city, under a female teacher. Their attachment to each other was noticed by the rest of the scholars, and particularly remarked by the school mistress, who had time and again spoken to the girl in relation to her folly, being too young for such conduct, &c. And also had more than once threatened to turn the boy out of school unless he put a stop to his proceedings. Yet all these remonstrances were of no avail. The young pair had evidently formed an attachment for each other that was not so easily broken. Everything had been neglected for each other's society. The girl's parents became acquainted with the facts, and informed her if she did not quit her rooming quarters they would be compelled to send her away. She informed her young lover of this same. Arrangements were effected and both started off on the Central Railroad cars on Saturday. They went to Utica, where the boy had an uncle living, and stopped there, the boy representing the girl as his mother's sister's daughter. They were entertained. But before daylight Sunday morning the household were disturbed from their slumbers by the ringing of the door bell. The boy had stolen \$50 from his father and cleared out. On discovering his loss the father started in pursuit, and found him at Utica, as above described. But imagine his surprise when he found the daughter of his next door neighbor in company with his boy. He labored under the impression that the boy had been playing a game on his own account, but it turned out to be a real elopement between the two. However, both were taken back to Albany that morning and lodged in their respective homes. It is evident that each of these youths has been grossly given to romance reading, as this transaction fully illustrates. On searching the boy for the money, the father found a paper containing arsenic, showing conclusively that in case they were detected they premeditated suicide. The girl has since been locked up in a room, and the boy has received a good cowhiding.

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.  
The Family Burying Ground.

How solemn and sacred the place! A few years ago, we followed the affectionate daughter and beloved sister, who had for many years cheered the numerous family at the old farm-house. But she is gone! Her grave, beside the hill, beneath a spreading pine, as if to guard her mouldering ashes, often reminds us of by-gone days—how pleasant and smiling her looks, how sweet her voice in song, and when her words of advice did not pass unheeded. In our childhood we were often together, and I was by her bed-side when she cast that long and deathly look towards us as the spirit took its final departure. But ah! she is not the only one that lies sleeping there, for in one year after, a beloved brother fell a victim to the destroyer! How short the time since he had followed his sister to her long home, ere this young man, in the vigor of youth, the bright hope of his parents, the confiding brother, the skillful musician—also departed. How often has he cheered us when life's cares hung heavy upon our hearts; but quickly did he depart; and as the hour drew near, he exclaimed, "It will soon be over. I bid you all farewell, for they are waiting in me in yonder bright world." Thus did he continue to console his weeping parents and friends, 'till the moment when he ceased to breathe.

In a few years more, and that spot will receive most of that large family. As they have long lived together at the old farm-house, so they will all sleep together beneath that ever-green, which may be seen from the door of that house where they spent so many pleasant hours together. Others will occupy their dwelling, and till their fields, and may be able to point you to the old family burying-ground; but of their lives, they will know little or nothing; a new generation will have come, and the old be forgotten—and such is frail man. While we behold this picture, our heart would sick within us, but for that bright hope beyond the grave, where that loved family will, we trust, meet again unbroken.

Middleton. S.

Home.—The pain that is felt when we are transplanted from our native tree, is one of the most poignant that we have to endure through life. There are after griefs, which wound more deeply, which leave behind them scars never to be effaced; which bruise the spirit and sometimes break the heart; but we never feel so keenly the want of love, the necessity of being loved, and the sense of utter desolation, as when we first leave the haven of home, and push off upon the stream of life.

## FEMALE LIVELINESS.

Few things are more liable to be abused in society—especially by young ladies—than the gift of liveliness. No doubt it gains present admiration while they continue young and pretty, but it leads to no career—produces no affection, if it is carried beyond the bounds of graceful good humor. She, for instance, who is distinguished for the odd freedom of her remarks—whose laugh is loudest—whose "merriment" is most piquant—who gathers a troupe of laughers around her—of whom shy and quiet people are afraid—this is a sort of person who may be invited out—who may be thought no inconsiderable acquisition at parties of which the general opinion is dullness—but this is not the sort of person likely to become the honored mistress of a respectable home.—*Table Talk.*

## BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

Poverty came to me, and she said, "I must dwell with thee." And while I held the door of my room half open she was hideous and ragged and her voice was hoarse. But when I said to her, "Thou art my sister," her face looked divinely thoughtful, and there was that in her voice which went to my heart; and she was ragged no longer nor yet gay, but like the angels whom God so clothes. And through looking into her eyes, my sight was cleared. And so I first saw the majesty of duty, and that beauty in virtue which is the reflection of the countenance of God. For, before this, my eye, could see only what coarse worth there is in medals, and stars, and crowns, and in such character as gets itself talked of and appraised in purple and fine linen.—*Euthymia.*

## A GOOD THOUGHT.

The whole secret in choosing well in matrimony may be taught in three words, explore the character. A violent love fit is always the result of ignorance—for there is not a daughter of Eve that has merit enough to justify a romantic love, though thousands inspire that gentle esteem which is infinitely better. A woman worshipper and a woman hater both derive their mistakes from an ignorance of the female world; for if the characters of women were generally understood, they would be found too good to be hated, and yet not good enough to be idolized.

denas Board  
H R H R Board

For the Waverley Magazine.

## GRACE.

BY "JENNIE."

THEY called her Grace. I scarce know how they could call her otherwise. The very creature was so suggestive of the word, with her slight sylph-figure, floating fairy-like about, and swaying and swelling at the touch of each breath from the turbulent moral world, as it swept over the delicate structure; and her sweet spiritual face, with its wealth of raven tresses, forming such a magnificent contrast with the lily whiteness of her complexion, and toying so caressingly with the soft rose tint upon her cheek: and her large hazel eyes that opened upon you, when addressed, with such bewitching wondrousness, as if the owner had just come up at your summons, from her dwelling-place amid the flowery regions of dream-land.

I do not wonder that they doated upon her so—those aged grandparents—for she was all that was left them of a numerous flock, the dying bequest of their last and youngest born. They seemed to look upon her as an angel embodied in human form, which had been given them to shed sunshine upon their declining years. And, indeed, if caught of the angel is ever permitted to mingle in the composition of poor erring humanity, I think it must have been so.

I never knew a nature of such exquisite sweetness, so quick to feel, so free from the taint of selfishness, so gentle, so kind, so yielding, yet so divided, where duty, principle or self-respect demanded it, and yet so mild and gentle in her firmness, persuading even while she resisted.

Generally when I see these soft, sweet creatures, I look for a still, turbid pool of stubbornness and deepness, as repulsive and immovable as it is deep and hidden; but Grace had none of this. No undercurrent of sullenness ever sent up its bubbles to rattle the placid serenity of her nature.

Hers was perfectly transparent, yet with a vein of rich poetical feeling running through it, that placed her as far above the orbit of the common herd, as the angels nature may be supposed to be above the highest order of human intellect.

She was never light, gay or trifling as others are, yet her appearance always brought light and goodness; there seemed to be a kind of holy spell in her presence, a halo seemed to hang around her that distilled blessedness to all. All loved her, and I believe that the majority looked up to her with a kind of wonder-worship, as something immeasurably good, yet equally incomprehensible.

I have often wondered what our darling Grace would do if the chill winds of adversity should ever sweep over her pathway, she was so sensitive, so fragile, and had been reared in such a genial atmosphere. I wondered if there was strength enough in that exquisitely wrought nature to sustain the storm-spirit, if the cold calumny or malice should assail it, or dark duplicity throw its withering blight around it, for I knew that an atmosphere of love was necessary to its very existence. And hitherto no shadow or blight had ever crossed her pathway. She had never known a mother's love, but the deating grandmother had more than supplied a mother's place; and we all loved her, and claimed her for our own, our darling Grace.

But the trial hour came at last. She was just seventeen—a vision of graceful loveliness. And report said that Herbert Clinton, a distant relative from the city, had won our Grace for his bride. I knew nothing of him, save that he was tall and finely formed, with a dignified bearing, a handsome, manly face, and a courteous, pleasing address, seeming a fit object for our gentle, loving one to cling to. And, oh, how radiantly beautiful the passion made her; giving vivacity to the large beaming eyes, a deeper glow to the rich tint upon her cheek, and a lightness to every motion.

I well remember the last time I ever saw them together. It was a lovely summer eve; I had wandered out to my favorite retreat, by a beautiful stream that meandered through the green daisy-clad meadow, with tall, shadowy buttonwood trees, overhung with vines, clustered along its banks.

It was sunset, and the farewell rays of the luminous god was mirrored in the stream, and tipping the trees and mountain's brow with golden glory. I was dreamily absorbed in contemplating the beauty of the scene—for I am a great dreamer; they say that when asked a question, I never awake to answer it until a day afterwards—when I was startled by a soft, silvery laugh, and looking up I saw Grace and Herbert Clinton at a little distance, though quite unconscious of my presence.—They had strolled carelessly, with uncovered heads, to enjoy the evening air, and the glorious sunset.

I never beheld a fairer tableau; they were the crowning point in the picturesque scene before me. He was standing with his stately form drawn to

its full height, with one arm thrown lightly around her, and holding in the other a bunch of grapes, just above the reach of Grace who was struggling to seize it with one hand, while with the other she clung to him with such confiding fondness, reminding me of the fragile ivy twining around the sturdy oak.

Could it be that the proud and stately oak should ever cast the frail and tender vine, that he had taught to live upon his strength, from his embrace, and crush it beneath his haughty tread, and leave it thus to wither, fade and die?

He toyed with her thus until she seemed exhausted, when relinquishing the cluster to her hand, she sank into his arms and pillowed her head upon his bosom, with her radiant face upturned to his, while he bent over her, and thrusting the shining tresses from her marble brow, imprinted a kiss upon it that sent the bright carnation tingling in crimson billows over the sculptured face.

Then I heard him say, half petulantly, for a breath of air at that moment wafted the words to my ear,

"Now you have excited yourself and will take cold in this damp evening air. How careless in me to allow you to come out thus uncovered!"

And throwing an arm around her, as if she were a petted infant, he bore her towards the cottage, and in a moment their forms were lost behind a clump of shrubbery.

The next day I left home on a visit, and it was three long months ere I returned. My first greeting was a message from the cottage to come to them.

"Our darling Grace is dying," said the message. I hurried thither and found it but too truly verified. I would have scarcely recognized the thin and wasted figure, bolstered up by pillows in an easy chair, with the pale, thin face, from which every vestige of color had departed, and the dark eyes looking larger and more spiritual from out the decay around them, with the radiant Grace of my evening's tableau.

A blight had indeed fallen upon the cottage.—The stricken grandmother walked about with tottering steps, and her head bowed almost to her breast, as though the wear of twenty years had been added to the already weighty number that had bleached the locks upon her wrinkled brow, since last I saw her.

"Who has done this?" I asked, vehemently, for I knew, intuitively, that rude, unfeeling fingers had been playing discordant notes upon that finely strung instrument. And then I learned that Herbert Clinton had left Glenwood a short time after the evening that I had seen them together, having first extorted a promise, that when he came again she would no longer withhold from him the right to call her his own. A few bright, joyous days passed, and a letter came from him full of love and affectionate concern, and bright pictures of the future. And then a long interval had followed, an interval of torture to the sensitive, loving Grace; and at length rumors came that he was shortly to wed a gay, beautiful votary of fashion.

It was fearful to witness the first agony when this harrowing intelligence came to her. But at length it passed away, and she calmly strove to cast his image from her. But the bolt had fallen—the iron had entered her soul—the sweet nature was not proof against the withering shock, and so our Grace was dying. But while the mortal faded the spirit seemed to gather purity to gather more angel-like, as it neared the entrance to the angel-world. She lingered still a few days with us after my return, gently fading.

As the autumn leaflets wither,  
As the flowers close their eyes;  
As a strain of sweetest music  
On the breath of zephyr's dies.

But before the death-sunmons came, a desire seized her to see Herbert Clinton once more before she died; and so we sent for him, scarce knowing whether he would heed the summons. But sooner almost than we had deemed it possible, he stood within the cottage with pallid brow, asking wherefore we had sent for him.

The poor grandmother could not endure to look upon her child's destroyer; but I led him in where Grace was dying, and told him to behold his work. The proud man sank upon his knees before her, and groaned in agony of spirit. And then was revealed to us a tale that well might make angels weep. He told them how false rumors had reached him of Grace, and malicious, mischief-making tongues had whispered of her insincerity and devotion to another in his absence; and at length his letters were returned unopened, and his proud heart would not seek an explanation; so he had steeled his heart against her, and sought, amid the tumult of business, and the society of the gay, to banish her love from his heart.

Some one has said there is something peculiarly touching in the tears of manhood. There was something extremely so in the great grief of Herbert Clinton, as he knelt there, his proud form heaving with convulsive sobs. When the tempest had passed he tenderly drew the faded, shrunken form to his bosom, and besought her not to die, to live—live for his sake, that he might make atonement for the cruel wrong he had done her.

She raised her face to his with a smile of angelic sweetness, and then told him that it could not be, that even then the death angel waited for her. That she had no wish to live; that life had lost its charms for her, and to die thus, on his bosom, in the full unconsciousness of his unabated affection, was the greatest blessedness she asked on earth.

And then she told him of the dark river through which she must soon pass, and of the glory of the regions beyond, and of Christ, the only sure pilot, and besought him to make interest with him, that he might meet her safely on the other shore, where her spirit should wait to greet him.

Then the long fringed lids drooped over the beaming eyes from which the old life-light had gleamed out again, and our angel Grace slept a sleep from which envy or malice would never more awaken to anguish and bitterness again.

It was a sad day when we laid our darling down to rest within the grave's dark portals. The sun shone out with a soft mellow light, and the flowers, her flowers, shed a rich perfume around us, but a pall seemed to hang over all these beauties, for she, the fairest flower of all, lay crushed and faded before us. But we knew her spirit was basking in the glory of the eternal sunshine, where immortal flowers are blooming forever.

But when the day of reckoning comes, when all the little affairs of mortals shall be re-adjusted according to the code of infinite and immutable justice, will not "Murderer" be written against the names of those who maliciously blighted a fair young life, and too soon extinguished its light on earth?

She sleeps in the little churchyard, beneath the shade of a weeping willow. A plain, white stone marks her resting place, with the simple inscription, "Our Grace." The aged grandparents have long ago gone to sleep beside her, and loving hands have planted choice flowers upon her grave. And each month Herbert Clinton comes and spends long hours beside it, and waters it with his tears.

The young, the fair, the pure, the tender-hearted wither soonest beneath the chill blast of adversity, but may we not hope they are glorified in heaven, where sin and blight never enter?

Original.

## The Dead.

RULY has Irving said—"The grave buries every error, covers every defect, and extinguishes every resentment."

We stand beside the shrouded corpse; there it lies, made after God's own image, but cold, pulseless and dead. We gaze upon those sightless eyes, those purple lips, that ashy brow, and our sad hearts rebuke us for every unkind word or thought our hatred may have brooded for that now lifeless form of clay.

What if he were our enemy? What if those stiffened hands may once have been raised in rebellion against us, and those now silent lips have hissed their bitter curse upon our heads? It is all past and gone, and the poor, erring child of sin now lies before us cold and inanimate. We press those folded hands, but feel no pressure in return; and sorrowing over our past unkindness, mayhap, we kneel beside that shrouded form and crave a pardoning word. But those ears hear not, neither do those eyes behold; and the voice that might once have echoed back a warm response, is now hushed in death for aye.

Methods if there is one thing that can subdue and ameliorate the hateful passions of man's nature sooner than another, it is to stand beside the dead and gaze upon their mournful fixedness of form and feature; to lay our hands upon their throbbing hearts, and feel that life has fled forever. In such an hour we do not pause to recount their short comings and sins, we think only of that which endears them to memory. And it matters not what may have been our past animosities, with the dead we let them die; and as the clouds of the earth fall mournfully on the coffin-lid, and dast mingles with dust, our eyes drop tears of repentance, and our sorrowing hearts go up to God and pray him to forgive us.

M. L. CADY.

..... A MAN OF BONES.—Here is a curious fact for you. The flesh of a living man once grew into bone. It seems hard to believe, but I suppose it was so; for in the Museum at Dublin, Ireland, there is, or rather was, the skeleton of one Clerd, a native of the city of Cork, whom they called the ossified man, one of the greatest curiosities of nature. It is the carcass of a man entirely ossified in his lifetime, living in this condition for several years. Those who knew him before this surprising alteration, affirm that he had been a man of great strength and agility. He felt the first symptoms of this surprising change some time after a debauch; till by slow degrees, every part grew into a bony substance, except his skin, eyes, and intestines; his joints settled in such a manner that no ligament had its proper operation; he could not lie down or rise up without assistance. He had, at last, no bend in his body, yet when he was placed upright like a statue of stone, he could not move in the least. His teeth were joined, and formed into one entire bone; therefore a hole was broken through them to convey liquid substance for his nourishment. The tongue lost its use, and his sight left him before he expired.



## AMY HARTLY;

OR,  
A ROMANCE OF LIFE.

In the heart of London is a dark, obscure street, which leads from the narrow avenues and filthy purlieus of Drury Lane. High, old, ruinous tenements give it a peculiar aspect, whilst numberless cages of singing birds, and boxes of pigeons, darken the broken windows, whose ledges are filled, too, with pots of homely, old-fashioned flowers, which droop on from season to season, in that close, city air; like the human plants within, withering yet existing.

It was on a fine summer's evening that a stout, middle-aged man, dressed in an old suit of black, worn at the elbows, and glazed with grease and dirt, was proceeding up the street in question. He held by the hand a little girl, about ten years old, whose bright hazel eyes, auburn curls, and fresh, blooming complexion contrasted pleasantly with the hard, thin faces of children of the same age who, engaged in play, nearly filled the narrow street. The man entered a long, dark passage, and ascended a flight of stairs, closely followed by the child, whom he told to hold fast a small bundle he carried. They entered a large room, which stood half open, at the top of the landing. A woman raised her head on their entrance; she was gaunt and careworn, and though still young was bent nearly double from her employment, which was weaving horse-hair chains, on a small iron pin stuck in a cushion before her.

The man sat down, and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

"Well, John," said the woman, "is it true that they are both dead?"

"Aye—they were gone three days before I went. The fever has carried away half Evertham. William died first, and Annie an hour after."

"An' ye had to take the young un?" said the woman.

"Why, yes. I thought she'd be more use than to go to the workhouse. Not but folks offered to take Amy, for though they were only new-comers in the village it was said that every one liked them."

At the mention of her name the child raised her large, dark eyes, which looked heavy and swollen with weeping, and drew close to the man.

The woman, who was about to speak, stopped, and stared at her a moment.

"Did they leave anything after them?" she said.

"Well, William was not at work when he got the fever, but the minister gave me this pound for the child."

The woman clutched it eagerly, and secured it in her bosom.

"Supper is over," said she; "but there's some cheese left, an' I'll get ye a mug of beer an' some bread now."

The bread was brought, and Amy Hartly sat down with her uncle. She liked him better than the woman, for though she had never seen him before, and he had said little to her on the road, he was her father's brother, and was like him. So the child clung to him with the mysterious instinct of kindred.

When he was done he got up, and said he thought it was time for him to be off. Amy learned after that he was a scene-shifter in the theater, and worked at making artificial flies for angling during the day.

The child, who seemed too tired and sorrowful to eat, gazed around her. All was noise, bustle, and confusion. A variety of trades seemed carrying on in the room. She had been used to flowers and gardens, and a poor but quiet home, and all seemed very strange to her. In one corner a boy was teaching white mice to dance; beside him a poor cripple was making colored paper toys. Two men were seated on a small table making sailors' clothes. By-and-by a boy with a hand organ and a little blind girl with a parcel of baskets and vicker birdcages came in. This last was Amy's cousin Ruth; the small-pox had carried off her uncle's two other children the previous winter; this one was spared, but with the loss of sight.

"I hope, child, ye haven't brought the fever in yer clothes," said her aunt, as she pointed out her sleeping-place—a pallet stretched on the floor of a little cell-like passage, at one side of the room. Amy said that all her clothes had been burned, and a kind lady had given her what she had on, and what was in the bundle.

"I thought they were over fine for poor folks' children," muttered the woman.

Amy's bed-fellow was Ruth. She was two years older than herself, but the child thought she was not as good as some blind people. She had known old Ralph, the carrier, who used often to give her a ride upon his donkey, Dobbin, and little Tina, that sang in the choir, and used to string necklaces of daisies for her. Ruth was sullen, and kicked her when she came near her in the bed. But little Amy was gentleness itself, and now the shadow of a great sorrow was too heavy on her heart to heed even unkindness. She knelt meekly down

and said her evening prayer, as she was wont, then crept to the edge of the pallet, and worn out with fatigue, fell asleep.

The child was awakened at dawn by a confused noise and din of voices. Ruth was gone. She looked out and saw that the inmates of the apartment were already at work. She dressed herself quickly; but there was no water or any other appliance of the toilet to be seen, and Amy had been reared by parents who, though poor, were respectable in their habits and feelings.

She asked Ruth where she could get some water, and she was told at the pump in the yard. After a scanty breakfast she asked her aunt what she would do, and was answered gruffly to go and learn to make baskets or cages from Ruth, who was not going out that day. But the blind girl would give her little or no instruction, and laughed maliciously at each awkward attempt she made to shape the stiff osiers, which in her own supple fingers grew swiftly into graceful forms.

"I fear I can never make one," said the poor child, with a deep sigh, after the twentieth attempt. "Oh! I wish I had died, too, with dear father and mother," and she burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. Hartly looked up from some chain that had become tangled, and called out, in an ill-tempered tone:

"Come, have done with that ere sniveling. I'll have none of it. What ails the girl? Can't she make a basket?"

"She's crying 'cause she ain't dead, like her father and mother."

The woman, though hardened by poverty and grief, was not hard-hearted, or she would not have let her husband go a long journey, when they heard the rumor of his brother's and sister-in-law's death, to take upon them another helpless burden. She remained silent a moment, then called Amy to her in a softer voice.

She came up to her, wiping the tears from her eyes, and stood trembling before her.

"Don't cry, Amy," said she, suspending her employment for a moment. "You will go to your father and mother one day. They say God has given poor folks a better share of the next world; if so, they will never be cold, or hungry, or want work any more. I had a mother once; but she died of cold and hunger when I was a young thing like you. I did not cry after her; but I worked on, ever since, until I am all skin and bone, as ye see."

The young girl looked up at that hollow-eyed, ghastly woman, and saw that she spoke truth. So she went back meekly, and took up her work again, but with a heavier weight upon her young heart than even grief for those loved ones had caused. But even then God smiled upon the orphan, and sent comfort to her. Ruth, who had been listening to her mother's words, now put her hand in hers, and whispered:

"I ain't a-going to be bad to you. I'll teach you—so don't cry."

Amy's loving heart swelled. She bent over—for they were sitting on the ground—and kissed the blind girl's pale cheek. But she seemed little used to such demonstrations of love, for she pushed her away and laughed. But, nevertheless, she taught her, by some intuitive process, to make both a basket and a cage; and though she had ridiculed all her former attempts—such is the magic power of love and kindness, that she now straightened and bent the basket, and, giving it a few artistic touches, got up, and, guiding herself to her mother's chair, exhibited it as Amy's work.

"It ain't bad," said the woman; "but I hope ye did not lose much time in teaching her."

But instead of making them, Amy now sold the baskets and cages. This was a very successful move. The fresh, innocent face of the child, and the soft, humble expression of her beautiful eyes, interested the passers-by, and secured her customers.

One day she came in after having sold four cages and several baskets—an unwonted occurrence.

"The folks buy sooner from you than me," said Ruth, enviously.

Amy inherited from her own gentle mother what cannot be taught—fearlessness, and she said—

"No, dear, it is because your work is so beautiful. One gentleman, when I told him that it was a blind girl did them all, gave me half a crown for you, and I have bought you such a lovely pot of mignonette out of it."

Ruth looked sullen, then laughed—the old, malicious laugh, as she said—

"I don't care for flowers. What good are they to me, when I can't see them?"

"But smell this, dear, how lovely it is."

Amy stooped down to where Ruth was sitting, and put the plant close to her face. The girl dropped her twigs, and smelt the delicious fragrance. She next felt the leaves and tiny blossoms, and smelt them again. A softer, sadder expression stole over her face. Even that trifling kindness awoke the sweet, benign spirit of humanity that lingers in the hardest heart; and the blind one, unused to ought but hard words and ceaseless toil, gradually changed into a new being.

The pot of mignonette was carefully tended, and sometimes in the evenings Amy and Ruth, with their arms twined around each other's necks, would bend over to inhale its perfume. And another and another flower was added, and they blossomed well, though in that crowded street, so darkened by the black, overhanging roofs, as scarcely to admit more than a narrow strip of the bright, blue sky above.

One day there was a gentle tap at the door. Amy rose up to open it, for the invitation to enter seemed not to have been heard. A pale, delicate looking young lady, very plainly dressed, timidly entered the room. The toilers were singing; but they stopped when she entered the room, and Mrs. Hartly rose up and brought the lady a chair, but she sulkily resumed her seat, and muttered something about not wanting Methodist folk, when the stranger said that she had called with some tracts.

"People often want bread more than tracts," said Mrs. Hartly. "Besides, I can't read, and John's too tired when he comes home."

The young lady's pale cheek flushed; but at that moment the tailors came forward and asked for some. She opened a little basket and gave them a couple, with a smile of such sweetness, that Amy, who had been gazing wistfully at her, now glided up and said, in a low voice—

"I can read, ma'am."

"Can you, dear?" said the lady. "Then you can read for your mother?"

"She's not my daughter. I have only that poor blind thing that's a making the baskets."

The young lady murmured, in a low, sweet voice, some compassionate expression. It won Mrs. Hartly, and she poured out her tale of woe.

The stranger looked earnestly into Amy's face, and said—

"So this is not your own child, you say?"

"No, ma'am. She is my husband's brother's."

Her mother was a decent body, quite above the common, John says. She was companion to the minister's lady at Fairfield, but she took a fancy to William, and they got married, which so spoiled my lady—for she always wanted to keep her with her—that she turned every one against them. They both died of the typhus fever, which was going a couple of months ago."

"Poor child!" said the young lady, passing her hand caressingly over Amy's silken curls. "I will take this little girl to sew for me, and will pay her so much a week, so that she can assist you better, if you would like it."

The woman mused some moments at this proposal. Amy's keep, as she called it, was not much, and she was very useful. Ruth worked better beside her, the people bought readily from her, too. But, though a hard, worldly woman, she was not so bad, but she could feel what a world of good might accrue to the poor orphan by the change. The thought occurred, too, that it might be better for themselves. So she said that she would ask her husband.

John consented; and it was better for them all. Miss Warrington, the young lady, lived with her brother, a wealthy clerk in the East India Company's service; and by his interest John got a place as light porter, with a salary of a pound a week. Ruth had a taste for music, and Miss Warrington got her into the Institute for the Blind, the physician of which declared that the recovery of her sight was quite probable, when her constitution had sufficiently recovered from the effects of early and protracted toil, to permit an operation to be performed. Amy saw her, months after, looking fat and rosy, and better, gentler, and kinder, speaking with gratitude of her instructors, and "dear, blessed Amy," as she called her when she kissed her.

Mr. Warrington and his sister lived in a fine house—not in the fashionable part of London, but in a large back square, so quiet and still, that the people seemed always asleep in it.

Miss Warrington was an invalid. She did not complain or take medicine, but Amy Hartly, who learned to love her with all the warmth and devotion of her affectionate nature, soon became sensible that she was not strong like other people. She moved so gently and languidly through those beautiful rooms, and then Mr. Warrington asked her how she felt when he came in, and his voice was always soft and tender when he spoke to her. The servants, too, moved quieter when near her, and spoke of her as poor Miss Edith.

Sitting in that lovely room with those spacious windows, looking down on cool, green grass and large trees, that even in summer never looked dusty, the child's heart expanded with delight and happiness. Exquisitely susceptible of outward influence, her fine taste appropriated naturally all that was refined and elegant, and thoroughly enjoyed it, so much so that, at times, like a bird, she would forget herself, and burst into a glad snatch of some old song or psalm tune, then stop confused, or, flinging down her work, would fling her arms round Miss Warrington and kiss her again and again.

Amy learned to write, sing, and play, for Miss Warrington was one of those true Christians who would diffuse the priceless gift of knowledge even among the most lowly. A child of quick perceptions, she made rapid progress, unconsciously imitating even the refined language and elegant manners of her beautiful instructor.

Oh! how happy her days flitted by in the calm regularity of that household. Never tired, yet always busy, she worked in the little patch of garden, tended the geraniums, mended the house linen, and on set days, Mrs. Upton, the old Scotch housekeeper, instructed her in house duties. Mr. Warrington—a grave, earnest business man—came home to dinner precisely at four o'clock, except on Thursdays, when he dined at his club. Every summer they spent at Lakelands, Mr. Warrington's family seat, in Essex. Amy was fond of flowers, and she reveled here in a perfect paradise of a garden.

Five years had glided on. The promise of Amy's childhood had been fulfilled in a face and form of exceeding loveliness. Few ever beheld her without admiration, and strangers rarely passed her without turning again to look upon that faultless countenance. That the fair girl was unconscious of her beauty, we will not say; she loved all that was beautiful herself, and she said she was glad that she was pretty, because dear Miss Warrington would love her better.

But grief came at last. For some time Amy had perceived that some deep sorrow was slowly consuming the existence of this beloved friend. Her early life had made her prematurely thoughtful. She had seen Edith poring over letters and a miniature in tears. Woman's heart is early precocious in such matters, and, surmising the cause of that deep grief, pity, tenderness, and sympathy was added to her love. She who in her innocence she had always thought so happy, had been grieving for some loved one all these long years.

The young lady had, indeed, long been fading. Interest in Amy had probably kept the feeble spark of life alive so long. Physicians came, and she was ordered to Italy. They went. But even the balmy breezes of that delightful land could not restore her, and she prayed to be taken back to her own home.

It was a soft, vernal evening in spring that Edith desired herself to be placed on a sofa beside the window. Glimpses of the blue waters of the lake that gave name to the grounds were visible through the trees. The birds were singing in the distant wood, and the rich, glorious light of the setting sun was bathing the landscape. Ellis Warrington had sat and watched beside her day and night with more than woman's tenderness, and now, convinced that all hope was gone, he knelt beside her, and in deep, tremulous tones read passages from that Holy Book whose meek precepts she had followed well. Amy sat with that thin hand clasped in hers, watching the gray, mysterious shadows that were slowly falling on that beloved face. Miss Warrington's eyes had been closed—she opened them suddenly. Her brother was reading the sublime description of the Holy City.

"Ellis, how strange," said she, with a sweet smile, "I dreamed last night that I was with Arthur in that glorious city. Come closer, Ellis," she murmured, in lower tones. "Brother, when I am gone, let your hands put this picture and letters in the coffin with me."

The strong, grave man bent down and kissed her again and again, while his blinding tears fell fast and heavy as rain-drops.

"Oh! how dark it is. Amy, gentle Amy—brother—"

The weeping but awe-struck child knelt down—but Edith Warrington was gone.

Two years had passed away. Mr. Warrington had gone to India to look after a fortune left to him there. Amy was still at Lakelands.

Miss Warrington had left her a sum sufficient to maintain her in humble competence; but though she still remained on from year to year, her position was an undefined one, and, now grown to womanhood, her innate delicacy shrunk from remaining even in that happy home, not having any actual duties to perform. It is true that Mrs. Upton said that she could not get along without her bonnie birdie, and that all the servants—a class not very partial to *protégés*—declared that they would not stay if she left them. And to crown all, Ellis Warrington himself, on his return from India, insisted on Amy's staying at Lakelands as *his mistress*, to which proposal she finally yielded her assent, and the following week the village bells sent forth a merry peal for the nuptials of Amy Hartly and Ellis Warrington. C. B.

"Look up," thundered the captain of a vessel, as his boy grew giddy while gazing from the topmast, "look up!" The boy looked up, and returned in safety. Young man, look up, and you will succeed. Never look down and despair. Look up.

### LITTLE GRAVES.

There's many an empty cradle,  
There's many a vacant bed,  
There's many a lonely bosom,  
Whose joy and light is fled;  
For thick in every graveyard  
The little hillocks lie—  
And every hillock represents  
An angel in the sky.

### MORNING WALKS WITH CHILDREN.

They are more delightful at the time, more favorable opportunities for giving instruction, more agreeable to the recollection and more useful in their results, than all the luxuries, amusements and conveniences which can be purchased by the most abundant stores of wealth. The scenes of nature then present their truest appearance, the powers and faculties of the soul and body are refreshed by rest, the cares and troubles of the previous day have been laid by or forgotten, by the interruption caused by the night, the mind is active, the feelings are tranquilized, the affections warm. How important that the parent or elder friend should be up and out early with the young, and mingle his smiles with the beauties of the morning,—the smiles of God, as it were, shining in the beauties of creation, which are displayed in their highest perfection, by the beams of the rising sun.

How little do you think what you lose, fathers, mothers, friends, older brothers and sisters, who spend your mornings in bed, and deny the little ones around you the rich banquet of pure and useful enjoyments, which the Almighty prepares without and around you, in the fine mornings of every successive season, expressly for the pleasure and benefit of you all!

And all will partake in the benefits, as well as in the enjoyments. These are not confined to the young. By no means. The *habit* of early rising is invaluable. Only those who have long practised it can well appreciate it, although we sometimes hear great admiration expressed of the beauties of a single morning, by a person who seldom enjoys them.

It has been declared, after long and careful enquiry into the habits of many persons who attained to extraordinary length of life, that they resembled each other in only one thing, and that was early rising.

### FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY.

Sir William Watson first fired gunpowder with electricity, and first applied tin foil to both sides of a Leyden jar. The French and English Academies, about the same time, made very brilliant experiments with electricity. In 1747, Benjamin Franklin raised it to a science, by his well known discoveries. He formed plans to bring electricity from the clouds some time before he put them in practice. His first successful experiment for this purpose was performed thus: Having made a kite, he raised a short wire on its top, and attached a long one for a string; and, on the approach of a thunder storm, his son raised it in the air. To secure his hand from the electricity, he tied a short silken cord to the wire, which he held. He thus succeeded in charging a Leyden jar from the cloud.

Franklin's experiments were repeated in Europe, after they had been published. Professor Reichman, of St. Petersburg, was killed, by drawing down a heavy charge of electricity into an iron bar, and incautiously bringing his head too near it, that is, within about the distance of a foot.

The Electro-magnet, by which the telegraphs are worked, was discovered in 1820, by Oersted. It is a curious, and unaccountable fact, that, while steel is rendered permanently a magnet by a charge of electricity, iron ceases to be a magnet as soon as the current of electricity is stopped passing through it. The magnetizing of steel and iron was also discovered by Crope, Davys and Liebeck, at the same time as by Oersted, but without communication with him or with each other.

### FAREWELL TO THE GROVES.

The summer came—it went—its tale is told. A few more days and I shall see my beautiful trees—my friends—no more. My friends, the trees! how I shall miss them; how I shall long to walk again under their still shade; how, amid the city's brick walls, I shall dream of the sweet aisles of these groves. What a mighty thing one's mind *must* be when it can be carried temples, and cities, and forests, and floods; to say nothing of the men, women, and children, living and dead, that are always there. These groves shall go with me to the noisy town; and sometimes I will shut my eyes, and stop my ears, and go in, and stand, as now, under my glorious trees, and listen to the voice of nature, and smell the sweet breath of the pine, and the fresh odor of the earth, and rest. Every season has its own experiences, and to the one just past have been given some which it must ever be a joy to remember. Oh! ye trees, who opened your green arms over me as if ye loved me, ye have been witnesses of what is ever to remain cause for unspoken, yet most deep and abiding gratitude. Ye tall, dark pines, I have made ye my confidants, and my companions; and it is with *real sorrow* that I bid you farewell. With trees for one's protectors, and with the little creatures that peep and play in their shade to protect, one need not be very lonely, even if one have little human companionship; but, alas for the lonely heart that must beat between the walls, and bleed against the stones, of the hard city. A. H.

### THE HOUR OF DEATH.

BY L. H.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine oh, Death!

Day is for mortal care,  
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,  
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—  
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

The banquet hath its hour,  
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine,  
There comes a day for Grief's overwhelming power,  
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose  
May look like things too glorious for decay,  
And smile at days like this—but thou art not of those  
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

We know when moons shall wane,  
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,  
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—  
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale  
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie  
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?  
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,  
Thou art where music melts upon the air;  
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,  
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there!

Thou art where friend meets friend,  
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest,  
Thou art where foes meet foe, and trumpets rend  
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,  
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,  
And stars to set—but all,  
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!

### IDLE FEARS.

BY ALICE CARY.

In my lost childhood old folks said to me,  
"Now is the time and season of your bliss;  
All joy is in the hope of joy to be,  
Not in possession, and in after years  
You will look back with longing sighs and tears  
To the young days when you from care were free."  
It was not true—they nurtured idle fears—  
(I never saw so good a day as this!)

And youth and I have parted—long ago  
I looked into my glass and saw one day  
A little silver line that told me so:  
At first I shut my eyes and cried, and then  
I hid it under girlish flowers, but when  
Persuasion would not make my mate to stay,  
I bowed my faded head, and said, "Amen!"  
And all my peace is since she went away.

My window opens toward the autumn woods—  
I see the ghosts of thistles, walk the air  
O'er the long, level stable-land that broods:  
Beneath the herbless rocks that jutting lie,  
Summer has gathered her white family  
Of shrinking daisies—all the hills are bare,  
And in the meadows not a limb of buds  
Through the brown bushes showeth anywhere.

Dear, beautiful season, we must say good-bye,  
And can afford to, we have been so blest,  
And farewells suit the time—the year doth he  
With cloudy skirts composed, and pallid face  
Under yellow leaves, with touching grace,  
So that her bright-haired sweetheart of the sky  
The image of her prime may not displace,  
Nor see the pain that underlies her rest.

### (MY BIRTH-SPOT.)

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Years have passed by upon their shadowy wings,  
Yet o'er this spot no change has come to tell  
The noiseless flight of time. The far-off hills  
Are still as blue, the wave as musical,  
The wild rose blooms as fresh and fair, the winds  
Breathe yet as freshly on my brow, the trees  
Still cast as soft a shadow, and as sweet  
The violet springs to woo the breath of Heaven  
As in my years of infancy. I range  
Where erst I sported by the leaping stream,  
And the glad birds, as they remembered yet  
And loved the stranger, chant the same sweet song?  
I strayed to hear ere childhood's silken locks  
Had darkened on my temples. Can it be  
That the dark seal of time and change is set  
Upon my brow! Each spot I loved still blooms  
In beauty undecayed, I hear no sound  
That tells the tale of years, and can it be  
That I alone am faded! Were it not  
That many a fearful tale of sin and woe  
And strife and desolation has been graven  
On memory's darkened scroll—oh, were it not  
That passion's burning pathway has been traced  
So deep, so fiercely vivid beneath it, I could deem  
That I were still a pure, long dream of tears  
Just woken from a long, long dream of tears  
To gaze again in infant recklessness  
On earth and heaven and ocean, and again  
To paint the future as a lovely throng  
Of bright and glorious visions beckoning on  
To the blue beauty of life's Eden-isles.



## MY SISTER KATE.

### An Old Man's Yarn.

Fifty years ago, there was a romping, racketty, madcap of a thing, that used to get into more mischief, receive more scoldings and pettings, and make more noise in the old house than all the rest of the folks in it put together. This was our Kate. Ah, Kate! she was always a sad lass; and yet her heart was like the kingdom of heaven, which shuts its gate against every bad feeling. The worst that could be said against her was that she was a romp; and yet, bless her noisy tongue! we should have got up in a gloomy spirit, if the young plague had ever omitted to rouse the house with her pestering rattle. She used to say that she couldn't understand how people could or ought to lie abed after the larks had turned out. Nothing but laudanum could keep her there; and I have threatened to dose her many a time.

I think I can now hear her first morning salute: "Now then, lazy folks! now then, lazy folks!" And then the young hussy would almost drive me wild with her incorrigible rattle; and she kept at it, too, till I made a rush to the door, with a spongeful of water. I cheated her once, though, for three mornings running. I tied a piece of string to my soap-pot, and, on the first rat-tat-tat gave it a rattle and said, "Yes, yes; I'm up, I'm up." But she found me out, and never gave me the shadow of a chance ever after. "The artful, good-for-nothing fellow!" said she to the old folks; "but I'll be up to him for the future." And so she was, the young pest. However, I really don't think that I'm any the worse now for all this coercive early rising.

And she was handsome, too. But where was ever the racket of a household that wasn't the handsomest girl about—at all events, in the eyes of those whom she tormented! I'm not going to talk about ringlets, and lips, and necks, and cheeks, and eyes, and eyelashes; she looked honest and happy, and if that won't make women handsome after a very short acquaintance, why then you can't manufacture one out of an animated Venus.

An awful coquet she was though. I believe she did more towards getting the boys to school than any amount of canes and "keeping in," could possibly have accomplished. There were three fine looking lads who I knew used to come nearly an hour earlier every morning, and at least a mile out of their way, to see Kate to school, and carry her little slate and bag. When first they began this, didn't they look at one another like young bulldogs? and although one of them had been "jolly well cuffed," it was ineffectual; he fears for his own black eyes couldn't keep him away from Kate's. So they formed a "loving" alliance. The smile of Kate was a coveted, yet a dreadful thing. The happy receiver knew "what he'd get" when they caught him "by himself." Ah, Kate, Kate, but you used to play the deuce with these poor boys? If they had but heard what she said about them over the supper-table, almost making us choke ourselves with the young minx's cold bloodedness—why, murder and suicide might have followed.

She managed somehow—from my own experience, I can't conceive how—to escape any severe attack of the common contagion in her school days; but she was caught at last, our Kate was her turn came to blush and look foolish, and to distinguish one particular foot-step and knock from all others. I fancied there was something in the wind when, one morning, instead of the old clatter, which she still kept up from habit, I simply heard a single rap at my door, with, "Come, get up," and then she passed on. I felt so wroth, at not being fairly forced out of bed as usual, that I took an extra turn over, and didn't turn back for an hour and a half.

"Well? Why, yes; I never felt better in my life," was the answer, at breakfast, to our father, who fancied she was sick, or something. And then she sweetened my coffee twice over.

"Why, what on earth ails you, girl?" I heard the old lady say a couple of days after. "How clumsy you've got lately! I declare, I shall get quite angry with you."

Kate pouted, and went to have a secret conference with Mary, the housemaid. I noticed that she'd had a wonderful deal to say to Mary lately. A luminous thought flashed across my brain. "Kate's in love, or I'm a Dutchman."

What a regular joke! Kate in for it. What a jolly idea! Wouldn't I pay her off with full interest for the way she used to banter when I was a "spooney" on the little girl at the cakeshop? But it was a serious idea, too. Kate was now seventeen. Never was a brother prouder of a sister. She was the pride and benefactress of the village, and the joy of the old home. I never contemplated such a thing as Kate ever leaving us till that moment. A new page in her career suddenly opened before me—that of the future welfare of that dear girl, whom I had carried in my arms when I was a boy, and whose praises I now daily listened to with pride.

But was Kate really in love? I wasn't going to put my foot in it; for Kate was an awful hand at talking, and she would have worried the soul out of me if I'd got on the wrong scent. So I kept my weather eye open. But it was of no use; and I came to the conclusion that I might possibly be mistaken after all. One day tried to pump Mary; but she didn't know anything about it. Of course not. But this had a wonderful effect. The next time I saw Kate after that, she looked remarkably sheepish; and, when I asked her to come out for a short walk, she had one of mother's caps to attend to, which must be finished. It's my firm opinion that that particular cap was never commenced. I believe that was the only story Kate ever told in her life.

"O, young lady," said I, as she left the room and bolted down stairs for another confidential confab with Mary, "very cunning you think yourself, don't you?"

I was in an awful state of curiosity all the day. I felt, I couldn't explain very clearly why, that Kate was over head and ears, and this confounded Mary was in the secret, and that she'd told Kate about my attempt to pump her. I experienced a strong inclination to throttle Mary.

However, love is no easy thing to keep hidden long, even when there is a strong motive to do so. My old chum, Tony Hastings, began to drop in oftener than usual—always bringing a scolding from his mother for Kate, because she didn't go and see her as frequently as she used to do. Tony seemed to have been suddenly struck with the idea that bunches of flowers and the last new novel were indispensable requisites for young ladies in general, Kate in particular; and one day, as I went suddenly into the parlor, I noticed Kate out of the corner of my eye, hastily pushing something or other under the sofa cushion. I didn't get a chance to have a peep; but Tony was swaggering, a few days after that with a new gimcrack bead purse; he'd "bought in town." Oh, yes, of course. Cunning dog, how I could have staggered him!

However, I pretended to see nothing. My mind was now perfectly at ease. But I registered a vow to be down upon them one of these odd days. I had never, as I said, till then, contemplated the idea of losing Kate; but, if I ever had thought about her marrying, I would, if I had any say in the matter, have picked out Tony for her husband from among all the men I had ever known. He was a fine fellow, Tony was; a noble looking fellow, frank, and true as steel. He was comfortable off, too, and that was no bad thing in a future brother-in-law. I do not mean this in a selfish point of view, but as regards the influence it exercises over a woman's happiness; and one feels the more particularly interested when that woman is our pet sister.

Well, to make a short story of it, the old lady's eyes began gradually to open, and she tried to open my father's, too; but he said:—"Pooh, pooh! nothing of the kind, or I should have noticed it." [Depend upon it, that fathers and mothers are not half so sharp as they fancy they are.] But mother was not to be "pooh-poohed" out of a notion when it had once managed to work its way into her good old noddle. Once filled with the idea that something more than myself brought Tony there so very regularly, she saw, as she might have seen a couple of months

before, sufficient to confirm her tardy idea. She spoke to me about it in great confidence, and I replied, "Why, I thought you knew all about that ever so long ago." Wasn't the old lady astonished, and didn't I feel like one in authority? I bolted off to Kate instantly. "It's all found out," said I.

"What's found out?" said she, looking as innocent as a sheep.

"Why," says I, plump, and looking as saucy as I could, "Tony."

Just at that moment and there was only one thing, and that wasn't vermilion, that could have deepened the color on Kate's cheek; and that thing popped in in the shape of Tony.

Tony saw that something was up. I said nothing; but maliciously sat and looked at the pair of them. Kate looked at the carpet; Tony at the ceiling.

"By the way," said I, breaking the silence, "by the way, Tony, I'm going to town to-morrow; just tell me where you bought that bead purse of yours; I want to get one as near like it as I can. It's a very nice purse, Tony."

Kate raised her head like a flash of lightning; and I am sure there never will be a telegraph invented which will say half as much in twice the time as two pair of eyes did then in half a second.

I roared with laughter; I couldn't keep it in. They saw the game was up, and owned to it like martyrs, but felt highly disgusted with my powers of perfection and unpardonable duplicity. However, that was soon forgiven, and I left them alone, and went to hint to mother that she'd better broach the subject to father—which she did with a vengeance, dilating much (poor blind old soul!) on his dullness and her own clear sightedness.

Father was as much pleased as I was at such a match. So the time was named when we were to lose our old pet. Tony was almost continually at our house; and Kate and mother never missed a day going to have a long chat with Mrs. Hastings. It was a busy, bustling time for the old ladies. The fat venerable pony saw more of the town that week than he had ever seen in any three months before, quite sufficient to elicit his disapprobation of matrimonial enterprises. When I say that it took five distinct trips to decide upon the pattern of a carpet, I consider that I have said quite enough to justify the old fellow's opinion.

So Kate married—and a nappy alliance it proved. But she and her husband are both gone now—gone to another world!—and I never think of them without tears—aye, that I should have survived them.

## Poetry.

### I LOVE IN VAIN!

BY CHARLES L. JONES.

I love, but oh! I love in vain!  
Her heart has from me coldly turned,  
And left me like a barren plain  
Where no oasis is discerned,  
Where I might quench this ardent pain,  
That in my breast for years hath burned.

I love in vain! but did she know  
How I have loved her with devotion,  
She would have ne'er reproved me so,  
Or bade me quell this wild emotion,  
That but for her did only glow,  
And now I'm sad like troubled ocean.

I love in vain! but love shall be  
The beacon light to guide me on,  
And when I'm tossed upon the sea  
Of life, I'll hail it as the one,  
The only one that unto me  
Can cheer my heart, so sad and lone.

I love in vain! but may she ne'er,  
And since I cannot move her breast,  
May some one else her blessings share,  
And make her heart the happiest,  
I still will hold her ever dear,  
With love the purest and the best.

New York, March 20, 1852.

## Lines to a Mother at her Infant's Grave.

BY D. P.

FORBEAR, fond mother, thus to rave,  
Nor weep thus o'er that lonely grave,  
Where now thy slumbering infant lies,  
Thy only, dearest earthly prize;  
Remember 'tis the will and right  
Of Him who caused its early flight,  
To reap the harvest he has sown  
And gather up again his own;  
'Twas He who gave, 'tis He who takes  
That gift away, and now awakes  
Within thy breast that spell of grief:  
Yet he again can give relief:  
What purer off'ring could be made,  
Or at the gates of heaven laid  
Than that sweet babe that now from thee  
Is called into eternity,  
Where spirits bright as this alone  
Attend around his sacred throne,  
In constant chant by day and night  
Amidst the blaze of hallowed light;  
'Tis true we all are loth to part  
With those we hold thus dear at heart,  
Yet 'tis a debt we all must pay  
When summoned from this earth away.

## Scandal.

### A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

BY REV. GEO. MONTGOMERY.

'Scandal ruins more characters than guilt or indiscretion.'

'Surely Almira, you are mistaken—it was not Ellen Merkle you saw with Colonel Stapleton?'

'I wish I was mistaken, Emma; but it is impossible; I saw both as plainly as I do you.'

'At eleven o'clock at night in the grave yard, with Col. Stapleton! I will never visit her again—I will never speak to her again if it is so.'

'Indeed, Emma, you know I would not repeat a thing that was not true; Sally Ann saw them, as well as myself. When we first saw them they were sitting down on a tombstone, and I'm sure he had his arm around her waist; they then got up and came down to the fence, right opposite the window, and he got over first and she clambered over after him. It was light as day, you know, last night; and as she stood by the fence, I saw her as plain as could be.'

'Well, I always thought her a strange girl, and noticed her intimacy with Col. Stapleton, but I never thought it would come to this. I wonder if she will be at Henry's on Monday night?'

'No. I told Anne this morning, and as she was going to Merkle's she said she would not invite her, but go home and ask her mother what to do about it; and I saw her since, and she told me her mother said she must not invite Ellen, because every one was talking of her behavior at Russell's last night.'

'Well, I am right glad of that; for if she was to be there, I would not go a step.'

The friends separated, each intent upon circulating, with hypocritical regret and real satisfaction, the tale which was to blast the reputation of one of the fairest and best girls of the village of Greenhaven.

Ellen Merkle was the youngest daughter of a rich farmer. She had been carefully educated, and was not less remarkable for intelligence than for the unobtrusive, yet ever active virtues that adorned her character, and the beauty that won her the admiration her meekness shunned. What had she done to deserve the penalty with which destruction was about to visit her reputed improprieties? Nothing. She had received the attentions of Col. Stapleton, the unimportant and meaningless courtesies of the ball-room, upon several occasions, without a frown, and had even danced three sets with him at Russell's party, although the gossips said he was a libertine. In manners the Colonel was a gentleman; his conversation showed him to be a man of reading and reflection. He visited her father frequently, and that was all she knew of him, and more than most of the town (that is, the gossips of the place) knew. They said that Col. Stapleton was a stranger, he dressed in the height of fashion, took long walks at night, was proud, supercilious and overbearing;

his behavior was unaccountable; he was too attentive to the ladies; he had been seen walking with a female after dark on the outskirts of the village, and was, of course, all that was evil; and for Ellen to dance with him, was a deadly sin in the eye of those who envied her the opportunity.

The scandal flew every where—one exclusion led to another, until Ellen Merkle stood alone, a social Pariah, with whom no one dared associate under the penalty of sharing her fate. In the mean time, Col. Stapleton had left the village, and, when the invidious tale reached her family, her simple denial was all that could be opposed to it; and who beyond the walls of home believed that? No one. She lingered on in wretchedness—Hope had no smiles for her, and Affection no solace. Consumption, too, often the disease of despair, came in mercy and bore her to the grave. \* \* \* \*

A few years sped on, and, except by the grief strengthened memories of her family, Ellen Merkle was forgotten.

Col. Stapleton re-visited Greenhaven. He had been in Europe, and was ignorant equally of the tale which had wrought the destruction of Ellen's peace and her death. He called at her father's and was received with mournful satisfaction. That Ellen's memory should be released from the imputations on it, and her innocence be acknowledged by those whose busy whispers had withered up her heart, would be a sad pleasure to them, as it would justify their affection for her memory. An explanation was demanded. Col. Stapleton heard the story with astonishment and denied it with warmth. With Ellen Merkle his acquaintance had been slight, and, excepting at her father's house, and two or three parties, he had never exchanged a word with her. It was true that he was in the grave-yard one night with a female; he was passing by, when he heard some person within sobbing and mourning; he looked over the fence, and saw a woman sitting by a grave, weeping; it was late at night, and he crossed the fence and went to her, and, after considerable persuasion, induced her to go home. It was a young girl with whom he was well acquainted; and who left the village with him a few days after, his wife, who had gone into the yard that hour to see, for the last time, her mother's grave. Their marriage had been private, as she had few acquaintances in the village, where she had resided but a short time.

These facts were gratefully received by the parents and family of Ellen, and the gossips were compelled to acknowledge that their story was the product of a resemblance in height and dress between Ellen Merkle and Mrs. Stapleton; that a reputation had been wrecked, a respectable family covered with shame and bereaved by the sedulous propagation of a false tale of guilt and immodesty, the coinage of an idle and thoughtless girl.

Home is emphatically the poor man's paradise. The rich, with their many resources, too often live away from the hearthstone, in heart, if not in person; but to the virtuous poor, domestic ties are the only legitimate and positive source of happiness short of that holier heaven which is the soul's home.

The great founder of our common wealth William Penn, never advanced a sounder proposition than when he said:

"That which makes a good constitution must keep it, viz:—Men of wisdom and virtue; qualities that, because they descend not with worldly inheritance, must be carefully propagated by a virtuous education of youth.

Those who in the common course of the world will call themselves your friends, or whom according to the common notions of friendship, you may probably think such will never tell you of your faults, still less of your weakness. But on the contrary more desirous to make you their friend than to prove themselves yours, they will flatter both, and, in truth, not be sorry for either.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

## "Improve the Soil and the Mind."

Mr. Editor:—I live on the fertile banks of the beautiful Connecticut, and have a fair opportunity to witness the operations of the farmers. Dearly I love a country life, and would not exchange it for any costly residence in the city. The works of Nature always had a charm for me, the four seasons in their annual round have each their peculiar beauties; Spring has its profusion of bright, gorgeous wild-flowers, and its choristers, the gay happy birds and busy streams, ever murmuring soul-stirring music. It is also the season of hope to the farmer. And then comes sultry, glowing Summer, with its blue skies, refreshing showers and waving fields of grain. Next, Autumn comes with slow and stealthy steps, laden with rewards for the laborers, when he who has been diligent, receives a rich compensation for all his toil. The golden fruits of Autumn! who does not love to ramble in the orchard and gather the ripe, luscious fruit which is there showered in abundance upon us, or ramble in the woods with a few friends in search of wild fruits! The woods now lighted up with Autumn fires present a beautiful appearance.

"The early breath of Autumn  
Has touched the maple bough,  
And left amid the emerald,  
The gold and ruby hue."

A ride or walk through the forests, at this season of the year is perfectly enchanting; here God is seen, and a solemn lesson may be learnt of our frailty, of the certainty of death and the decay of all temporal things, which we should do well to lay to heart. But I have wandered from my subject, which was "the improvement of the soil and mind." In contemplating Nature, we see that God designed happiness for man, and has set before him in boundless profusion the necessary elements for a high state of enjoyment; blessings in countless numbers cluster around him, science unfolds its treasures and bids him welcome to partake, literally, "without money and without price."

Man was formed for labor; his daily wants prompt him to exertion, and the spirit of acquisition so universally diffused amongst the race of man, is the parent of that laudable enterprise, which has transformed the earth, from an uncultivated wilderness into a fruitful field. Of the different pursuits of men, that of the farmer is by no means the least attractive and honorable. It is attractive, from the intimacy into which it brings them with Nature in all her varied forms, through the several seasons of the year. It is honorable, as it leads to sentiments of independence, freedom and happiness. Yet the farmer cannot duly estimate the privileges which he enjoys, nor properly discharge the responsibilities which devolve upon him, without the acquisition of general knowledge, and the cultivation of his moral powers. There are some, who are narrow-minded enough to suppose that there is no learning but that which is to be obtained in schools; that in order to get an education, one must devote his whole time to books and study for many years, but it is not so; the pursuits of the farmer, with proper management and economy, are as consistent with the prosecution of science, the cultivation of taste, and the acquisition of knowledge—of that knowledge, too, which will enable him to discharge all the duties of life with prudence and fidelity—as that of him whose only pursuit is study. To the farmer, with the ample volume of Nature constantly before him unfolding her mysteries, and spreading out her allurements, the deep fountains of knowledge will stand open; all will combine, to inspire him with a love for the sublime and beautiful. The glory of a morning sunbeam—that emblem of hope and gladness—the flowers that smile around him, and the rejoicings of animated Nature, tend to fill him with sentiments of love and admiration, and to elevate and refine his heart. Attention to agricultural pursuits and its science, has been much neglected. Not the most nor the best has yet been made of the powers of the soil; but the time is not far distant when agriculture will receive its share of men's interest and will command its deserved eminence. M. J. G.

That man is, indeed, the wisest and happiest man, who by constant attention of thought discovers the greatest opportunities of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition, that he may improve those opportunities.

What a world of truth in this remark of Victor Hugo's:—"There are some unfortunate men in this world. Christopher Columbus cannot attach his name to his discovery; Guillotin cannot detach his from his invention."




For the Boston Cultivator.  
**Away from Home.**  
I sit by my window, the breezes play lightly  
Among the long leaves of the fall, waving corn,  
And across the green tree-tops the sunbeams glance  
Brightly.  
Released from the mists that enveloped their morn-  
The thrush and the red-breasted robin are singing.  
As through the deep forest they cheerily roam;  
But the strain that comes back from my spidery  
ringing.  
But gives for its answer—"I am not at home!"  
The light, fleecy clouds in the sky are careering,  
Like steeds of vermillion in chariots of gold,  
Without fit or bridle their proud sea-steering,  
Till wearied they rest in a dark mantle rolled.  
Then anon they come forth as black waves of an  
ocean.  
Their edges all tipped with the white-crested foam;  
My spirit's dimmed mirror reflects but their motion,  
Their fluts are all tarnished—"I am not at home!"  
O, home on the hillside, blest home of my childhood!  
How oft have I roved o'er thy fair fields at will;  
Or, pushing my way through the deep tangled wild-  
wood,  
Sat down by the side of the clear sparkling rill  
In the shade of the maple, its branches low bending,  
How oft I've gazed up to the blue arching dome;  
Would the picture but stay, in reality bending—  
But it may not, it cannot—"I am not at home!"  
Though the sun's rays gleam out, not for me is their  
gleaming;  
The birds singing merrily, sing not for me—  
Though the moon's light beams soft, not for me is its  
beaming,  
And the clouds in their splendor, I care not to see,  
For I miss the dear voices the home-circle gladdening,  
I listen in vain for loved footsteps to come,  
Till I wake from my dream, and the stern truth so  
saddening,  
Comes anew to my fond heart—"I am not at home!"  
C. R. RIE GABLETON.

For the Boston Cultivator.  
**COUSIN GRACE.**  
BY DESSIE BELL.  
Sweet Cousin Grace! As I sit here alone  
This summer evening my thoughts wander  
back "through memory's mazes" to times  
when we were happy, happy as the butterflies  
we chased, or the yellowbirds that sang by the  
warm garden wall. We always loved each  
other—Cousin Grace and I—but I often won-  
der how nature so dissimilar could have sym-  
pathized so perfectly. She, with her gentle,  
winning ways and sweet temper, presented a  
striking contrast to my haughty carriage and  
unbending will. And outwardly too we were  
as much unlike. Grace's eyes were blue, a  
dark, dreamy blue, and it seemed as if her  
soul shone through them, while her hair al-  
ways hung in short, careless curls, and her  
lips and teeth were marvels of beauty. My  
hair never would curl "no more'n an Indian's,"  
as my old nurse used to say; my eyes are  
black, and my mouth—but I must not speak  
too much about myself. Enough that Cousin  
Grace loved me, and I loved her truly, ten-  
derly and fervently.  
The first year in our lives that we spent  
wholly together was when we went to school  
at Appleton. Grace was eleven then, and I  
was two years younger. We studied the same  
books, played with the same dolls, and occu-  
pied the same play-house. I had no one else to  
share my sports, but it was not so with her,  
for every one at school was drawn towards  
Grace Arlington by some strange spiritual  
magnetism, while I repelled them by my un-  
genial ways. Yet I was not jealous of Grace's  
popularity, oh, no! I was proud of it. And  
it was so through all our school-days. Many  
a puzzled little face looked up to hers with:  
"Please, dear Grace, explain this sum to  
me; you do it so much better than any one  
else."  
And Grace never refused, but in her sweet,  
low voice did what was asked of her, thorough-  
ly and well. I would often watch her with tear  
dimmed eyes and say within myself again and  
again:  
"Oh, if I were half as good as Cousin  
Grace, half as patient, half as beautiful!"  
I remember asking her in one of these fits  
of enthusiasm:  
"Grace, what makes you so kind and pa-  
tient?"  
"I don't know," she said, innocently. "Am  
I?"  
"Yes, you are the best and sweetest girl I  
ever saw. How could you sit for a whole hour  
this morning and teach that naughty little  
boy his Bible lesson while he was laughing at  
you all the while? Tell me."  
Grace suddenly grew grave. She took both  
my hands in hers and said slowly:  
"Dear Bessie, our Savior has said, 'Inas-  
much as ye do it unto one of the least of  
these, ye do it unto me;' and 'Blessed are the  
merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' Poor  
little Jemmy is very ignorant, and no one will  
teach him if I do not try."  
Her face beamed with a holy light, and her  
shining hair wreathed it like a halo. I said  
no more, but her words sank down into my  
heart.  
It was a mild October day, and a soft, bright  
haze had spread itself over all the country.

Forest trees gleamed out from the hills arrayed  
in all the beauty of their autumn dress, and  
the grass upon the upland pastures showed in  
alternate patches of green and yellow.  
It was yet early morning when we stood on  
the summit of Blue Hill, and gazed down at  
the brilliant landscape stretching far, far  
away, and bounded to the eastward by a line  
of deep blue sea.  
"I could look at such beauty as this all my  
lifetime and yet find something new to admire  
and interest," said a deep, manly voice at my  
side.  
It was Harry Bell who spoke, and Cousin  
Grace was leaning on his arm with parted  
lips, flushed cheeks, and eyes that were bent  
upon him with a look of mingled reverence,  
admiration and—what else? I could not pre-  
tend to analyze it, for Cousin Grace was a  
woman then, and I only a child. Yes, Cousin  
Grace was a woman—I could hardly realize it  
—for we had come out on the hills that day  
to celebrate the commencement of her seven-  
teenth year.  
I must tell you about Harry Bell. He was  
the only son of Uncle John's dearest friend,  
(Uncle John was Grace's father) and had al-  
ways been one of his prodigies. Everything  
that Harry Bell did was right and proper and  
graceful and manlike. No one blamed Uncle  
John for his preferences, for nearly all the  
country people cherished the same opin-  
ion. They thought him nearly as perfect as  
Miss Grace, and this was high praise with  
them. And I was no exception to the general  
rule, for I could not help liking Harry Bell.  
I remember many a time at school when I  
was all by myself and feeling very weary and  
heart-sick, that I see his bright face coming  
towards me, and hear his voice say gaily:  
"Come, little fairy, (this was always his  
pet name for me) what are you doing here  
alone? I thought fairies were the merriest  
beings in existence! Come, Grace is wonder-  
ing where you are; besides we want you to  
play 'What is my thought like?' You know  
your thoughts are always best."  
And then he would take my hand and lead  
me away with him. I used to tell Grace of it  
afterwards, and say:  
"Harry is very good, don't you think so?  
How kind it is of him, when he is so tall and  
strong, to notice a poor little thing like me!"  
And Grace would blush and laugh, but never  
say anything in his praise. I thought she did  
not like him, but I resembled the girl in the  
song, for  
"My sisters looked at each other and smiled,  
Yet I didn't know what it meant."  
But I am forgetting all about the nutting  
on Blue Hill. All Grace's friends and Harry's  
were there, and a gay time we had of it un-  
der the fine old hickories. Chestnut trees too  
reared their great yellow heads here and there  
on the hill-side with  
"Some of their burs still shut up tight,  
Some open with chestnuts three,  
And some nuts fell with no burs at all,  
Smooth, shiny, as nuts should be."  
But all happy days will end, much to our  
sorrow, and so did this one. It was near sun-  
set when we stood at the head of the little  
path that wound down the hill. And a splen-  
did sunset it was, an autumn sunset. The  
trees and clouds were at rivalry with each  
other, red and gold, red and gold in endless  
variety. The eye turned from one bright ob-  
ject to another until it was fairly bewildered,  
and then wandered off to the blue sky and  
sea and rested there. These only seemed  
changeless, while all things else in nature  
seemed "ripe for the harvest." I was looking  
around on all this beauty and musing soberly  
to myself, when I was aroused by a lady's  
voice close beside me:  
"Oh, dear! I have left my nut basket. I  
laid it down when we went to look at that  
view way up yonder, and in coming back  
never thought to get it. Bessie," she said, put-  
ting her hand on my shoulder, "will you go  
and find it, if you please? It is under that  
great chestnut where we ate our dinner."  
So she turned away, and I, with one hand  
depending from either string of my sun-bon-  
net, went back towards the nut tree. My only  
thought was, Harry and Grace are neither of  
them there; if they were I should not have to  
go. But it makes no difference. And so I  
took up my musings again. I found the bask-  
et, and was coming slowly down the path in  
the same sober mood when I heard Harry  
Bell's voice speaking low and earnestly:  
"Your father has given me his free consent  
and blessing, dear Grace," he said, "and now  
one little word of yours will make me happy  
or miserable."  
I could not think what he meant at first, but  
the tone, the attitude, the look were not to be  
mistaken. It all dawned upon me at once,  
and my dull eyes opened. Harry and Grace  
were lovers! There they sat on a huge pine  
tree that had fallen years before, and was no

covered with the greenest moss. Harry was  
weaving a brilliant wreath of bitter-sweet and  
holly for Grace's gipsy hat, while Grace her-  
self, with downcast eyes and cheeks as red as  
the clouds I had been watching, kept filling  
her dainty hand from the basket of nuts  
she held and letting them fall again, with a  
soft, dropping sound. I could see them very  
well, but I was hid from their view, even if  
they had not been too much occupied to think  
of any one but themselves. It was some time  
before Grace spoke, and then she said so softly  
that I could but just catch the words:  
"Well, Harry, if I live two years and you  
come home again, perhaps—"  
She did not finish it, and it did not need  
finishing. Harry had his promise. I waited  
to hear no more, but stole quietly away and  
ran down towards the winding path, for it  
was getting dark already. My musing mood  
had left me. I was very glad. I thought  
that Harry and Grace were happy, for I loved  
them better than any one else, unless the two  
or three at home, and yet I was half sorry, I  
knew not why.  
That night Uncle John told us that Harry  
was going abroad. Old Mr. Bell had business  
in England that required immediate atten-  
tion, and as Harry wished to visit the mother  
country he had embraced this as a favorable  
opportunity. I was greatly surprised when I  
heard this, so much so that I made no reply.  
I looked at Grace. She held a book in her  
hand, but I knew she was not reading.  
"Why, Grace," said Uncle John, "you don't  
seem half as much surprised as I thought you  
would."  
"I am not surprised," she said.  
"Have you heard of this before?"  
"Yes, papa."  
"How?"  
"Harry told me."  
Her color mounted higher and higher till it  
reached her very temples. Uncle John said  
no more, but looked at her sharply for a mo-  
ment and then with a little bit of a smile went  
away.  
It was the third spring after Harry's depar-  
ture and the bright leaves had begun to flat-  
ter on the tree tops. The fields were looking  
softly green, and ever and anon the wind  
brought us sweet tidings that blossoms had  
come again. Grace and I sat by the window  
one evening of this spring; it was the last of  
April. We had been silent for a long time,  
and with clasped hands were watching the  
bright moon and the hills and fields she looked  
down upon, but we did not think of them, oh,  
no! we were far too sad for that. At length  
Grace spoke. She repeated slowly and softly  
what we had known since morning:  
"Harry Bell is coming home again."  
I heard the words with a start. Yes, Harry  
was coming home, and my heart sank down,  
down. Well, I have something very painful  
to say, and must say it now. Cousin Grace  
was changed, oh, so sadly! Not in the smile  
that wreathed her mouth so sweetly, her low,  
musical voice, or winning ways. No, in these  
she was the same; but she had grown so weak  
and thin and the bright hectic flush glowed  
and burned on her cheeks. Oh, it was sad,  
very sad to see her in her fresh young woman-  
hood dying like a crushed blossom.  
Well, as I said, we were sitting in the April  
moonlight thinking of Harry, Harry who was  
coming home. He had probably sailed a week  
before, for his letter was written on his last  
day in London.  
"Dear Grace," said I, when the silence had  
lasted again for a long time, "I am glad we  
shall see Harry again, are not you?"  
"Yes and no," she said, with a faint smile.  
"I am very glad for myself, but I am sorry  
for him."  
I sighed—a sigh that was half a sob—and  
I could hardly repress the tears that came  
well up into my eyes. The uppermost  
thought in my heart was, Poor Harry, poor  
Grace!  
He came. It was a sweet May twilight, and  
the clouds were still golden in the west. Grace  
went on the veranda to meet him, but my  
eyes were so dimmed with tears I could not  
see. Only when they passed the window she  
was saying:  
"Oh, Harry, you must not speak so! God's  
ways are not as our ways, and it His will!"  
This was all.  
It seemed to me that Harry was changed as  
much as Grace, but oh, how differently! He  
had grown taller I think; at least he was  
much more graceful, and his eyes and hair  
were darker. He had lost too something of  
his old sprightliness of manner, and the ex-  
pression about his mouth was very grave. Oh,  
how well I knew the cause! He said she need-  
ed change of air and scene, and when he took  
her away with him she would soon be better.  
But I could see through all this that a great  
air was struggling for the mastery.

It was not in accordance with Grace's wish,  
although she made no remonstrance, that the  
wedding-day was appointed for the last of  
June. Harry told us that he knew a cool lit-  
tle town, close by the sea, where she would be  
far more comfortable during the summer heat  
than at home, and who would take her there  
but he himself? Aunt Mary and Uncle John  
were of the same opinion, and so it was set-  
tled.  
"I am not very sorry," said Grace to me,  
"for my life is nearly spent now, and I wish  
to employ its remaining days in pleasing  
those I love."  
Sweet Cousin Grace! She did not seem to  
know that she had been doing that always!  
Time passed slowly on and the wedding-day  
drew near. We were very busy with muslins  
and laces and finery which seemed to mock  
our weary heads and hearts and Grace's lan-  
guid footsteps. She was growing weaker and  
weaker, thinner and thinner, but never com-  
plained, and I think Harry did not notice it.  
At last the day came. It was yet very early,  
for the dew had not yet begun to dry, when I  
twined the wreath for Grace's fair head and  
adjusted her bridal drapery. They were to be  
married then, and that afternoon were going  
to the sea-side town that Harry had spoken of.  
And I thought as she leaned upon his arm  
while the old minister pronounced the solemn  
benediction, with those golden curls of hers  
drooping over her white dress, her cheeks  
flushed with excitement, and a holy expres-  
sion of love and reverence upon her sweet  
face, that she was very like an angel. And  
how soon she will be one in truth I said to  
myself. Oh, how well I knew it!  
They, Harry, Grace and Aunt Mary, went  
away, and two long, lonely months followed.  
I was tired and heart-sick, and the old house  
seemed very lonely without Cousin Grace's  
musical laugh and bright countenance. Yet  
it was only a little foretaste of the longer and  
lonelier months which followed, when we  
knew that she would gladden us no more on  
earth by her sweet presence. We heard from  
them often, but Grace seldom wrote much,  
and Auntie's letters and Harry's grew less and  
less hopeful. At last in September they came  
home. But oh! I cannot tell what followed;  
how we watched, and prayed, and wept, while  
Cousin Grace's clear, calm voice would repeat  
that sweet passage, "It is the Lord, let Him  
do what seemeth Him good." And we would  
hush our longings for her sake, and try to  
carry a cheerful face while our hearts were  
breaking.  
Grace was happy. She said she would like  
to live a few more years for Harry's sake, but  
as "her summons had come" she was ready to  
go to Him who loved her "with an everlasting  
love." And on a bright, still day, three years  
after her betrothal, she fell asleep. Harry  
shed no tears, for his grief was too far down  
in his heart to show itself outwardly.  
"Again he went his household ways,  
Again he knelt in prayer;  
And only asked of heaven its aid  
His heavy lot to bear."  
Five years have gone and Harry Bell is  
again a husband. He came home a year ago  
from another long wandering in foreign coun-  
tries a heart-sick and disappointed man. He  
told me of this one night, and said too that I  
had always been dear to him because Grace  
loved me. I hardly know what other words  
were spoken, but in the end I promised to be  
his wife. We are happy now; quietly and  
soberly happy. We have not forgotten Coun-  
sin Grace, but are waiting to join her where  
there shall be no night, and they need no can-  
dle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord  
God giveth them light; and where all tears  
shall be wiped from all eyes.

For the Boston Cultivator.  
**To Andrew Hartwell.**  
There are enough to love you, friend,  
Whatever may yet your path betide;  
Some kind hands will a blessing bring,  
Some music voices sweetly sing,  
Forever at your side!  
The links that bind to love and life,  
Are breaking every passing year;  
While others gather round our way,  
We fondly hope they long may stay,  
Yet soon they disappear!  
Has love, my friend, within your heart,  
Made room for thrills of deeper joy?  
If so, then surely there's a heart  
Will love you till in death ye part,  
And angel bliss enjoy!  
Ah, yes! the heart is formed to love!  
Its holiest feelings are of this;  
And if we keep our own hearts pure,  
Some gentle heart will love us, sure,  
And give us truest bliss!  
MABELLE.  
**Faded Flower.**  
Withered hope, wasted affection! The bud  
of choice was plucked early in life, its leaves  
were unfolded only to lose their charm, and  
its sweet fragrance was drowned by the tem-  
pest of passion. Brightest hours had fled, and  
clouds o'ercast its life, it yet survived but was  
void of attraction. In winter sadness 'twas  
isolated from the world, all outward charm  
was dead, yet love and virtue still lived within  
the hidden petals, gems that would insure the  
lone blossom a welcome in heaven; and as  
colorless and faded as it was, it longed to be  
united in the spirit wreath; but fading, still  
fading it lived when darkness and disappoint-  
ment had buried its last hope, and all affec-  
tion was scattered by cold neglect. Thus the  
faded flower bowed in grief, in forgetfulness of  
the world, and faithless in Providence.  
An Angel hovered near: the last sigh of  
despair was heard, the spirit grasped the un-  
sought blossom, and pledged its care, to what  
another thought worthless. The light of affec-  
tion dawned thereon and the dead fragrance  
breathed anew, the love that was sealed within  
the petals, were to that spirit no longer a hid-  
den treasure, it bloomed again and with its  
returning charm, it promised to be entwined  
within the bridal wreath of purity—it was  
placed in the heart of sympathy and a bright  
glow of confidence and trust was wafted to its  
savior.  
Oh! ye Angel-sent friend, companion of  
love and purity, showers of blessings are fall-  
ing for thee, and as the flower blooms again,  
neath thy genial smile of joy, although secl-  
uded from the world, sweeter shall be its fra-  
grance to thee. Thou wilt rear it in love-  
liness for higher realms of bliss—and thine  
shall be a heaven of happiness—for thou has't  
saved loves own blossom.  
ANONYMOUS.  
  
**A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.**  
Where, where are all the birds that sang  
A hundred years ago?  
The flowers that all in beauty sprang  
A hundred years ago?  
The lips that smiled,  
The eyes that wild  
In flashes shone  
Soft eyes upon—  
Where, oh where are lips and eyes,  
The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,  
That lived so long ago?  
Who peopled all the city streets  
A hundred years ago?  
Who filled the church with faces meek  
A hundred years ago?  
The sneering tale  
Of sister frail—  
The plot that work'd  
A brother's hurt,  
Where, oh where are plots and sneers,  
The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,  
That lived so long ago?  
Where are the graves where dead men slept  
A hundred years ago?  
Who were they that living wept  
A hundred years ago?  
By other men,  
That knew not them,  
Their lands are tilled;  
Their graves are filled—  
Yet Nature then was just as gay,  
And bright the sun shone as to-day,  
A hundred years ago!  
He who gives pleasure, meets with it  
Kindness is the bond of friendship, and  
the book of love; he who sows not, reaps  
not.

**The Muse.**  
**JOY TO THE BRIDE.**  
A simple thing! Two wedding cards,  
Opened most carelessly to-day,  
Told that my cousin Lillian  
Had changed to "Mrs. Simon Gray."  
'Twas a great match, the gossips said;  
And all the dear five hundred vied,  
With wedding-gifts and cheer, to bring  
Joy and good wishes to the bride.  
Joy to the bride? I flung the fair,  
Enamored falsehood far away.  
Give joy to her that she had wed  
A money-chest, like Simon Gray?  
Joy to the bride, that life must be  
Henceforth to her a gilded lie?  
Joy, that her woman's heart must ache  
In solitude for sympathy?  
For what avail her broad saloons,  
Draped with their gorgeous tapestry;  
If in the heart's closed corridors  
Flutter the shrouds of memory?  
And what avail the paintings rare  
That mock her from those gilded walls,  
When she can see but one sad face  
Painted on memory's spectral halls?  
One face, forever frowning down  
The feeble falsehood that could dare  
Turn from a heart that loved her well  
To wed a life she could not share.  
Even as the pictures on his walls,  
He bought her for his state and pride;  
And ostentatiously parades  
The purchase-money of his bride.  
Fair Lillian! False Lillian!  
So fervently I love you yet,  
That I could wish the present glare  
Might blind you from each dark regret,  
But that I know 'tis vain:—the heart  
Will turn and ache for sympathy;  
Raise those blue eyes, and meet thy lord's  
Mute look of blank stolidity.  
What priest of God gave to that man  
For thee the sacred nuptial ring?  
And placed his hand on thine, and gave  
God's blessing to so foul a thing?  
What father, with the frosts of age  
Writing their lessons on his brow,  
Could give away a youth like thine  
To such a false, unholy vow?  
What mother—shame on womanhood,  
Made sacred by maternal cares—  
Could, with these instincts in her heart,  
Thus cruelly devote her years?  
Out on them all! Out on the age  
That deifies this gilded pride,  
And knows no other worth! For one,  
I send no greetings to the bride.  
Pride, under whatever form it may show it-  
self, is of the devil; and though family pride  
may not be its most odious manifestation, even  
that child bears a sufficiently ugly likeness o  
its father. But family feeling is a very differen  
thing, and may exist as strongly in humble as in  
high life.  
**CAN'T PHRASES.**  
Can't phrases are not wholly to be despised.  
Worthless as they are in themselves, they have  
their uses. They are the straws in the air—  
the chips in the stream, which serve to show  
the current of opinion. They are the cran-  
nies and chiks in the professions put forward  
by party, through which we may look and dis-  
cover the hidden principles by which it is sway-  
ed. They express little, but they often indi-  
cate much. Like the stratum which lies im-  
mediately over a seam of coal, they may be re-  
garded as mere rubbish; but then it is rub-  
bish we are delighted to find, inasmuch as it is  
in certain contact with a mine of wealth.  
**THE POOREST OF THE POOR.**—A shrewd old  
gentleman once said to his daughter:—"Be  
sure, my dear, that you never marry a poor  
man; but remember, the poorest man in the  
world is one that has money and nothing else."





[Written for the American Union.]

## WELCOME HOME.

BY ARTHUR A. CLOYES.

Thrice welcome to the forest paths  
We once together trod!  
'Tis joy to know you press again  
The consecrated sod!

And as beneath the forest wide,  
At eventide you roam,  
The whispering trees shall seem to speak,  
And bid you "Welcome Home!"

Your feet now tread the well known paths,  
That oft you trod of yore,  
But many an old familiar voice  
Shall greet you—nevermore!

But should you pause upon the bridge,  
To watch the flashing foam,  
A dream of long past hours shall come,  
And bid you "Welcome Home!"

And one, whose star of life thou art,  
E'en now is by thy side,  
Oh! pleasant be his future voyage,  
Over life's treacherous tide.

The poet, in his quiet nook  
Has closed the classic tome,  
And wakened the long-silent lyre,  
To bid you "Welcome Home."

There's one, a friend of earlier years,  
Whom you shall meet no more,  
He roams upon a foreign strand,—  
Upon a distant shore.

The stars are brighter than of old,  
And bluer heaven's dome,  
And many a human heart shall thrill,  
To bid you "Welcome Home!"

## A TRUE LOVER'S WISH.

BY ALICE OARY.

O that I had a chamber built of sod,  
Smelling of earth, and cool as it could be,  
Fronted by verdurous fields where only trod,  
The harmless cattle that were friends to me.  
Hard by, a well, digged deep, and all my own,  
Where never any prying, insolent light,  
Should dare to let itself from stone to stone,  
Or sunburnt rustics going home at night,  
Would stop their empty pithers to refill,  
And weary out the tender silences—  
Low-leaning toward the old blind midnight still,  
From the dim leafy windows of the trees.

A quiet chamber in a quiet wood,  
Trailed over by green boughs, with ivy far  
Out-jutting from the lowly door, that stood  
Securely open toward the evening star.

One dusky corner piled up with a bed  
Of meadow-clovers, mosses, crimson hued,  
Fashioned to greet moist pillows at the head,  
Where I might sink and honeyed be wooed

By memories that with murmurous winds should  
Creep,  
Over the casement at the daylight's close,  
And make me dream of kisses in my sleep,  
Sweet as the red mouth of the morning rose.

In such a shady place my trembling heart  
Might keep from fading its attire of faith,  
Till love and I should drowse, no more to part,  
Into the white and heavy sleep of death.

She who makes her husband happy, and re-  
claims him from vice, is a much greater char-  
acter than ladies described in a romance, whose  
whole occupa- n is to murder mankind with  
shafts from the quiver of their eyes.

It often happens that those are the best  
people whose characters have been injured  
most by slanderers—as we usually find that  
to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have  
been picking

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### Evening.

How sweet when evening shadows close,  
To list the pulse of earth's rep- ae.  
While from the fields and gardens fair,  
There comes a breeze of balmy air,  
Which seeks my open window now,  
And softly fans my burning brow.

From the deep azure Heaven above,  
The full moon sheds her depth of love;  
Once more I feast my raptured sight,  
On you! fair, glorious orb of night;  
Oalm sleep has left my wakeful eye,  
Such pure effulgence fills the sky!

How calmly through the Heavens she glides,  
As barque on placid waters rides;  
Fair queen, with crown of silver hue,  
She sails the depths of liquid blue;  
While her pure, peaceful, holy eye,  
Looks down benignant from the sky.

Shine on, calm, holy empress, shine!  
Oh! would my course might be like thine!  
Still travelling on in virtue's way,  
Up to the realms of endless day,  
Blessing the world with light divine,  
Won from a glorious Saviour's shrine.

Then as thou seek'st thy own loved west,  
I'd pass to scenes of Heavenly rest,  
Where angels tune their harps and sing,  
Eternal praises to their King;  
While there, all radiance is outshone  
By light from the Almighty one.

LILLIE THORNTON.

## POETRY.

### "House and Home."

What's a House? You may buy it, or build it, or  
rent;

It may be a mansion, a cottage, a tent;  
Its furniture costly, or humble and mean;  
High walls may surround it, or meadows of green.

Tall servants in livery stand in the hall,  
Or but one little maiden may wait on you all;  
The tables may groan with rich viands and rare,  
Or potatoes and bread be its costliest fare.

The inmates may glitter in purple and gold,  
Or the raiment be homely and tattered and old;  
'Tis a house, and no more, which vile money may  
buy;

It may ring with a laugh, or but echo a sigh.

But a Home must be warmed with the embers of  
love,  
Which none from its hearthstone may ever remove;  
And be lighted at eve with a heart-kindled smile,  
Which a breast, though in sorrow, of woe may be-  
guile.

A home must be "Home," for no words can express  
it—  
Unless you have known it, you never can guess it;  
'Tis in vain to describe what it means to a heart  
Which can live out its life on the bubbles of art.

It may be a palace, it may be a cot,  
It matters not which, and it matters not what;  
'Tis a dwelling perfumed with the incense of love,  
From which to its owner 'tis death remove.

## YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

### NAPOLEON AS A POET.

W. H. Ireland, Esq., in his Life of Bonaparte,  
which is written with much candor, gives the fol-  
lowing lines, as composed by Napoleon at St.  
Helena. We know not on what authority he  
rests their authenticity.

### AU PORTRAIT DE MON FILS.

De mon fils bien aimé délicieuse image!  
Ce sont bien là ses traits, sa beauté, sa candeur,  
Je ne le verrai plus; sur un plus doux rivage  
Ne pourrais-je jamais le presser sur mon cœur?  
Omon fils! mon cher fils! qu'aujourd'hui ta présence  
A l'autour de tes jour épargnerait d'ennui!  
Sous mes yeux, je verrais s'élever ton enfance;  
Plus tard, de mes vieux ans tu deviendrais l'appui.  
Près de toi, j'oublierais mes malheurs et ma gloire;  
Près de toi, sur ce roc, je me croirais aux cieux;  
Dans tes bras, j'oublierais que quinze ans la victoire  
Avait placé ton père au rang des demi-dieux.  
(Signé) NAPOLEON.

(Translation.)

### TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY SON.

Oh! cherished image of my infant heir!  
Thy surface doth his lineaments impart;—  
But, ah! thou livest not. On this rock so bare,  
His living form shall never glad my heart.  
My second self! how would thy presence cheer  
The settled sadness of thy hapless sire!  
Thine infancy with tenderness I'd rear,  
And thou shouldst warm my age with youthful fire.  
In thee a truly glorious crown I'd find;  
With thee, upon this rock a heaven should own;  
Thy kiss would chase past conquest from my mind,  
Which raised me, demi-god, on Gallia's throne."

## OH! BLAME ME NOT.

BY VINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh! blame me not, because I weep  
At that familiar strain;  
For it brings back on memory's wing,  
Past joy, and grief and pain;  
And none can know the woes that spring  
At mention of that song,—  
Or fathom the deep mysteries  
Which unto it belong;  
As well attempt to find within  
The mermaid's coral caves,  
The jewels which therein are cast  
By ocean's restless waves.

Ah, though those tones unmeaningly  
Should fall upon thy ear,  
They'll stay me in my merries mood,  
And bring back scenes most dear;  
They have for me a magic charm,  
Which none may never know;  
They bind my soul unto the past  
By chains of joy and woe;  
And when that sweet and simple strain  
Falls on my weary heart,  
Fond memory causes burning tears  
Unto my eyes to start.

O, there are voices of the past,  
Links of a broken chain,—  
And wings that bear us back to scenes  
That cannot come again;  
O, there are echoes soft and sweet,  
Which in the heart arise,—  
Though there are some whose stony hearts  
This influence despise:  
Then blame me not because I weep  
At that familiar strain—  
For it brings echoes of the past  
With all its joy and pain.

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1856.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### A Sigh from the Invalid, on the return of Spring.

And now the vernal wind's low sigh,  
Comes breathing from the southern shore,  
In gentle zephyrs waiting by,  
All Nature wakes to life once more.  
I hear the freed, rejoicing streams,  
Glad bursting from their icy chains;  
I see the sun's returning beams,  
Fresh gilding o'er the sombre plains.

How sweet the songsters of the grove  
Tune their blithe lays for all around;  
Now youth delights abroad to rove,  
And catch each joy-inspiring sound;  
For Spring begins anew her reign,  
The dreary cold now hastes away,  
And now sweet hope revives again,  
Beneath her ever-gentle sway.

Ah, yes! the heart of hope beats high,  
With joyous thoughts of coming bliss;  
From his young lips there bursts no sigh,  
He dreams of nought but happiness.  
For calm and bright have been his hours,  
Without a cloud to dim his way,  
As gaily decked in gorgeous flowers  
As that where fancy loves to stray.

But ah! to me they come not so!  
Have I not had to strive with pain?  
In me, the heart's exulting glow,  
Is what they never may wake again.  
The balmy hours must bring the tear,  
Contrasting so with what I've known,  
Of grief and pain, of hate and fear,  
More hard to bear, when borne alone.

It must be so! I feel it now,  
This earth is not for me to tread;  
Beneath a stern decree I bow,  
To rest me with the early dead.  
Then chide me not, nor call me sad,  
Since days so bright can bring but pain;  
To thrill each nerve a charm they have,  
With joy, but now they glow in vain.

Yes, more congenial to my soul  
Were Autumn's sad, low-moan'g breath;  
Methinks I hear its whispers roll,  
That speak so calm, so plain of death.  
The rustling of the falling leaves,  
The swelling torrent's melody—  
All things that show how Nature grieves  
Are mine—but Spring is not for me!

Is not for me the budding rose,  
Or flowing gem by mountain stream;  
The gorgeous light, that brightly throws  
On rock and hill reflecting gleam.

Ah, no! these things are far too bright  
For him who feels his days are few,  
They lovely shine, but mock the sight  
Of one to pass like morning dew!

Cornwall, March 24th, 1849. LEWELLYN.

A woman was burned to death in  
York, on Monday night, by the explosion of  
a fluid lamp. She attempted to fill the  
lamp while it was lighted.

Prof. Stowe and Mrs. H. B. Stowe sailed  
for Europe on Wednesday, in the Africa.  
Mrs Stowe will spend a year in traveling.  
Her twin daughters are in Paris, and her  
son Frederick sailed last Saturday in com-  
pany with Mr. Scoville of Andover, the two  
intending to make a pedestrian tour in Eu-  
rope.

## THE ADVENTURER.

Original.

"WHY wilt thou leave thy pleasant home?"  
Sighed a maiden young and fair,—  
"The way is long, dangers may come,  
And thou wilt perish there!"

"Thy mother gently pleadeth thee  
To leave her not in sadness;  
Thy brother sings no more in glee,  
His voice hath lost its gladness."

"With troubled brow, in silence by,  
A father doth entreat thee;—  
An only sister's fearful eye  
Says, 'brother do not leave me.'"

"Can'st thou resist thy pleadings, love,  
And face a world of dangers?—  
The love of friends is sweet above  
The praise of heartless strangers."

"Content thee here with us to stay,  
And seek not paltry treasures;  
The hours seem long when thou art away,  
And life devoid of pleasures."

The youth sighed low, he knew full well  
What dangers were before him;  
But pleading love broke not the spell—  
Ambition had enslaved him.

"Come, cheer thee up, my love," he cried,  
And seek not to detain me,  
For I must leave awhile thy side,  
And brave the world without thee."

"Fear not for me, my heart is brave,  
And shrinks not from the dangers  
That I must meet on land and wave,  
Or heartlessness of strangers."

"A few short years and then I come,  
With love as true as ever,  
To my fair, loved, New England home,  
Where we no more will sever."

The maiden smiled with joy and pride,  
Her heart was brave, though tender;  
"Go, if thou wilt, but yet," she cried,  
"I know thou wilt remember."

He pressed her brow, and sighed, farewell,  
And turned from the cottage door;  
The silver moonbeams brightly fell  
On scenes he visits no more.

Away! away! o'er sea and main,  
Long weary months they wander;  
The wished-for port at last they gain—  
He dreams of fame no longer.

For sickness came in that strange land,  
And singled from their number,  
The noblest of that noble band,  
For death's unbroken slumber.

And oft at eve with weary feet,  
He climbs the neighboring hill,  
Musing of friends he never will meet,  
By lake and murmuring rill.

He dreams of her, the dark-eyed maid,  
Who stood at the cottage door,—  
"She'll weep for me whose bones are laid  
Upon this distant shore."

"I see them all at home to-night,  
As round the fire they gather;  
They're talking by its cheerful light,  
Of absent son and brother."

"Would I were with that circle dear,  
Who long will wait my coming,—  
They know not how I languish here,  
That even now I'm dying."

"Alas! that I in death should sleep  
So far from all I cherish;  
No loved one's o'er my grave shall weep,  
Afraid from them I perish."

The sun arose at dawn of day  
Above a scene of sorrow,  
For not to him his genial ray  
Shall usher in the morrow.

They made his grave beneath the tree,  
Upon the hill-side growing—  
His requiem chants the breezes free—  
His dirge, the water flowing.

"At sunset hour a low-breathed prayer  
Ascended up to Heaven;  
A hymn swelled on the evening air,  
From hearts with anguish riven.

They rudely carved above his head,  
The name, the age, and story  
Of him who slumbers with the dead—  
This is his fame—his glory.

They left him there, that noble form,  
With many a manly tear.  
"Tis well," they said, "no pain nor storm  
Can reach the slumberer here."

"I soon will come," a spirit sighed  
From out that broken number.—  
"In life we journeyed side by side,  
In death with thee I'll slumber."

Ah, yes! together there they lie,  
Too true was the prediction;  
And strangers read with careless eye  
The rudely carved inscription.

Long years have passed, that maiden's brow  
Is wreathed in smiles of gladness;  
Her dark eye beams as brightly now,  
As when unknown to sadness.

She loves again with all the truth  
And purity of feeling,  
That filled her heart in early youth,  
The woman's love revealing.

But there's a page within her heart,  
Once traced by memory's finger,  
And though the substance may depart,  
The shadow yet will linger.

Jericho Centre, N.

JENNIE.

## THE PAST.

Original.

BY JAMES CRICKSHAUS JR.

WHAT a volume is the past!—of interest and  
importance. The ages long ago seem to us  
as a dream; nor can we, without strenuous effort,  
conceive of Rome as yet standing on her seven  
hills, and Athens flourishing at the head of sci-  
ence. The past is a dreamy land—yet a land in  
which the mind delights to rove and wander.

How often is the whole soul, in profound rever-  
ie, so bound by some unknown power, as to be  
transported, in a twinkling, over the vast chasm  
which separates the past from the present!—We  
enter Rome, and walk her streets with Brutus  
and Cæsar. We converse with them with the  
same familiarity with which we could entertain  
our bosom friends. We listen to Cicero and Cato,  
as we would to Webster or Clay. Our emotions  
rise no higher. Our surprise is no greater. Their  
presence we expect in the Senate chamber—and  
their voices are familiar to our ears. We tread  
the grounds about the Coliseum with the same  
measured step, as we do, to-day, the suburbs of  
some modern castle fast crumbling to decay.—  
Each is to our mind the monument of dilapidated  
nature! Time, the great avenger of all material  
things, has shown the prints of his iron grasp,  
alike on both—and both are equally objects which  
inspire us with awe and admiration! The veil  
which obscures from our vision the glitter of the  
"Grecian blade" and presents the sweet strains  
of the Æolian lyre from reaching our listening  
ear; hangs round us in heavy folds, and thus  
circumscribes our heart wanderings. But, again,  
in thought's lightning car, we are carried back,  
back to the plains of Marathon and Thermopylae,  
where, in the bright beams of a Grecian sun, our  
eyes behold a flood of light reflected from the  
thousand spears, and our hearts are enraptured by  
the melodious strains of Homer's lyre, which break  
upon our ear with a magic power and subduing  
influence!

We, then, no longer regard Marathon and Ther-  
mopylae as mere facts in history, but as present  
realities in which we ourselves are actors. No  
longer is Homer the poet of ancient Grecian song;  
but rather the inspired bard of modern times.

What a volume is the Past!—another page—  
and we read the secret of success and failure.  
One king is set up, another is cast down; and the  
cause of each is the preface to their history. One  
is born, rises up, assumes tyrannic sway, and  
reigns a day and dies. Another rises into life un-  
der the auspices of a wiser system, is borne, by  
the acclamations of a loyal people, to the seat of  
power, sways the golden sceptre of peace, then  
passes off the stage amid the tears of a loving na-  
tion. This page is a page of experiment. We lis-  
ten to the council of war. We follow the tactics  
of enemies advancing to battle. Their every  
movement is set down with mathematical exact-  
ness, and their probabilities of success and defeat  
carefully compared; and their final results are  
thus properly estimated. Thus from mere appar-  
ently speculations, we come to the philosophy of  
events in the history of men and nations.

The feelings and actions of men are analyzed,  
and their legitimate workings deduced from the  
known qualities and tendencies of those feelings  
and actions themselves.

Men study men; and as the emotional nature  
of one man or nation answers to the whole race,  
the philosophy of feeling is placed on a basis as  
capable of being verified as any proposition in  
mathematics.

This is a page of experiments,—and these oft  
repeated have been formed into system, whence  
have been derived our modern institutions, civil,  
political and religious.

Thus in the light of philosophy we conceive of  
our present organizations for reform and progress,  
not, as the offspring of a day or a century, but  
rather as the product of ages.

Modification has followed modification, and  
change has succeeded change, through long peri-  
ods of darkness, until we arrive at our present  
advanced stage of existence.

The Past, then, furnishes, for the sentimental-  
ist, a field of romance, where he may revel and  
enjoy the companionship of kings and emperors,  
orators and statesmen. The philosopher too finds  
in the vast storehouse of the venerable Past ele-  
ments on which his genius may be employed.

This is his school. Here is his scene of labor.  
In a retrospective view, he may, by synthesis,  
trace back the effects which present themselves to  
his mind, to their original source, and note accu-  
rately the connection of cause and effect; and, by  
analysis, he may combine and arrange systems for  
the benefit of the future.

The Past is his workshop; and his materials  
are the combined labors of the minds of all ages.

Alderman Binns being called upon by a woman  
in great haste, and indignant at an expression  
made to her, addressed him in the following terms,  
viz:—"Alderman, Mrs. Snooks, my next door  
neighbor called me a thief, can't I make her prove  
it?" "Well," said the Alderman, after a mo-  
ment's deliberation, "you may, but I think you  
had better not."

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### The Sabbath.

Heil, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day!  
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe  
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke,  
As wandering slowly up the river's bank.  
He meditates on Him, whose power he marks  
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,  
And in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom  
Around its roots; and while he thus surveys  
With elevated joy each rural scene,  
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)  
That Heaven may be one Sabbath without end!

GRAHAM.

To the weary laborer, how sweet is the holy  
Sabbath, the day of rest! And how appro-  
priate such an institution for the physical and  
moral wants of man. With the remembrance  
of it arise pleasant associations of pure and  
holy delight, of most constant and happy en-  
joyment, to be derived only from heavenly  
communion. The slightest mention of the  
name, seems to tingle in the ear like the sound  
of the "church-going bell," calling in solemn  
and impressive tones, for a wise improvement  
of the sanctuary privileges. Then may be  
seen, the pious and devout follower of Christ,  
the haughty and the aristocratic nobleman,  
the gay and thoughtless youth and the feeble  
aged matron, all wending their way in silence  
to the house of prayer. The sight is at once  
both pleasant and instructive. But how few  
derive, or even retain that permanent benefit  
at these seasons, which is necessary for their  
own personal happiness in a future world? A  
serious truth or conviction may force itself  
upon the mind, but the season for meditation  
is short, the Sabbath is soon gone, and these  
solemn truths are liable to be lost, amid the  
numerous cares and worldly thoughts that en-  
gross the attention.

The Sabbath is of divine origin. No soon-  
er had the Creator completed the work of six  
days, than He rested on the seventh, and hal-  
lowed it. Here is an example, worthy of imi-  
tation by all generations and races of men;  
it is often but too poorly and indifferently imi-  
tated at the present day. It seems hardly  
possible to admit, even for a moment, the  
alarming fact, that there are those so influ-  
enced by the love of money or other worldly  
motives, as to neglect even the least observ-  
ance of the holy Sabbath!

Should we be so narrow-sighted as not to  
observe the beneficial effects of the strict ob-  
servance of one day in seven, still, as a duty,  
imperative and binding upon all, it must be  
performed. As if to enforce it more particu-  
larly upon our observance, we find it among  
the first of the Divine Commandments; and  
not only our religious faculties, but physical  
necessities require obedience to the law.

When wearied by incessant toil, we look  
forward to the seventh day with feelings of  
pleasure; we hail it with thankfulness. It  
carries with its enjoyments a sweet foretaste  
of heavenly joys; it bids perplexing cares and  
worldly ills begone, and feeds the mind with  
manna from above.

"Welcome Sabbath! day of rest,  
Holy day that God has blest;  
Return, my soul, be glad again,  
Nor deem the season spent in vain.  
Welcome! blest hours of joy and peace!  
Fit season for our thoughts of bliss;  
Dispel each fear, and bid us raise  
To Him our songs of holy praise!"  
Jay, N. Y. W. H. EAMES.

For Drew's Rural Intelligencer.]

### "LET ME REST."

Pallid she looks and still,  
All cold and dead;  
Fold the dark tresses back  
O'er the young head.

Clasp then her quiet hands  
Upon her breast,  
Wasted are life's dull sands—  
Now comes her rest.

Care on her pale white brow  
Had set his seal;  
Sorrow made many a wound  
Time could not heal.

O, let her rest in peace,  
She long has striven,  
With fainting heart made strong  
By hopes of Heaven.

Seek not to call her back,  
Sweetly she sleeps;  
Life's weary journey's o'er,  
No more she weeps.  
ADELE.



# The Story Teller.

## THE SECOND WIFE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

### CHAPTER I.

I was married. The final vows had been spoken, and I was no longer Agnes Park, but Agnes Fleming. I was the wife of a widower, of thirty-eight, and the stepmother of three children! Not the first chosen, first beloved bride of a young and ardent lover, such as my girlish dreams had pictured! only a second wife!

The reflection was not sweet; nevertheless, it was the thought with which I took my seat in the carriage which was to convey me to my new home. The short wedding tour was ended, and we were "homeward bound." A long ride was still before us, for the village in which Captain Fleming resided was twenty miles from the last railway station; but he had caused his own carriage to meet us there, so I began fully to realize that we were nearing home.

The road over which we journeyed was level and smooth and, for a long time, wound close by the bank of a broad river. Fields lay on one side, stretching far away, until they were skirted by low woods and hills; here and there a white farmhouse stood, looking cheerful and almost gay in the afternoon sunshine. The whole prospect was rural and very beautiful.

My gloom began to pass away, soothed by the sweet influences of the Summer landscape, and visions of future usefulness began already to float through my brain. I had ample opportunity to indulge in these day dreams, for Capt. Fleming, tired with the long ride, was half asleep by the side of his new wife. I was weary of taking the lead in conversation, and concluded to leave him to his meditations, as he had left me to mine. After weaving for myself a very profitable future, I looked, for a little, upon the past.

Oh that past! Mine had been no gay and pampered childhood; but looking back, I saw, on the contrary, years of loneliness, of weariness, and of sorrow. Four years I had watched a young, beautiful, and gifted brother, as, stricken with consumption, he had wasted gradually away. We two were orphans, the last of our race, and all in all to each other.

But, at last, I saw him laid in the coffin, and all my love and hope were long buried with him. Not that I became sad and misanthropic. No; life and duty were not dead; and, looking forward, I saw that there was yet much for me to do, perhaps suffer; so I planted sweetbrier and violets on Harry's grave, and then went out to act and strive with the rest of the striving world.

About a year after my brother's death, I met Arthur Fleming. I had been so shut out from the world by Harry's sickness that I had no lovers, and very few friends, and I hardly believed I could ever again feel an interest in any one; but Arthur Fleming's kind, genial manner and delicate attentions warmed my heart to a new life. Unconsciously, my whole heart, all the more ardent for its long stillness, was given to this new friend. It was with bitter disappointment that I learned he had already been once married, for I could not bear the thought of a rival, living or dead; yet I loved him, and when he asked me to be-

me a mother to his motherless children, I accepted his hand, feeling sure that I would win from him in time an affection as deep and steadfast as my own. His house was lonely, his children poorly protected, and he needed a wife. I had been recommended to him as one who would keep his house in order, and be a suitable companion for his children; after a brief acquaintance he had proposed in due form.

"Almost home!" exclaimed Captain Fleming, rousing himself to look out of the carriage window. The words sent a thrill through me and I looked eagerly out, through the twilight shadows, to the house we were approaching. It was large, and stood at a distance from the village street, and it seemed to me in rather a desolate situa-

tion. Great trees swung their branches over the gateway, and, as we rode between them, the wind made a sighing sound among the leaves. But the lighted lower windows shone cheerfully in the darkness, seeming by their brightness to welcome me home.

Jane Fleming, my husband's sister, who had been his housekeeper since his wife's death, came to the door to meet us. The moment her cold fingers touched mine, I felt that there would be no sympathy between us; and when we had entered the lighted parlor, and I had scrutinized her face, I was sure of it. Without a word she stood beside me, while I took off my bonnet and gloves; she carried them away, then as silently walked into the room again, leading the three children. I feel now the chill of her presence upon me.

The three ran into their father's arms, and embraced him affectionately, and, as he caressed them in return, I perceived that there was a fountain of warmth in his heart which, could I reach it, would be enough to shield me from cold and darkness forever. This show of passionate fondness made me glad, and, going to his side, I tried to win the notice of the children to myself.

"It is your new mother," said he. "She has come to take care of you when I'm gone to sea again. Ellen and May, go to your mother."

May, a pretty, blue-eyed child of ten, came shyly toward me, and kissed my cheek; but Ellen, the eldest, merely gave me her hand. Ellen seemed to have imbibed somewhat of her aunt's icy manner, for she sat aloof and watched me coldly. The little boy now lifted his head from his father's shoulder, and, seeing that May stood by me unharmed, ventured to approach me.

"Come to me, Harry!" said Miss Fleming, with a frown.

Was his name Harry? I caught him to my arms and held him closely, so that he could not escape to his jealous aunt, and I thought in my secret heart, that I would make him like the Harry I had lost. In an instant, the feeling that I was a stranger had vanished, my heart had warmed so toward the little one whose auburn head nestled in my arms. My husband looked pleased and smiled, giving his sister a gratified look; and I observed the shadow of a smile on her lips, but it faded again as she glanced at Ellen. When the clock struck nine, Miss Jane rose and led the children to their chambers. I bade them good night as they went out, but I noticed that Ellen made no answer.

The next morning I made a business of going over the house, and examining its conveniences. The first step upon the broad, gloomy staircase chilled me; but when, after visiting every room, I sat down in the parlor again—I was almost discouraged. Such a dreary disordered house I never saw. In every chamber the curtains hung over the windows like shrouds, and the air was cold and damp as a dungeon. There was dust on the walls, on the windows, and the furniture; there was gloom in every corner. The parlor, which might have been a delightful room, seemed like a sepulchre. The furniture, as well as the pictures, were covered with canvass. A locked bookcase stood in a recess, and a locked piano was by the opposite wall. I asked little May, who had kept close by me all the morning, why this was so.

"Aunt Jane doesn't like music," she said; "and she keeps the bookcase locked, because she says we must not read books until we are older."

"And why is the furniture all covered?"

"The parlor is scarcely ever opened," answered May.

"Aunt Jane wants to keep it nice."

"Well, May," I said "go now and ask Aunt Jane for the key of the bookcase. I want to see the books."

She ran quickly, and returned, followed by Miss Jane, who delivered up the key to me with a dubious kind of grace.

"I hope you will lock the bookcase when you have examined the books, ma'am," said she.

"I don't allow the children to spend their time in light reading."

"What are they now reading?" I asked.

"They learn their lessons," she replied, shortly.

She disappeared, and I opened the bookcase,

which I found to contain a most excellent selection of books. The best poets, the best historians, the best novelists and biographers, were there, making a library small, but of rich value. It was the first really pleasant thing I had found in my new home, and I sat an hour or two, glancing over one volume after another, and rearranging them on the shelves.

Suddenly Miss Jane looked in, and in a moment her face was pale with indignation, for there sat little May on the carpet, buried in a charming old English annual. Miss Jane took two steps forward, and snatching the book out of the child's hand, threw it on the table, then led her by the shoulder out of the room. I was mute with amazement at this rough government at first; then I sprang up and would have followed her, had not the fear of an outbreak restrained me.

"Selfish creature!" I exclaimed, "you are trying to make these children like yourself; ruining them for all good or happiness in life. In Ellen's sullenness and coldness I see the fruit of your labor. Was Arthur Fleming blind when he left his children to your keeping?"

I saw no more of the children until dinner, when, by questioning, I learned that they had been studying all the morning with Miss Fleming. I informed her that I should sit with them in the afternoon, as I wished to see what progress they were making. The look with which she received this announcement plainly indicated that I should be an unwelcome listener to her lessons, and for a few minutes my heart so failed me, perplexed by her contemptuous glances, that I half determined to have nothing to do with the children, but leave them to her, since she was so jealous of them. But my better spirit prevailed over me. "They are mine now," I thought, "for I am their father's wife, and all his are mine. Their interests must be mine."

After dinner, Miss Jane and the children repaired immediately to the chamber which was used as a school-room. In a few minutes I followed them, and quietly took a seat at the desk. She was drilling them in arithmetic, sending one after another to the blackboard and talking all the time in a loud, petulant tone.

"Ellen, if you make such awkward figures I'll put you back to the beginning of the book. May, will you stand straight, or be sent to bed? Decide now!"

"I cannot understand this sum, Aunt Jane," sighed May.

"Sit down, then, until you can."

"Do you not explain what they cannot understand?" I asked.

"All that is necessary," she replied. "May could understand her sums if she attended to me."

An hour passed, during which May silently hung her head over her slate, and played with her pencil, Miss Jane offering no explanation. Harry alternately counted, with his fingers, the buttons on his jacket and marks of a knife upon his desk. Ellen, whose strong mind received knowledge almost intuitively, studied her lesson quietly and without difficulty. Presently she gave her book to her aunt, and recited her lesson perfectly.

"Very well, Ellen, said Miss Jane. "You may go into the garden, and amuse yourself."

"Do they not play together?" I inquired, with astonishment, not pleased with the idea of solitary, mirthless exercise.

"Not unless they learn their lessons equally well," she answered. "Harry! if I live, the boy is going to sleep! Stand in the corner, Harry, until you are awake."

Harry colored, and went to the corner, rubbing his eyes. I felt disgusted at the fatal lack of system, order, and justice, which prevailed in this mock school. I was growing frightened at the work before me, fearful that Jane Fleming had sown more tares than my weak hands could ever root out.

Seeing that Harry was crying, I went to him in his corner.

"Go away!" he sobbed, when I laid my hands on his head. "Go away. You are not my mother!"

I made no reply to this, but asked him why he

cried.

"Because I am tired," he answered, "and you and Aunt Jane won't let me sit down."

"I and Aunt Jane, Harry?"

"Yes," he sobbed out. "Aunt Jane says you are come here to live always, and will make me mind you."

"It is not true, Harry," I whispered. "I love you, and want you to love me. Won't you love me, darling?"

But he only thrust out his little hand sullenly, and turned his face away from me. Jane now came forward, and I turned from the child with a sigh of disappointment.

"But I will be patient," I said to myself. "They have been taught to fear and dread me; I cannot at once make them love me."

The next morning Captain Fleming left for a six months' voyage in his new barque, the May Fleming. His parting with the children was most tender and affectionate, even tearful—with me it was kind. After he was gone, I stole up to my room, and spent the morning in bitter weeping and sadness. What would become of me, if I should fail in trying to make myself beloved by his children—if their hearts were irrevocably steeled against me? Would not his own grow gradually colder and colder toward me? Fearful prospect!

### CHAPTER II.

I heard a soft tap at my door, and little May entered. She, too, had been crying; when she saw traces of tears on my face, she came gently up to me, and crept into my lap.

"Do you love father, too?" she asked, in her frank, simple manner.

"Yes, darling, I love him," I answered, "and I want to love you all, and be loved by you. Now he is gone, I am very sad and lonely. Will you not love me, May?"

The child kissed me gravely; but did not reply to the question.

"Aunt Jane sent me to call you to dinner," she said, slipping from my arms.

When we had finished this lonely meal, and the children and Jane had gone up stairs to the afternoon lessons, I visited one or two rooms which had attracted my observation the day before. One was the attic chamber, where I had noticed a heap of old packages which I wished to examine. In one corner stood a pile of old pictures, some soiled, some with broken frames, but which, on examination, I found worthy to be rubbed up and newly framed. One especially won my admiration. It was a portrait of a young and beautiful woman. The soft auburn hair and hazel eyes were very lovely, and the features though not expressive of any great energy or depth of character, were faultlessly regular.

I heard some one passing in the hall, and opened the door to ask some questions about these pictures. It was Ellen.

"Are you busy, Ellen?" I asked. "If not, I wish you would come here a moment."

Ellen looked surprised, but followed me without any reply.

"I want to know something about these pictures. Some of them are very fine, and it seems to me strange that they should hang here out of sight."

"They got injured," said Ellen; "and Aunt Jane did not have time to get them mended."

"Here is a beautiful landscape," I said.

I knew, by the quick dilating of Ellen's hazel eyes, as she looked at the picture, that she could appreciate its excellence, and I regretted that she had been so long debarred the privilege of cultivating her naturally artistic taste. I resolved to help her to make up the lost time.

"Now here is one in which I am still more interested," I said, taking up the portrait. "Who is this, Ellen?"

Ellen started, and then the color rushed to her cheeks, as she answered, in a low voice, "It is my mother."

I had suspected as much. The resemblance was striking between the pictured face and little Harry.

"Is this the way that you preserve your mother's portrait?" I asked.

"Aunt Jane put it away before—"

"Before I came, Ellen?"

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"Well, I shall take better care of it in future."

I am not come to stand between you and your mother, Ellen. I wish you to love and honor her memory above all others. I shall try to make you wiser and happier than ever, instead of gloomy and sad."

There was a slight quiver about Ellen's firm lip, as she turned and left the room. I began to feel encouraged. That evening I had a fire made in the parlor, the piano was unlocked, and I took my music from my trunks. In the "gloaming," before there was any light in the room, save that of the tremulous fire-light, I sat down to play. They were all there; Jane at crochet work in a corner, and the children seated silently about the fire.

I found the piano an excellent instrument, and after playing a variation, which drew a sigh from the depths of Miss Jane's bosom, and a shout of delight from my little Harry, I began to sing. It was an old, plaintive, Scotch song that I chose; something to touch and melt the heart.

May and Harry were standing, one on each side of me, when I ended, and their glowing faces expressed their delight.

"I like that," said Harry, "I wish Aunt Jane wouldn't keep the piano locked, so that nobody can touch it."

A loud warning cough from his amiable aunt made him shrink a little closer to me. "Do sing another, please!" whispered May, and I sung Goethe's "Miller and the Brook," that wild, merry old song.

What do I say of a murmur

That can murmur be?

'Tis the water nymphs that are singing

Their roundels under me!

May was in ecstasies. "Oh, will you teach me to play?" she asked. "It would make me so happy!"

"May!" said Jane, sternly. But the little girl did not heed it; her faith in her aunt was fast decreasing.

"I will, certainly, if you wish it," I replied. "Both Ellen and you may take lessons as soon as you please to begin. I do not wish you to be confined wholly to arithmetic."

I turned from the piano and sat by the fire, after having lighted the lamp. May and Harry were dancing about in the middle of the room, and even Ellen smiled at their playful rudeness. Jane, seeing that they took no heed of her dreary coughs and sighs, rose and left the room. I took quick advantage of her absence.

Going to the bookcase, I selected an interesting volume, and sat down with it near the lamp. "You have heard of Joan of Arc, have you not, Ellen?" I asked.

"I do not remember that I have," she answered. "Who was she?"

"Her story was a very wonderful one. I will read it, if you would like to hear it," I answered.

"Is it true?" cried Harry, leaving his play.

"Yes, Harry. It happened many years ago, in France. Shall I read it?"

Harry and May were already eager to hear it, and Ellen looked interested, though she said nothing. I took Harry in my lap, and began to read the strange, thrilling story. All listened with the deepest attention.

By and by Ellen interrupted me, saying—"If you are tired, let me read it awhile, mother."

I was tired, and gave it up to her gladly; she had called me "mother!"

At nine, Aunt Jane came and called them to bed.

"No, no, aunty; we'll come as soon as we find out what became of poor Joan!" cried May. "Shall we stay, mother?"

"Let them stay a little longer," I said, to Miss Jane. The door closed, and Ellen proceeded with the story.

"Sing us one little song!" said May, when the story was ended. I complied willingly, and sang "Let us love one another." When I had finished, May sprang up and gave me a good night kiss. Harry followed her example.

"I want one more," I said, turning to Ellen, and with a grave smile, she kissed me and bade

me good night. That night my pillow was haunted with happy dreams.

Much of the ensuing week was spent in rearranging the rooms, in order to give them a more cheerful appearance. I took down the portrait of the first Mrs. Fleming from its garret corner, and hung it over the mantel in the parlor. I reframed the beautiful landscape, and it adorned a little room opening from the back parlor, which had been used as a spare bed-room, but which I converted into a miniature library. I went with the children into the fields to hunt for early May flowers, with which to fill the vases and make the rooms bright and fragrant.

May took her first music lesson, and was already promising to sing "Let us love one another," on Christmas Day, at which time her father would be at home. Ellen had so far descended from her cold heights of reserve as to ask me to learn her crayon drawing, and I was astonished at the artist talent she already exhibited.

One morning, when I had been about a fortnight with them, Jane came to the breakfast table in her traveling dress. We were all surprised—I most of all, for I had hoped the happiness of the children would win her kindness also; but I was mistaken. "Where are you going, aunty?" asked May, her blue eyes expanding with astonishment. Miss Jane declined no answer, but ate her breakfast in unbroken silence, then, turning to me, announced her decision.

"Mrs. Fleming, you cannot expect me to stay here content, when I see you daily undoing with all your might what I have been laboring so hard to accomplish. These girls were growing up, in my care, discreet, sober, and reasonable. I shut out the vanities and follies of the world from their knowledge. I reared them in prudence and soberness. But Arthur Fleming must bring a strange wife here, who, in two short weeks, could, by her wily softness of manner, win their foolish young hearts away from their tried friend, and fill their heads with vanity. I will not stay where I and my teachings are objects of contempt. I leave you to your painting and playing, your singing and bouquet making. I am not penurious, as you probably suppose. I have still a home to go to, now that I am driven thanklessly from this one."

My eyes filled with tears at these scornful words. The children looked wonderingly at me and at her.

"Don't go, aunty! Mother doesn't want you to go," whispered May, the sweet little peace-maker.

"I don't know who drives you from here!" said Ellen, sarcastically.

"Jane, I wish you to stay with us," I said. "It is right that I, Captain Fleming's wife, should be a mother to his children, and take their care and education into my own hands. I mean to make them happy in their home, in their studies, and to fit them for good and useful lives. You can help me in this work, and I will be your friend. Will you stay, Jane?"

"No, Mrs. Fleming. I will not stay where I am a mere cipher. But, children, I do not desert you. If you are ever fatherless, or in trouble, I will come to you, and you shall have your home with me again."

The stage coach, which Jane had secretly ordered to call for her, now rattled up to the door, and she took her seat in it. She gave a nod of freezing dignity to me, and a farewell of compassionate affection to the children, and then the coach drove away.

I was alone with home, children, and peace.

### CHAPTER III.

Six months passed rapidly, and how pleasantly my vivid recollections of them testify. As the village school taught but little, and I was fully competent to instruct the children myself, I spent three hours of every morning in study with them. Two afternoons in a week I devoted to May's music and Ellen's drawing; on the other afternoons they were free to practice at home, or to visit their village friends, and receive visits in return. Our evenings were spent in reading, and in the three months of that Summer they gained more intelligence than in years before. Their interest in knowledge was aroused, and whatever



they read was made a subject of free and cheerful conversation, thus fixing important facts in their memories, and training their minds to habits of active thought. Ellen adored the walls of her sitting room and little library with several very fine crayon pictures, and May added to our evening readings the charm of her sweet singing. At Christmas time we expected Captain Fleming. With what a glad pride I looked upon my happy group, and thought of the gratitude he would feel, when he saw their improvement, and witnessed their affection for myself. I looked forward with a beating heart to the meeting.

It was a fortnight before Christmas, and we were already deeply engaged in preparation for the merry season. Green boughs, with which to decorate the rooms, were being made into festoons and garlands, and, in a sly corner, the Christmas tree was waiting its hour of triumph. Ellen was hurrying to finish a picture of Santa Claus to hang over the Christmas tree; and May was practising incessantly, "Let us love one another," at the pianoforte; while little Harry entered with even greater zeal, if possible, into the preparations for the festivities.

It was afternoon, and Ellen and I had been discussing the propriety of inviting some friends to enjoy our Christmas Eve with us. We were now in daily expectation of Captain Fleming, and every sound of carriage wheels made us rush to the window.

"Father is come!" cried Ellen, as the sound of wheels, instead of passing, ceased at our door, and we simultaneously sprang up and ran to the window. There, indeed, stood the expected coach but who was that old lady, with a green bandbox held tightly in her arms, now bounding out of the coach door, sending sharp glances up at the windows, while the coachman took down her trunk?

"It is aunt Jane!" said Ellen, with a long sigh of disappointment, and she looked into my face inquiringly.

"It is too bad, too bad!" said May, half crying, "for her to come and spoil all, just as we were to have such a merry Christmas."

"Well, meet her kindly and give her a welcome," I said, and by that time the hall door had opened, and Jane Fleming stood in the midst of us, receiving our greetings with a kind of grim smile. The girls divested her of all her many shawls and cloaks and furs, and Harry drew a chair for her close to the fire.

As she warmed her feet at the grate, she looked around her with a singular expression of pity, mixed with triumph.

"I have kept my promise, children," she said. "I told you if anything happened, I would come to you."

I started from my seat, and a shudder of terrible forebodings passed through me, as I remembered the promise to which she referred.

"Jane! Jane Fleming, what do you mean?" I cried.

She wiped the corner of her eyes with the handkerchief. Then she said—

"Ah! It is as I thought. You see that I, living on the seashore as I do, get news some days in advance of you. I said to myself when I heard it, that it would be printed in your weekly paper and you would not get it before to-morrow. So I thought I had better step into the stage and ride down to prepare your minds. Poor children! Poor children!"

"What is it?" said Ellen, grasping her aunt's wrist with a kind of nervous fierceness.

This suspense was growing intolerable. Jane fixed her eyes steadily on Ellen's countenance, and answered slowly—

"Last week, in the great storm, the May Fleming was wrecked!"

A low cry escaped May's lips.

"Jane!" I gasped, "my husband—where is he?"

She looked at me composedly.

"The May Fleming was wrecked and sunk.—Save the mate and one sailor, who floated two days on a broken raft, every soul was lost!"

I could utter neither cry nor moan. I only looked into the face of my children, who gathered about me, indulging their wild sorrow in pitiful

cries. Ellen only, after a brief time, seemed to resist, to my chamber; there, watched by her alone, I lay silent and motionless.

But my brain was busy. "Is it to this, an untimely death," I thought, "that all I love are fated to come? My heart was wrapt in my beautiful Henry, and he laid down to die in the glory of his youth. My love rose out of his grave and gathered itself, strong as life, about my husband; and now, in so little while, he is gone also.—Was it for this that I gave my mind, my heart, my soul, to his children, only that they should look up to me with their pitiful faces, and cry, 'we are orphans!' Where was he, when we, his wife and his children, were making Christmas garlands? We were singing and weaving the holly and cedar by the warm firelight, while he, now struggling, now failing and sinking, was smothered in the horrible waves!"

Such thoughts as these filled my brain with ceaseless horror and all day I lay as one benumbed. But suddenly as it grew dark, and Ellen brought a lamp into my chamber, I was struck by her settled expression of woe. I had forgotten that I was not the only sufferer. That thought gave me strength. I rose, took her by the hand, and went down to the other children. I gathered them about me, and we all wept together. Then and not till then, did I feel that I could speak to them of comfort.

The next morning our paper came, and its long account of the wreck confirmed the sad tidings. Days passed—slowly, tearfully. I was beginning to realize that we, of late such a joyful group, were now "the widow and the fatherless."

It was evening, and we all sat in the little library. The door of the parlor behind us was ajar, but there was no light in there; only one lamp burned on the pianoforte, which had been moved into the little room.

Harry lay in my arms asleep, his soft curls falling over his forehead, and half veiling his fresh, fair face. Ellen and May, one on each side of me sat at work on mourning dresses; Jane, too, in the corner was sewing black tibat. How different our labor from that with which we had expected to usher in the Christmas Eve!

By and by, Ellen looked up with an anxious expression.

"Mother, are we poor?" she said.

I was glad that I could answer in the negative.

"But," I added, "we know not how soon we may be. This great misfortune has taught us nothing is sure. We must not lean idly on what we possess, but prepare ourselves for labor, if need be. To-morrow, I wish you all to begin again your studies."

Jane dropped her needle and thread.

"I thought it was understood that the children should go home with me," she said. "Perhaps you think I am poor and helpless; but you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am probably better able than you to take care of the children."

This announcement startled me; but there was no need. May threw her arms round my neck and whispered, "I will not leave you mother;" while Ellen, her fine eyes glowing with excitement, answered, quietly and firmly—

"Our mother has the best claim on us, Aunt Jane, and until she sends us, we will never leave her. We have never been so happy as in this past half year. We love her better than all other friends, and now that our father is gone we will not leave her alone."

My heart thrilled with gratitude that I could not utter. I could only give my noble Ellen a look of thankfulness, and say—

"I will be as faithful to you as you have been to me, Ellen."

"Hush!" said May, startling from her seat. "What was that sound?" She went to the window and looked out. "It was only the wind," she added, and sat down by me again.

Jane shot indignant glances at the children.

"I little thought, when I came here to work and wear myself for you, that you would so soon desert me for a stranger."

"Aunt Jane," said Ellen, quickly, "remember it is our mother of whom you speak—our second

mother to whom we owe so much."

Miss Fleming was evidently annoyed, but was silent.

"I do hear a footstep," said May, and again she peeped from the window, but all was dark and silent.

My heart ached with weary dissension, and I made a last attempt at peace.

"Sister Jane—you shake your head, but you were his sister, and must, therefore, be mine—for his sake I forgive you for the many attempts you have made to turn my children's hearts against me, but for ever after let there be silence on this theme. I am no stranger in this house, but hold a mother's place to the children my beloved husband left in my care. For them henceforth, and for them only, I shall live and labor. I have thus far tried to do them good, and they themselves bear witness to my success. Trust them to me, and let there be no more harshness between us—for his sake."

Jane Fleming burst into tears. She wept for a few moments, and her heart was softened.

"Agnes, forgive me!" she said, to my astonishment and joy. "You think me heartless, but, indeed, I am not, though I have been harsh. It was my love for my brother and his children that made me wickedly jealous of you. But I am now a mourner with you and them. For his sake, forgive me."

There was a moment of silent, pleased surprise, and then I clasped her hand warmly, and called her "sister." Ellen gravely stooped down and kissed her, and little May, rejoiced, sprang to the pianoforte, and sang with her whole heart, "Let us love one another."

As she ceased and turned her smiling face toward us, there was a sound behind, a quick footstep toward the hall, the door was flung open, and—

Had one risen from the dead?

"My wife, my children, my blessed Agnes!" said Captain Fleming, his voice hoarse with emotion, and before we could utter a word of welcome or surprise, we were all clasped in his strong, living arms. The rapture of that hour who could seek to portray?

"Forgive me, Agnes, for playing the listener," he said. "It was not premeditated, but as I came in I heard your voices, and could not but pause a moment before surprising you. How can I ever thank you, how repay you for your love to my children and me?"

These words and many more fell from his lips, as he clasped me again with warm affection. I was repaid for all my labor, all my sorrow.

Then followed questions, explanations, words of joy and welcome. His good ship, indeed, had been lost in the fearful storm, but the account of the loss of the men had been exaggerated in the excitement of the news. Many were lost, but not all. There were other homes of mourning made glad that night as well as mine.

And what a merry, joyful Christmas we had! How the Christmas tree sparkled under its many tapers, loaded not only with the gifts of the children to each other, but with more costly presents to me and to them from their delighted father! How proudly did Ellen lead her father to the pictures her industry had wrought, and say, in answer to his surprise, "Mother taught me!"

How sweetly did little May sing her favorite song, and, throwing her arms about her smiling father's neck, say also, "Mother taught me!"

Very sacred, and full of peculiar trials, is the position of the second wife, where the children of the buried mother claim her care and love; but if, with a true heart and zeal, she enters into the work before her, rich is her reward and its pleasures endure forever.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

In a little rosewood casket  
Which is resting on the stand,  
There's a package of old letters,  
Penned by a cherished hand.  
Will you go and bring them sister,  
And read them o'er to-night?  
I have often tried, but could not,  
For the tears that dimmed my sight.

Come up closer to me, sister;  
Let me lean upon thy breast,  
For my tide of life is ebbing,  
And I fain would be at rest.  
Read the letters he has written—  
He whose voice I've often heard—  
Read them over, love, distinctly,  
That I lose not e'en a word.

Tell him, sister, when you meet him,  
That I never ceased to love;  
That I, dying, prayed to meet him  
In a better home above;  
Tell him that I ne'er upbraided,  
Not a word of censure spoke,  
Though his silence and his absence  
My heart had well-nigh broke.

Tell him that I watched his coming,  
When the noon-tide sun was high,  
And when at eve the angels  
Lit their star-lamps in the sky;  
And when I saw he came not,  
Tell him that I did not chide,  
But that I ever loved him—  
That I blessed him when I died.

When in the grave's white garments  
You have wrapped my form around,  
And have laid me down to slumber  
In the quiet church-yard ground,  
Place the pictures and the letters  
Close against my pulseless heart;  
We for years have been together,  
And in death we may not part.

I am ready now, dear sister;  
You may read the letters o'er,  
I will listen to the words of him  
Whom I shall see no more;  
And ere you shall have finished  
Should I calmly fall asleep—  
Fall asleep in death—and wake not,  
Gentle sister, do not weep.

—J. W. Welch.

[For the Christian Mirror.]  
LINES,  
On presenting a Bible to a youth, bound to sea.

A teacher's gift—remember, boy,  
When sailing on the deep—  
In sunshine and when threatening waves  
O'er thy frail vessel sweep—  
This holy book consult, and bind  
Its truth unto thy heart—  
And let it be thy counsellor—  
Thy pilot and thy chart.

Then let the storm arise and rage  
In terror and in night—  
Mid the hoarse howling of the winds  
And blackness of the night—  
Sweet peace shall smile upon thy brow  
And calm shall be thy breast,  
If thou, upon this blessed book,  
Confiding faith can rest.

When far away, no teacher's voice,  
Will warn of dangers nigh—  
Nor wilt thou meet a sister's smile,  
Nor mother's watchful eye—  
No faithful friend will show thy feet  
The way to truth and heaven—  
Nor in thy presence lift the prayer  
To have thy sins forgiven.

Thy teacher's gift remember then,  
And as thou read'st it, pray  
That He who there invites to heaven,  
Will teach thy heart the way—  
Then while we miss thee from our side,  
This thought will give us joy,  
Thy Bible is thy constant guide—  
Farewell—farewell—dear boy.

MY MOTHER'S SMILE.  
BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

The rosy blush has left their cheek,  
Her voice is soft and low,  
Her step is trembling now and weak,  
Her locks are like the snow.  
The mild blue eyes no longer beams  
With light as once erewhile,  
Yet sweeter than an angel's seems  
My gentle mother's smile.

Though wrinkled now, I love to dwell  
Upon her thoughtful face,  
Where lingers more than beauty's spell,  
Or blush of youthful grace;  
For there affection ever gleams,  
And love that knows no guile  
And brighter than an angel's seems  
My dearest mother's smile.

When far away; and thoughts of home  
Fill all my dreams at night,  
And 'mid-night angel-throngs I roam,  
I see her form of light.  
The first to come and last to go,  
And fairest all the while;  
It greets me with a heavenly glow,  
My tender mother's smile.

'On earth its light shall cheer my way  
And sweeten all my care,  
And when death comes, its purer ray  
Shall beam around me there;  
And as I yield this mortal state,  
This thought shall still beguile,  
'Twill be so sweet at heaven's gate,  
To meet my mother's smile.

To a Mother.

MOURN! for thy boy, so beautiful, is dying!  
Dim close the eyes no light may e'er relume;  
Mourn for thy flower—thy precious flower, now lying  
Broken and bowed—and ne'er on earth to bloom.

Weep for the little breast that heaves with anguish!  
And plead where misery never pleads in vain;  
Better that he were dead than thus to languish,  
Whilst life feeds but the lingering pulse of pain.

Peace!—'tis the last—the last convulsive feeling—  
The lip yet quivers, but the heart is still;  
The parting soul is heavenward stealing—stealing,  
Far from the wo and weight of worldly ill!

Rejoice! thy boy, so beautiful, no longer  
Droops 'neath disease! Rejoice! his throes are o'er;  
Thy bowed and broken flower is raised, and stronger  
Blooms where the storms of sickness beat no more.

Bid not a tear ungratefully be given;  
Let not a murmur linger where he trod:  
Thy child of earth is now the child of Heaven!  
Thy heir, oh, mother, is the heir of God!

Lift up thy spirit with this seraph vision,  
That he, so pure, so beautiful, hath fled  
From dim home, unto a home elysian;  
The paradise that waits the sinless dead!

And yet, forget not! but, when early morning,  
Like a bright bird lifts up her golden plumes;  
Think of thy child! think, thus his soul returning,  
Gilds the heavenly east, as morning blooms!

And oh! forget not! but when flowers are sighing,  
And the bright sunset fades along the west,  
Think of thy child! yet, oh! not pale and dying;  
But smiling, radiant, 'mid the blest!

A Funeral in Rome.

A PLEASANT correspondent of the Providence Journal, writing from Rome, gives the following account of a funeral in the Eternal City—

"I have seen nothing in Europe which has impressed me more than a Roman funeral. They always take place at night, and are conducted in such a way as to awe and solemnize the mind in a most remarkable manner. When I had been in Rome but a few days, I heard one evening in the street a prolonged wailful sound, unlike anything to which my ear had ever before been accustomed. On flinging open the window, I discovered that it came from a procession of priests and monks bearing a body to burial. There must have been several hundred, for the train extended nearly the length of the street. The priests led the way with uncovered heads, and wearing their long, black gowns, over which, at the shoulders, were thrown a jacket of lace. A long line of monks of different orders followed, with the strange looking habiliments of coarse brown cloth, cowed heads and sandaled feet. Every tenth man carried a great candle of wax, the light of which falling on the dark vestments of the priests, and casting shifting shadows before and behind, like another procession of spirits, gave the whole an aspect of inexpressible mystery and gloom. Add to this the voices of the monks chanting in deep, solemn tones the funeral dirge, and it is not easy to imagine anything more mournful or impressive.

The body was carried at the end of the procession upon a bier covered with a superb pall of cloth of gold. This was followed by two men bearing upon their shoulders what looked like long wood-

en boxes upon which the bier was to rest. Each priest who carried a torch was attended by a man holding a small paper screen attached to the end of a stick, which served to keep the wind from the flame. Other men and boys ran along at the sides with shovels of tin to collect from the pavements the drops of melted wax continually falling. Evidently the deceased was a person of consideration, for the retinue of priestly attendants was large even for Rome, where it is easy at the shortest notice to get together hundreds of ecclesiastics or religious brothers of one or another order. As soon as I saw this novel spectacle, I obeyed my first impulse, and ran out and followed to see what the end might be. There was in the sound of the dirge a strange charm, and in the whole dark pageant a fascination quite unearthly. A certain sort of romance, inspired long ago by I know not what wild poetical and prose recitals, was roused again. Slowly the mournful cortege wound through several narrow, dark streets, until it reached a heavy looking church near the Fountain of Trevi. I contrived, with several others not of the procession, to steal in, expecting to witness in the funeral ceremonies something surpassing in dreadful gloom what I had already beheld.—But that was the end, for the time, of the matter, for the bier was deposited in the centre of the church, the chant ceased, the torches, which were the only lights in the building, were extinguished, one by one, and the crowd of monks and priests hurrying out, the doors were closed. I went home with a light step and a light heart, for all this melancholy show, which had really impressed me so much, had not produced a permanent effect of gloom, but, on the contrary, I felt gay, hopeful and happy. Thus does the spiritual principle within us carry on its mysterious and inexplicable processes."

Madame Sontag.

THE following letter, addressed by the Count de Rossi, husband of the late celebrated vocalist, to a friend in Paris, is translated, by the London Musical World.

"It is now nearly five months since I left her tomb, and I am still as broken-hearted and miserable as on the day of her death. The generous but useless endeavors of my relations to alleviate my loss, and even the presence of my beloved children sadden rather than console me, particularly when I think of the happiness their dear mother would have felt in witnessing the great success of her favorite daughter, whom all find so charming in those qualities of education, heart, and musical feeling, which my lamented Henriette made such efforts to develop under her own direction. All now is lost forever, to me, to my children, and to the world, which she knew how to charm as much as she did her own domestic circle, by a talent which was never more perfect than when the decree of Providence arrested it in its career. It is impossible for me to tell you what myself and my poor children suffer from a wound that time will scarcely heal; more especially my little Marie, who is only beginning to recover somewhat from the terrible blow given to her dearest and best affections. Pious as she is, (and permit me to add as I am myself,) we have appreciated in the highest degree the proof of affection shown by Mlle. Alphonsine Lemit (in the services at La Madeleine) in favor of one who had vowed to bestow upon her a mother's interest, and would have kept the vow if the Almighty had permitted her to realize the project of fixing her residence in Paris, as we had decided. Alas! it only remains for us now to honor her memory in our prayers, and to endeavor to stifle the bitter feelings which all of us experience in thinking of the fate of that unhappy mother who, as the price of her noble and indefatigable devotion, died, and died even at the moment when she was counting the days and the hours that would bring her back to her beloved children, and recompense her for all her troubles and anxieties. Let us hope, my dear and good friend, that Heaven, in its just mercy, has reserved for her the reward of her good works, in the enjoyment of a happiness of which we cannot measure the extent; and in truth it is not she, but ourselves, who are the most to be pitied.

"I am waiting for the arrival at Hamburg of her dear mortal remains, in order to go there and meet them; I shall then accompany them to their last resting place, in the Convent of Maria Jhal, near Dresden, where her sister is a nun, and where, in consequence, the holy prayers of those who loved her most will not be wanting. I am having a small chapel built there, with two tombs, and, after satisfying this wish of my heart, I return to my family.

"I shall meet you, no doubt, in the spring, but will not promise you that the pleasure of seeing you will be exempt from all sadness. It will be impossible for me to separate your presence from the remembrance of my dear Henriette; the idea of being able to talk of the angel whom I have lost with those who feel as you do, has, however, its consolation. Besides, it will be delightful to renew the friendship of Mlle. Alphonsine and my dear Marie, by bringing them together again for a short time.



Original.  
"SHALL I BE BELOVED."

ASK yonder planets as they roll  
Their wonted round in space,  
If aught can dim their silvery sheen,  
So darkness fill the place.

Ask Cythere as if her light  
Shall dimly burn and die,  
If she shall hide her smiling face  
From hope's expectant eye.

Aye, ask that countless starry host  
If they shall shine no more;  
If all their glorious beams shall fade,  
And life with them be o'er.

Ask that pale matron of the skies,  
Her changes to partake;  
And while she travels Heaven's disc  
Another course to take.

Ask that majestic orb of day,  
Whose every step is grace,  
To stay his chariot wheels of fire,  
And seek a resting-place.

When these give answer thou shalt hear  
A low impassioned voice;  
A truthful language it shall speak,  
And thou shalt know my choice.

I'll tell thee then if love's pure flame,  
Expired without a sigh,  
Or if it burned with fiercer glow,  
And scorned with life to die.

Let the woman's soul  
Be pure desire;  
Let her heart of hearts,  
Be all changing fire.

A. R. C. MATHERSON.

Original.

A LESSON IN HOUSE-KEEPING.

BY MAY LA MARK.

"FEAR, Charles, that we are neglecting the most important part of our daughter Emma's education."

"To what do you refer, Mary?"

"To her domestic education."

"I supposed that was receiving especial attention. She is being educated almost altogether under the influence of home; I do not know how she can fail to form domestic tastes and habits."

"Too much under the influence of home, I think; while it is no better, I fear she will not form correct habits. I do so much want her to avoid the difficulties in house-keeping which I have experienced, arising from a want of order. You are aware that this faculty was never very well developed in my character. I am willing to instruct her as far as I am able, but I cannot impart that knowledge which I do not possess."

"You, doubtless, experience many difficulties in house-keeping; but no more, I think, than any woman would who tries to accomplish so much with so little help and so many inconveniences. I blame myself for not insisting upon teaching Emma in Mathematics. This would have left you more than you ought to do to look to her other lessons and perform your household duties."

"You have assisted me considerably. There are so many calls upon your time that, when you can be with your family, you ought to have the privilege of resting."

"I hope you will be as just to yourself as you are generous to me. You will, then, cease to blame yourself for not doing the impossible. Our home is very happy, is it not, Mary? I think this would be the united testimony of your husband, children, and friends generally. That system (or want of system, as you are pleased to call it) of domestic management cannot be very bad which is so happy in its results."

"Your affection makes you blind to my faults, Charles. But I shall feel that it is a culpable neglect if I fail to try to take means to supply the deficiency I mentioned in Emma's education. I will tell you of a plan that has been proposed to me, and which I shall be pleased to carry out, should it meet with your approval. You have heard me speak of Mrs. Dunn's house-keeping. You may have observed, as we have visited there, that her house is always so perfectly neat and orderly, and her children so very quiet and obedient. Miss Haven called here this morning; she wished to procure Emma's services as a teacher of French in the Seminary at Clinton. She said that Emma could have a home in Mr. Dunn's family. This arrangement will give Emma an opportunity to be useful, and, at the same time, to take lessons in house-keeping."

"What does Emma say?"

"She says she is willing to go."

"We will miss her."

"Very much."

"Our evenings will seem dull, I fear, when she is not here to read and sing and play for us. You will miss her light and willing steps in the morning, too, assisting you in your housework. And the younger children—who will instruct them?"

"I can look to the lessons, and Nettie can help me with my work. I shall miss Emma, but it will be a great deal; she is very fond of working."

"I have learned to play several of our favorite evening songs, and she sings them very prettily. I know I shall miss Emma, but it

would be selfish to let her interest. We must learn to do without her."

"I shall certainly not interfere with your plans, Mary."

"But do you approve them?"

"I hope the result will meet your expectations. You and Emma can arrange the matter to please yourselves, and I shall not fail to be satisfied."

So saying, Mr. Gibson arose and went to his study. Though he could not clearly see the necessity of his daughter being sent from home to take lessons in house-keeping, he did not wish to oppose his wife's wishes.

Mrs. Gibson was a very amiable and intelligent woman. She felt her responsibility as a wife and a mother. She realized that the happiness of her husband and children depended greatly upon her efforts to make home pleasant. She labored unceasingly to prepare her children for lives of usefulness. Nor did she neglect her duties to society. Though not wealthy, her benevolence was unbounded, for she could give kind words and sympathy where it was not in her power to offer material aid. She possessed a finely cultivated mind and pleasing manners, and no one could be long in her society without feeling benefitted by the association. Her influence was felt for good throughout the parish of which her husband had the charge. Mr. Gibson may be pardoned, then, for thinking her a pattern woman.

But she was not satisfied with herself. Her standard of excellence was so high that it was often impossible for her to attain to it. She was of rather a nervous temperament, and her strength was not always equal to her will. She was necessarily governed very much by her varying state of feeling. She could not, therefore, be as systematic in the arrangement of her business, or the performance of her duties, as one of a more even temperament. She was in the habit of speaking of this as a fault, instead of a misfortune. As it is natural for us to highly value that which we do not possess, she was greatly in love with an imaginary "systematic order of house-keeping;" but she found that, practically, with her, it would not work. Though she was industrious, neat and economical, and was considered, by her family and her friends generally, as a very good, if not an excellent house-keeper, she was never satisfied with her qualifications in this respect. She did not allow this to disturb her greatly, but, like many other parents, she sought to cultivate in her daughter what she felt that she most lacked herself.

Mr. Dunn was a merchant in Clinton, a kind-hearted, intelligent man, generally respected by the community where he resided. He often attended divine worship at Salem, attracted there by Mr. Gibson's pulpit eloquence. Thus a casual acquaintance had been formed between the families.

On the next Monday morning Emma took an affectionate leave of her friends and started for her new field of duties. The village of Clinton was but five miles from her home in Salem. She thought that while she was so near home, and with such kind friends, she could not be homesick; indeed, she anticipated enjoying herself very much in helping Miss Haven teach and Mrs. Dunn work, for her mother recommended that she should assist Mrs. Dunn, in order to acquire both the theory and practice of house-keeping.

Emma arrived at Clinton before the school was opened, and was kindly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Dunn. Their eldest daughter, Letitia, or Lettie, as she was called, a grave-looking girl, of about eleven years of age, manifested a silent pleasure at seeing her. Even little Ella looked pleased, though she was too much engaged with her knitting to take an active part in the reception.

Emma found her classes very pleasant. Her time was occupied in school only two hours a day—from nine o'clock in the morning until eleven. The remainder of the day she could spend with Mrs. Dunn.

During the first week, Emma remained very quiet, apparently much engaged with her needlework, while she was silently making observations on Mrs. Dunn's system of house-keeping. Mrs. Dunn had but one female servant, who seemed always to be moving with an even pace, never resting and never appearing to be tired; she did not seem to accomplish much, but she did her work very neatly and very orderly. She scarce ever smiled or spoke. She seemed to take no interest in anything she was doing, or in anything that was being said in her presence. One would scarcely have thought she possessed a living soul. But she seemed perfectly to understand her niche in the family machinery, and resignedly to fall into it. Mrs. Dunn thought her a treasure.

The children seemed to know their places as well. The eldest daughter's appearance was not unlike that of the servant's. She, too, knew her duties. She had them by heart, and took them by rote. Her morning exercises were to rise at six o'clock—arrange her toilet—make her bed—sweep and dust her room—comb and braid Ella's hair—eat her breakfast—wash the dishes, and then take

her sewing until time to go to school. She did this, never doing more or less or varying order of exercises in the least. She, too, silent and grave as a soldier on duty.

Little Ella's morning duties were not so numerous. She had only to place the chairs to the table—call her papa to breakfast, and, after breakfast sit quietly down to her knitting, which often ended in napping.

Mrs. Dunn's servant and children evidently thought her a very wise and consequential person, and endeavored to meet her wishes as nearly as possible. They seemed to have no wills, tastes or opinions of their own, but always waited for her to speak before they essayed to act. Lettie would occasionally seem to awaken to a realizing sense of her individuality, and appear disposed to do or say something from a natural impulse of feeling, but at such times her eyes invariably glanced at the grave face of her mother, and she desisted.

Mrs. Dunn was almost always busy about the house. She worked with an energy and a will. Everything, from a brass kettle to a tin dipper, that could be improved in its appearance by scouring, did not fail to pass through that process daily. Her kitchen floor was of white pine. She would not have it painted—it could not then be scoured. It was her greatest pride that it should appear without spot or blemish; and woe to the cat, dog or child that left a track thereon. The dining-room served the double purpose of dining-room and family sitting-room. This was also scrupulously neat and orderly. The chairs were always primly placed back against the wall, each in its proper place. Each member of the family had a specified seat. Lettie seldom sat down without her sewing; she always occupied a chair near a side window. Ella sat at the other side of this window with her knitting. Mrs. Dunn's small easy-chair stood by one of the front windows, usually unoccupied, and a similar one was stationed by the other front window, which Emma soon observed she was expected to use.

The parlor was very neatly furnished, and the furniture carefully arranged about the room. Here stood the sofa, piano, centre-table, chairs, ottomans, all in their places. But Emma did not extend her observations here during the first week of her stay, for the door was not opened. Neither a person nor a fly once sat his intrusive foot within this room. The front room in the second story was also very pleasant, very neatly and comfortably furnished, and very carefully locked. Indeed, the main part of the house was never used, except on the event of their having some very good company. Mrs. Dunn sometimes looked in at these rooms to assure herself that all was right; but the repose of the furniture was seldom disturbed except by an occasional dusting with a clean, soft, red silk bandanna in the hands of Mrs. Dunn.

"No wonder," thought Emma, "they are always in order!"

Mrs. Dunn occupied a small back bed-room, opening from the dining-room. One end of the piazza, which fronted the dining-room, had been enclosed to form a small bed-room. This Emma occupied; and the children slept in a small bed-room opening from the kitchen. The beds in each of these must be carefully made before breakfast; no time could be given to air them—they would look disorderly while airing—and opening the windows and doors would let in flies and dust. So Mrs. Dunn daily looked to it that the beds were duly made after her most approved plan, the window shades drawn and the doors closed.

Mrs. Dunn was very fond of cooking and proportionately fond of eating. She desecrated, with evident satisfaction, on the superior merits of her pies, puddings, preserves and pickles. She had her own method of preparing every article for the table; and she did not relish her food unless prepared in her own peculiar way. This subjected her to numerous annoyances. Indeed, she had a most unfortunate propensity for being annoyed. The most slight variation from the accustomed method, in any department of her housework, which no other eye or taste but her own could discover, did not fail to disturb her exceedingly. The table did not stand precisely square—the cloth was not spread smoothly—her husband did not come to dinner until one minute past the time—her children were sometimes almost as dilatory—the hem on the apron which Lettie had just finished was nearly the eighth of an inch wider at one end than the other—Ella did not narrow her stocking in the right place, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Some of these annoyances would invariably occur every morning. Mrs. Dunn would not scold; she would only mention them in a very stern manner and then relapse into silence, while a dark shadow of despair would settle upon her features. Her evenings were usually spent in recounting the various trials, sufferings and victories of the day. She evidently considered herself a model woman, and thought that she possessed the spirit of a martyr.

Emma did look and learn. She soon concluded not to offer her assistance to Mrs. Dunn, as she felt quite sure she would not be able to do anything exactly right. So she worked away very diligently

at her sewing, and faithfully kept her seat by the window. She sometimes went to a retired grove, a little way from the village, to listen to the warbling of the birds; it seemed so pleasant to see them free and happy. Mrs. Dunn would occasionally permit her to take the children with her. At such times she would read to them, sing for them, talk and laugh with them, and make them quite happy. When they returned to the house Ella's spirit of freedom did not always forsake her at once, and she would skip across the floor like a lamb. Mrs. Dunn invariably reproved her at such times for her rudeness, called her back and made her walk in a more proper manner.

Emma remained with Mrs. Dunn during the term. Her parents observed that she was less happy and spirited than usual, and that the roses were fading from her cheeks. But she never complained, as she wished to save her friends from unnecessary solicitude on her account.

The term for which Emma engaged finally expired, and she was at liberty to return to her home. On the day of her arrival there she appeared quite overjoyed. She danced about the house with her little brother and sister like a wild girl—upset a chair—overturned her mother's work-box, and did every other rude thing she could think of. Her mother did not have it in her heart to check her merriment or to say a reproving word; she was so glad to have her sunny face once more included in the family picture.

As they were seated at the tea-table, Mr. Gibson said—

"You have not yet told us what you have learned, my daughter."

"O!" said Emma, "it would take me more than a week to tell you all I have learned."

"I am glad you have learned so much," said Mrs. Gibson; "you can surely tell us something about it this evening. We are anxious to have the benefit of your experience."

"You are well enough now, mamma," said Emma; "I cannot see that you need improving. I only wish that Mrs. Dunn would come and live with us a few weeks. Would not she be horrified, though, to see me romping with the children and you laughing at us!"

"You would not be so rude in the presence of company, I hope," said Mrs. Gibson.

"I surely would," said Emma, "if Mrs. Dunn would only come and stay long enough for me to show her the spirit I am possessed of. I ought to undeceive her, for she now thinks me the 'pink of propriety.'"

"I am glad if you have behaved with becoming propriety, and observed order," said Mrs. Gibson.

"O! mother," said Emma, "I wish I need never again hear that word. I am so tired of 'order,' 'system,' 'method,' and all that class of words. I like an easy and agreeable order in confusion, such as we have at home, and such as we see in Nature's works. The Lord did not plant the forest trees all in rows, or make both banks of a river exactly alike, or make the face of the country a monotonous plain. I do so like an easy variety. May Providence preserve me from ever making a 'systematic house-keeper,' if I must be such at the sacrifice of taste, and comfort, and health, and happiness, and have every nobler quality of mind and heart swallowed up in this one idea of 'systematic house-keeping.'"

Mr. Gibson smiled, and Mrs. Gibson looked puzzled. After a pause the latter said,

"I fear that your insinuations are unjust, Emma, and that you are prejudiced."

"I think," said Emma, "that if I could give you a correct idea of Mrs. Dunn's management at home you would not think me uncharitable or hasty in my judgment. It is one thing to be an occasional visitor and honored guest at a house, and quite another thing to live there. Mrs. Dunn's family, with every means of happiness, seldom see a really happy hour. Their handsomely furnished rooms are kept only to exhibit to strangers; their piano remains unopened; their books all seem to know their places so well that no one dare disturb them; if, by chance, one of them is removed the eighth of an inch from its accustomed place, the disorder is immediately detected and mentioned."

"As there are no home enjoyments to attract Mr. Dunn, he seldom spends an hour with his family. The culture of the children is neglected, except such as they receive from strangers; and there is such an oppressive air of stiffness, order and stillness throughout the house that one constantly feels as though in the presence of the dead. It seems worse than a boarding-school, worse than a convent—it seems more like a sepulchre. All this sacrifice of happiness and family comfort to gratify this one passion for excessive order! Mrs. Dunn does not mean to be unkind, and she, doubtless, thinks she is performing her duties well. But I do most earnestly hope that she may some day be brought to see her mistake. If I am ever a house-keeper I shall invite her and her children to spend some time with me, when I will try if I cannot make them happy."

(There is but one pride pardonable; that of being above doing a base or dishonorable action.)

For the Boston Cultivator.  
A Sketch.

'Twas September; the bright hue of summer was just changing to the sober livery of autumn. The spirit of decay had breathed upon the tender grasses that clothed the earth with beauty, and they were withering from its blasting touch; the crimson and orange had tinged the drapery of the forest, and the silent eloquence of the leaves, as they dropped from their fragrant boughs, was echoed in the sad and unusual throbbings of the heart; while the refulgent beams of the great red sun, as he wheeled in his fiery splendor towards the vapory west, was glowing on the silver bosom of Cassarabaga, nestled in emerald slopes and hills of hemlock and pine that stretch forth their sprangling limbs, like hoary sentinels set to shield their proteges from the terrors of elemental strife and the fury of the striving storm. The sweet-voiced breeze was stealing softly down the sloping brink, kissing the lilies which stud the borders of that miniature lake, while a party were wending their way to its romantic shore, where they soon staid gazing on the enchanting scenery, while fancy is busy twining garlands to wreath the fairy idols to their hearts. They have started on a pleasure excursion, and seated in their boats push quietly from the shore, and as they bathe the dripping oars in the placid water the ripples glisten in the sunbeams, while their merry laugh and happy voices are borne in notes of touching sweetness o'er that diamond sheet, blending with the peans of the heaven taught songsters, which softened by distance, harmonize with the quiet autumnal beauty, as they glide cheerily towards yonder island, aroused which the idle wind and rippling waves gently play, viewing with the energy of youthful fancy beyond the veil of the present, the future mirrored with lovely visions which bring streams of happiness to their hearts.

But hark! hear they not the fir trees sigh that danger is nigh, and the rustle of the death angel's wings, as he comes to throw around them the web of destiny which bitter fate has woven! The brimming chalice from which they have so freely partaken of the joys of life is soon to be broken, and the tender cord of love that binds them to the homes they so recently left, where pleasure flitted around the heart on golden wings, is already clasped in the lurking hand of death, and will soon be unloosed. Their vigilance is absorbed in the passing scene, and while regaling their ravished spirit with the sweet views of love that sparkle like crystal gems on the amaranthine flowers of pleasure in the flood of light that glows from affection's urn, one of their boats was upset and the other hurries to their relief. But alas! through the excess of consternation it meets the same sad fate. They struggle heroically to avert their danger, but eight of that gallant band have sunk to the pebbly bottom, while death has unlocked the door of their souls and freed their spirits to roam in those celestial dales, where the waters of love sing sweet rhapsodies of praise, and flowers skirt the eternal rivers of joy!

The soft hours of twilight deepen, revealing here and there a bright-lustered jewel flickering through the rosy shreds of light, with which "night's resplendent queen" has laced the curtains of the upper deep, while anon a stray moonbeam kisses the dewy tears of heaven that rest like pearly drops on the pale cheeks of those corpses which lie on the shore, and are to be borne back

"Ere decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the hues where beauty lingers,"

to their friends, from whose glad hearts the frenzied coil of sorrow has crushed their sunlight dreams.

The burial morn comes tinted with the varying hues of autumn, tempting them to a momentary forgetfulness of the shades of sadness cast into the chambers of their hearts by the dark wing of death, snatching from their social circle its brightest links, which they are about to follow to a rural, sequestered burying-ground, smiling with every beauty which affection could win from nature to consecrate it to tenderness and reverence; and as they look through streaming eyes for the last time on those loved ones,

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
They start—for soul is wanting there,"

and turn from the mournful scene, whilst the cold earth falling on the coffins, strikes the death knell of their cherished hopes, and they wander on the lambent wings of fancy, to the portals of yon blue, ethereal home, and bathe their stricken spirits in the purple glory that curtains the evening day.

Time's chariot, loaded with hopes crushed under its unrelenting wheels, rolls rapidly on towards the goal of eternity, and again 'tis autumn. The rose has blossomed and with-

ered on those eight newly made graves, and the gentle zephyrs gambol among the decaying foliage as it gaily dances in the autumnal sun, and the celestial harmony of nature rising as a sweet savor to its God, in mockery to our own passions, while a company have assembled, and as they look on the serene grandeur of the variegated scenery, it wraps its mantle about their spirits, and opens through the corridors of time a vista of resemblance which calls forth emotions too deep for utterance, and are only vibrated on their hearts tenderest strings! 'Tis the survivors of that unfortunate company, who have met to commemorate the most eventful day of their lives; and how marked the change! One year ago, they met at this place with those now gone, and then from the mirrored depths of their hearts, the untruffled flow of pleasure dispelled with its magic light the cold pressure of sadness which chanced to rest there—but to-day, with a solemnity not their own, they are gathering up the choicest gems of their memories, and binding them with the silken threads of affection, to embalm them in the mystic realms of their spirits 'till time furls in the silver scroll of heaven the veil of eternity, and joins them with

Angelic bands,  
That sail on lakes with silver strands.

Original.

I Think.

WHEN night her sable veil hath spread,  
Around all Nature—land and sea;  
My mind by meditation's led,  
To think of home, and then of thee.

And when the "starry lamps of Heaven"  
Reflect thine image full of glee;  
My mind far back to childhood's driven—  
I think of home and then of thee.

When balmy sleep the soul doth will,  
Thy beautiful form methinks I see;  
Enraptured with the thought, I still  
Do dream of home and then of thee.

When bright "aurora's golden beams,"  
Those scenes do banish far from me,  
My mind (the same as in my dreams)  
Is ever on my home and thee.

At mid-day, when "Old Sol" looks down  
With fiery gaze all o'er the lee—  
When tired nature wears a frown,  
By thoughts are still on home and thee.

When "stilly eve" her shadows cast,  
And I from daily toil am free;  
My mind reverts to scenes long past,  
To childhood's home, and then to thee.

H. B. J.

Original.

Lines to a Friend.

On the reception of a present with the wish that might wreath for me garlands of immortality.

THANKS for thy gift! nor flowing numbers  
Of mine in humble language dress,  
Can half repay, yet feeling slumbers  
No more though ever unexpressed;  
For'er to me that present  
A sweet memorial of thee,  
Awakening thoughts and visions pleasant,  
Which through the halls of Memory.

And then thy wish, O! shall it ever  
Become to me reality?  
Those garlands fair which fadeeth never,  
Shall shining angels wreath for me?  
Then must I give youth's rosy morning  
To God, and all life's hours to be,  
That hope may give a sweet forewarning  
Of scenes that bloom immortally.

And O! may Heaven's rich gifts descending,  
E'er rest on thee inspiring love;  
And faith and hope their radiance blending,  
Give visions sweet of bliss above;  
That light may beam on thee pursuing  
Ever the strait and narrow way,  
And peace to crown thy every day!  
Till Heaven reveals its blooming day!

And then how sweet to rest from sorrow,  
Dwelling with saint and seraphim  
In bowers where never comes a morrow,  
Unfolding shadows dark and grim;  
Where nought celestial joys isaming—  
Where never vernal joys grow old;  
And every voice some song is humming,  
Blended with strains from harps of gold!

EDWA ASHTON.

A CARD.

We would hereby express our thanks to the people of our Parish, for the \$16 in cash, the good bed, and various other useful articles, in all estimated at about \$55, presented to us, at our late delightful and interesting, Parish donation visit.

May this kindness be rewarded by the blessing of Him whose favor is life and whose loving kindness is better than life.

J. A. P. STONE  
L. H. STONE.

Prospect, Jan 6th 1842.





Written for the Waverley Magazine  
A DREAM.

ON the field of classic story,  
On the Marathon of strife,  
Where the Grecian's boasted glory  
Triumphed o'er his mortal life;

Here, when buried in sweet slumbers—  
When the pulse had ceased to beat,  
I have wandered to the numbers  
Of a thousand fairy feet!

With the nymphs around the fountains,  
I have quaffed the mystic stream;  
With them I have crossed the mountains  
On the pinions of a dream!

Often by dark Lethe's river,  
Marching with an angel band,  
I have watched its ebb, and ever  
Seen it wash along the strand.

And when gazing on its billows,  
Breaking on the pebbled shore;  
Restless from my dreamy pillow,  
I have waked to sleep no more.

CLARENCE CARLETON.

Original.

### The Man of Business.

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE

THE man of business rises early in the morning, hurries through his toilet, answers his wife in monosyllables, and dithatches his breakfast in an absent manner, inwardly wondering if the steamer has arrived from Europe, and what her intelligence is respecting the markets; after which, seizing his umbrella (its quite from habit that he takes his umbrella here nor there), he proceeds to his counting-room, and is soon deep in the mysteries of huge piles of letters and bills. He is punctually home at the dinner hour; sits at the table with an abstracted air; gazes vacantly at the children, and begs his wife's pardon when she says, "Edward will you take a little more gravy? this is the fourth time I have asked you."

He then returns to his office, sits down for a second perusal of bills, etc., making long and careful calculations respecting his speculations, writes numerous letters, and then strolls out on change; meets with his usual friends and business acquaintances, buys or sells, as the case may be, talks about the state of the money market, the rise and fall of stocks, etc.

By this time it is near the supper hour, and our man of business hurries home; he hangs up his coat and hat, thrusts his feet into his slippers which his wife's careful hand had placed near the fire, and then proceeds to swallow his evening meal.

"My dear," says the lady, "I think little Charlie has the measles."

"Very likely, love. I'm glad of it."

"Really, Edward, you are surely not glad that the child is sick?"

"Ah! indeed—hope you enjoyed yourself—very fine day," mutters her husband as he stares at the daily news. The poor lady gives it up for a time, and, having put the children to bed, draws out her little work-table, and begins to sew. After a while he puts down the paper, and his wife again tries to engage his attention. He looks at her, apparently listening.

"Mrs. Wilkins has sent us cards of invitation to her ball, Edward. I should very much like to have a new ball-dress."

Her husband just caught the concluding word of the sentence.

"Calico dress—I'm delighted to hear it—wish you would buy more of them. I'd rather see you in a calico dress than in any other."

The lady bursts into tears; her husband's attention is now distracted from business; he inquires into the cause of her distress—is sorry to hear about poor Charlie, and promises her the new ball-dress.

The thorough man of business seldom goes to church—his wife and children go—that's all the same, he thinks; but at home in his parlor he reads the papers, and occasionally counts, on his fingers, the bills coming due on the ensuing week, and his available means for meeting them. And so it is, morning, noon and night, week-day and Sunday, business, business, business. Of all men in the world protect me from a thorough man of business, say I.

### THE ROCK OF LIBERTY.

BY JAMES G. CLARKE.

A song for the rock, the stern old rock,  
That braved the blast and the billows' shock;  
It was born with Time on a barren shore,  
And laughed with scorn at the breakers' roar!  
'Twas here that first the pilgrim band  
Came weary up to the foaming strand;  
And the tree they reared in those days gone by,  
It lives, it lives—and ne'er shall die!

Thou firm old rock, in the ages past,  
Thy brow was bleached by the warring blast;  
But thy wintry toil with the wave is o'er,  
And the billows beat thy base no more!  
Yet countless as thy sands, old rock,  
Are the hardy sons of the Pilgrim stock;  
And the tree they reared in the days gone by,  
It lives, it lives—and ne'er shall die!

Then rest, old rock, on the sea beat shore—  
Thy sires are lulled by the ocean's roar;  
'Twas here that first their hymns were heard,  
O'er the startled cry of the white sea-bird!  
'Twas here they lived, 'twas here they died—  
Their forms repose on the green hill's side;  
But the tree they reared in the days gone by,  
It lives, it lives—and ne'er shall die!

### LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

**SAD DEATH IN SWANVILLE.**—A daughter of Mr. William Harvey of Swanville, aged 14 years, was found dead, frozen to death, about a mile from her father's house, on Saturday last, by the banks of a stream. It seems a day or two before the severe snow storm last week, she left home to visit her elder sister, Mrs. Mardin, about three miles distant, and on Thursday afternoon attempted to return. The roads not having been broken out, she lost her way on a piece of unfenced cleared land, about a mile from her father's, and struck the stream over which she had to cross, some distance below the bridge. Here she wandered about, evidently bewildered, probably till dark or after, and several times attempted to cross on the ice, which broke, letting her into the water. From her tracks, it appeared that she got into the river three times. The last she was barely able to crawl out upon the bank where her body was found. She was missed on Friday and search was instituted, but her body was not found till Saturday.

The body of snow now lying upon the ground is the largest for many years, at so early a time in the season. The snow of Wednesday last, fell to the depth of fifteen inches, making over two feet on a level. The roads have been badly blocked during the week past, and there has been but very little moving.

The Commercial House in Rockland was wholly consumed by fire on Tuesday evening, 20th inst., and one man James Sears killed, and two others badly injured by the falling ruins. The fire originated about 9 o'clock in the evening, but from what cause we have not learned. Scarcely anything even the clothing of the guests and boarders was saved. We are indebted to Mr. E. W. B. Austin of the Telegraph office in this city, for the above particulars.

**LONG PASSAGE.**—The Barque Tejuca, owned in part by Capt. Harriman of this city, fears of whose safety has been entertained, arrived in Newport from Shields (Eng.) last week, after a long and tempestuous passage of over 80 days. She had heavy weather and strong gales the whole passage, and lost jibboom, had bulwarks stove, decks swept, and was obliged to throw overboard a portion of the coal to ease the vessel. Nov. 19 lost overboard colored seaman named Wm. Henry Dimond.

### An Elopement item—An interesting Surprise.

The Illinois papers chronicle the following rich elopement item:  
"A gentleman and his wife sometime since settled in Rockford, Illinois. Shortly after their arrival, they made, among others, the acquaintance of a young and beautiful widow, who had the reputation of being a great flirt. The gentleman, up to this time, had been a most devoted husband; and, though there seemed to be a mutual attraction between himself and the gay widow whenever they met, the wife, confident of affection, suspected nothing. Matters progressed how rapidly, she did not know, until the beginning of this week, when husband, wife and widow were invited to tea at the house of a friend. It was an agreeable social party, and the company were apparently enjoying themselves highly, when the wife, who had been chatting with friends on the piazza, entered the parlor, and seated herself in the shadow of a window, the heavy damask curtains of which separated her from a *tele a tele* which stood in a recess. The parties occupying the *tele a tele* were her husband and the fascinating widow; and what was her astonishment when their low tones became fully audible to her strained ears, that they were arranging the preliminaries of an elopement, to take place that very night. Matters were to be arranged so that the wife would be sent home early in the evening, while the husband in the most natural manner in the world, would offer to drive home the beautiful widow. Instead of going home, however, they were to go immediately to the cars, and leave on the eleven o'clock train.

The discovery was so unexpected, and the shock was so great, that the poor wife almost fainted. She was determined, however, not to betray her knowledge of the guilty scheme, until the proper time came,—and recovering herself, glided from the fatal seat, and tried to enter into conversation as usual. Of course she was not greatly surprised when her husband soon afterwards affectionately advised her to go home with Mr. and Mrs. —, who were going their way, as he himself had to go to his office shortly and might be detained until late. She made no objection, putting on her bonnet, and bidding adieu to her entertainers, started for home, to the great relief of the guilty couple, who feared some trouble in getting rid of her. Immediately on arriving at home, the wife proceeded to pack a carpet bag with a pair of shirts and other necessities, and started on foot for the house, where the husband still remained. Soon her husband and the widow exchanged good night with their host, the latter remarking in a lively tone, that she should 'certainly tell his wife.' They seated themselves comfortably in the vehicle, when the wife, without bonnet or shawl, suddenly walked to the side of the carriage, and said quietly, at the same time holding up the carpet bag:

"Don't go without your shirts, the mercy, knows when you will get any more."

The blank astonishment of the two may be imagined. The simple words, however, produced the most complete reaction in the feelings of the faithless husband. He looked into the pale face of his wife, and met her clear gaze, and saw that she knew all. He said: "M. we must take Mrs. — home, and then I will tell you how it happened." They did take Mrs. — home and left her there. The husband and wife seem as affectionate and devoted as ever, but the widow is dissatisfied with society at the west, and thinks of going east this fall.

Corners have always been popular. The chimney corner, for instance, is endeared to the heart from the earliest to the latest hour of existence. The corner-cupboard! what store of sweet things has it contained for us in youth—with what luxuries its shelves have groaned in manhood! A snug corner in a will! Who ever objected to such a thing? A corner in a woman's heart! Once get there, and you may soon command the entire domain. A corner in the Temple of Fame! Arrive at that, and you become immortal.

### YOU HAST LEFT ME,

BY LIPPIE LOCKE.

Thou hast left me, darling,  
Never more thy voice  
Comes in hours of sadness,  
To make my heart rejoice.  
The word of praise low spoken,  
The kindly clasping hand,  
I miss them—thou hast left me  
For the far-off spirit land.

Thou hast left me, darling,  
Years they say have fled,  
Since the morn I missed you,  
Since they called you dead.  
Since they bore you from me,  
Still, and cold and fat,  
To the silent churchyard,  
And left you sleeping there.

Long years, and still I'm striving  
With all this bitter pain,  
Hoping and praying sometime  
That we may meet again.  
That when my bark is floating  
Away on death's cold tide,  
Some star-winged angel pilot,  
May speed me to your side.

### Poetry.

#### BUDS.

Budded in their tiny leaflets,  
Unrevealed to mortal eyes,  
Many a flower, most sweet and graceful  
In its modest beauty lies;  
Waiting but the charming sunshine  
And the gently falling dew,  
To ope its matchless beauties  
To the world's admiring view.

And the child—its hidden graces  
Like the bud with folded leaves,  
Linger but for smiles and sunshine  
Which a friendly face can give,  
Ere they burst the clasping petals,  
Ere the human bud expands,  
And reveal the wondrous favors  
Given by Eternal hands.

### I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT MEANT.

He gave me a knife one day at school,  
Four bladed, the handle of pearl—  
And great black words on the wrapper said  
"For the darlingest little girl."  
I was glad! O yes, yet the crimson blood  
To my young cheek came and went,  
And my heart thumped wondrously pit-a-pat,  
But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled,  
For the snow was falling fast;  
I was half afraid, but he coaxed and coaxed,  
And he got me on at last.  
Laughing and chatting in merry glee,  
To my house his course he bent,  
And my sisters looked at each other and smiled,  
But I didn't know what it meant.

The years passed on, and they touched his eye  
With a shadow of deeper blue;  
They gave to his form a manlier grace—  
To his cheek a swarthier hue.  
We stood by the dreamily rippling brook,  
When the day was almost spent,  
His whispers were soft as the lullaby  
And—now I know what it meant!

#### HUMAN UNCERTAINTY.

Who knows, when he to go from home,  
Departeth from his door,  
Or when or how he back shall come,  
Or whether never more?  
For some who walk abroad in health,  
In sickness back are brought;  
And some who have gone forth in wealth,  
Have back returned with nought.

WHAT TO DO IN A FIT OF THE BLUES. Go  
and see the poorest and sickest families  
within your knowledge.

"at last!"  
and gables wa  
of happiness w  
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She was all g  
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THE LOVE LETTER.

### [Written for the American Union.] LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

A line for thine album, dear maiden?  
Ah, what shall I write, love, for thee?  
My harp is unstrung, and is moaning  
Like winds that stray over the sea.  
Perhaps there has never a shadow  
Crept over thy heart, gentle girl,  
And it sleeps in its own blissful dreamings,  
Unsolled, and pure as a pearl.

And perhaps that an angel hath braided  
Their infancy, childhood, and youth,  
In love-wreaths that never have faded,  
Or lost their sweet freshness of truth.  
And hours like the sunbeams have parted  
The clouds that hung over life's ways,  
And laughed back the tears when they started,  
And led thee down softly life's maze.

I would thou wert ever as joyous,  
As happy, and trusting as now;  
That traces of sorrow lay lightly  
Across thy young innocent brow.  
But more do I wish for thee ever—  
Calm strength for thy heart from above,  
To meet with life's earnest endeavor,  
To guide thee to mansions of love.

### THY SOUL IS IN THINE EYES.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Thy very soul is in thine eyes,  
Undimmed by grief or care;  
And brighter than the summer skies,  
The tresses of thy hair.  
And thy sweet, pure, angelic face  
Is of so fair a hue,  
That one indeed can almost trace  
The spotless spirit through.  
Pure as the mountain's spotless spring  
That knows no earthy leaven,  
Thou seemst to all too fair and pure  
For any place but heaven.  
And such, alas, is not for me,—  
O, would we had met met;  
For who can see thy beauties rare,  
And seeing, e'er forget?

For the Boston Cultivator.  
Reason.

"Reason, best of Heaven's blessing,  
Is given only to mankind!  
Life won't be worth possessing,  
Did not reason rule the mind."

Vain are all those trifling fashions,  
Vain is all this gaudy show;  
Vain are all these haughty passions—  
Reason bids us let them go.

Pride and fancy man bewitching,  
Avarice often leads astray,  
But by Reason's aid assisting,  
Man may keep the rightful way.

Hypocrites, by artful cunning,  
Lead the careless mind astray,  
But mild Reason kindly coming,  
Bids deception flee away.

Should we make a bad beginning,  
Should we see an error plain,  
By the aid of Heaven's blessing,  
Reason echoes, "try again."

EVELINE.

Original.

### I Would I Could Forget thee, Love.

A LOVER'S LAMENT.

I would I could forget thee, love,  
For life looks dark to me;  
The days pass slowly since no more  
Thy gentle face I see:  
I miss the music of thy tones  
Which fell upon my ear  
Like echoes from the heavenly land,  
Which dying Christians hear.

I would I could forget thee, love;  
Remembrance is but pain,  
To think of joys I once did feel,  
But ne'er can feel again;  
For then my pulse beat high with hope,  
I dared to call thee mine,  
And every wish my heart could know  
I clung at love's shrine.

The earth seems not so glad as then,  
The early flowers less fair,  
And bird-songs seem no longer gay.  
Borne to me on the air;  
The brooklet murmurs to me now,  
No tales like those of yore:  
Alas! the change is in my heart,  
Where peace dwells nevermore.

I blame thee not, then didst not know  
How dear thou wert to me;  
That life could bring no bliss to me,  
Unless 'twere shared with thee;  
That every careless word of then  
I treasured in my heart,  
And dreamed of thee as we oft dream  
Ere youthful hopes depart.

But when thy little hand so fair  
I clasped within my own,—  
And watched to see thy blushes rise,  
Calm was thy look and tone;  
And in the depth of thy brown eyes  
I read no tale of love—  
I grieve that mine was not the touch  
Affection's spring to move.

And now thou art a happy bride,  
The future seemeth bright,  
For he who won thee from us all  
Will guard thy love aright:  
Thy heart hath owned love's mystic spell—  
A sweet response was thine  
A master hand hath touched the chords,  
But oh! (it was not mine!)  
ALINE ATHERTON.

### [Written for the American Union.] THE SAILOR BOY'S SONG.

BY WM. J. BLACK.

Dash! dash away your restless spray!  
O rock my stormy soul!  
Dash high ye waves o'er seamen's graves,  
As round my barque ye roll.  
I love your roar by the rock-bound shore,  
I see you bounding free;  
I'm a reckless child of the ocean wild,  
I was born upon the sea!

The dashing spray leaps wild in play  
Around the vessel's side,  
And the boiling foam plays round our home,  
As swiftly on we glide.  
This is my joy, I'm a sailor boy!  
My blood runs quick and free;  
I'm a rover wild, old ocean's child,  
And born upon the sea.

I love to be on the stormy sea,  
When the waves are dashing high;  
When lightnings flash and thunders crash  
Along the lurid sky!  
O, how I love o'er the sea to rove—  
The waste of waters free;  
For I'm a child of the ocean wild,  
And my home is on the sea!







# POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## What is thy Age?

Does the light of youthful promise  
Sparkle in thy lustrous eye,  
Have thy years, like fairy-visions  
Bright with hope and joy past by?  
Have thy tears been few and feeble,  
Prompted by a moment's woe,  
Does the tide of happy feeling  
Find a free, unbounded flow?  
Cherish well thy priceless blessings,  
Ere the precious spring-tide fly,  
Guard the trust in thee reposing—  
Thou art fitted for the sky!

Have the years flown swiftly past thee,  
Till they brought thy summer prime?  
Do the blossoms now maturing,  
Promise golden fruitage time?  
Are thy talents now unfolded,  
And thy mind's rich wealth matured,  
Has thy faith grown purer, stronger,  
Through the sufferings endured?  
Prize full well thy lofty nature,  
For with angels it will vie,  
And the likeness of God's image,  
He is fitting for the sky!

Does the shadow of Life's dial  
Lengthen to the latest years,  
Art thou waiting for the gardener,  
Who shall pluck the ripened ears?  
Has the world, its crime and vices,  
Made thee pine for higher things,  
Till the spirit, faint and weary,  
Longs to spread its heaven ward wings?  
Wait thy time in patient hoping,  
Till the messenger on high,  
Sweetly whispers to thy spirit—  
"Thou art fitted for the sky!"

MABELLE.

# POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## The Recall.

Come back, thou friend of my childhood,  
Return again to me,  
I've wandered through glen and wildwood,  
Yet thy form I do not see;  
Come back, for my heart is aching,  
All lone and sad to-day,  
Oh, come, and thy rich tones waking,  
Shall drive that grief away!

Come back with thy vow of friendship,  
Thy pledge of unbroken love,  
Return in thy long estrangement,  
To me and shrinking dove!  
Come back, and thy fond arms twining  
Around me, as of old—  
Oh, come, for my heart is pining,  
For thy bosom's gentle fold!

Come back, and the past forgetting,  
We never more will range,  
But our hearts the fonder netting,  
For this unwise estrangement.  
There is none to take thy station—  
"Is sacred kept for thee,  
For through all this wild duration,  
My heart has yearned for thee."

ALFREDA.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## To "Brunswick Nell."

Yes Weary-one, this is a cold, ungrateful  
world, and I do not wonder that you have  
grown weary of it. I too have become dread-  
fully fatigued, and would that I could rest.  
What a constant warfare there is between  
mankind in general, and some in particular!  
Each one wishes to be first and foremost, and  
each is trying not to do as her neighbor. In  
the common walks of life we see it exempli-  
fied every day. It is much worse in Yankee-  
land than the old country. What say you to  
manning a boat—perhaps a "life-boat"—and  
bidding adieu to this land of false pretensions,  
hollow friendships, and ungrateful remem-  
brances, and seeking a more congenial clime  
—say an island in the South Sea?

Yes, I am weary of this grovelling dispo-  
sition which has become so common with hu-  
man-kind, as a class. What a pity it is, that  
when there are those who would rise above  
the "common herd," and soar away into the  
realms of unexplored dream-land, that they  
should be obliged to still live here, where all  
the surroundings are so dull, insipid and un-  
congenial!

"Be independent!" Yes, that is the thing!  
"Hold up your heads, girls," as Miss Patty  
Primrose says, "and let the world see that you  
are somebody." This is it. Who wants to be  
poking down to earth all the time? Might  
as well not have any eyes, for all the good  
they would do you.

Yours, for the "Weary"  
CHARLES FLORIDA.



FROST GAGE. AUTUMN FRUIT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLIND ALICE."

THERE was beauty in the light green leaves,  
And gleaming buds of early Spring,  
In the flowery wreaths and rustling sheaves,  
Borne on the Summer's gorgeous wing.

And beauty smiles around us now,  
That Autumn's sober days have come,  
From redd'ning leaf and bending bough,  
From clust'ring grape and purple plum.

And leaf and bud and flowery wreath,  
The rustling sheaf, the fruited tree,  
In spirit-whispers softly breathe,  
"Learn thou the love of God from me."

For the Transcript and Eclectic.

## A PICTURE.

A child reclined upon the green mossy  
banks of a river, which meandered through a  
fertile valley, the handiwork of the Creator.  
The river ran noiselessly on and within its  
limpid waters were mirrored every object  
within its precincts. Onward it flowed re-  
gardless of the shouts of the child to bring  
back her cherished, idolized flowers; onward  
still onward it passed till its waters were lost  
in the great Ocean.

Flowers rich and rare were strewn at the  
feet of the child, their fragrance rose from the  
crushed petals like a forgiving spirit return-  
ing good for evil.  
Weary with the beauty and fragrance of  
one, she carelessly tossed it upon the river's  
calm surface and in its silent course it pass-  
ed on. "Return beautiful idol," shouted the  
child, "I did not think the stream moved, it  
was so still."

Another was called to fill the vacancy, it  
shared the same fate, another and yet another,  
and soon too soon, nothing but bare and  
naked nature surrounded her. She was alone.  
The hours of youth were wasted, old age was  
upon her and nature presented but one naked  
bare aspect. In God's incomparable  
works there was no beauty. The key that  
unlocks the beauties of his works was flung  
aside in youth, now nothing inspired her to  
see wisdom and unity in a Master's labor, and  
old age and decrepitude came, life and the  
world were a burden. Oh, improve the mo-  
ments in youth, then when failing nature weak-  
ens our physical frame, unfits us for a contin-  
ued march upward, we can look back upon  
improved youth, call up from the storehouse  
of memory things new and old, which age  
and experience has dressed in a new light, and  
we forget in our sanguine endeavors that we  
are old, that the tomb is soon to close over us  
—we are old in years, but at heart never.

MISS FICKLE FORTUNE.

## My Baby Brother.

The little laughing eyes were closed,  
His hands all pale and white,  
Were clasped above the stilly heart,  
In that dread hour of night!  
We thought how soon our darling dear,  
Would lie beneath the sod,  
And in our bitter agony  
We called upon our God—  
When suddenly, the little hands  
Reached out in glad delight,  
And dreamy eyes were gazing forth  
Far out into the night!  
We saw the black clouds open wide,  
And down a shining street  
An angel-band was coming on,  
The angel-babe to meet!  
The air seemed hushed and sunny bright  
Around our baby's bed,  
And forms were bending over him—  
We know not what they said,  
But they kissed his fairy features,  
And took an outstretched hand—  
Then we knew that he was going  
To a fairer, brighter land!  
The golden gates swung open wide,  
And a flood of golden light  
Shone down upon the cherub-throng,  
Arrayed in pearly white.  
And we heard the far-off music,  
As heaven shut from our sight,  
Come sweetly floating, floating down,  
Upon the air of night.  
We laid the cherub-form away,  
Beneath the church-yard sod,  
But did not murmur, for we knew  
Our babe was with our God!

BELL SYBIL.

## The Oceanic Telegraph.

The Father with the child conspires  
To lay full deep the electric wire!  
O'er mountains in the briny deep,  
See the electric cable creep!  
It sinks where foot shall never tread,  
Even on the Ocean's briny bed,  
Where stranded vessels ruined lay;  
Where ne'er shall shine the light of day;  
Where bosoms cold have ceased to beat—  
Shut out for time from lambent heat,  
Whose hopes are crushed, whose pulse is still,  
Waiting their Creator's will.

Could the electric wire give life,  
And bring to earth the hapless wife,  
Restore the son toaching heart,  
Who was with parent loth to part—  
Give animation to the dead,  
From whom all human hope has fled—  
Bring back the Father, Husband, Friend—  
Rejoicings then should never end!

But why recall the fleeting breath,  
When ALL must soon lie down in death?  
We're doomed to fade as does the leaf,  
Bound for the garner is the sheaf.

But, O, the soul, the ETERNAL fire,  
To save which Heaven and earth conspire,  
Shall soon to judgment lift its head—  
The "sea shall then give up her dead!"  
We too shall meet Him, face to face,  
Who came to save our fallen race.  
Till then let faith and prayer ascend  
To Him who is the sinners' Friend;  
For now our wants he can redress,  
And with immortal life can bless!

For He who made the' eternal spark,  
When sea was not, and earth was dark,  
Gave man the power to do His will—  
Lightning to tame, the thunder still!  
Made thought to fly on lightning wings,  
Made man His praises high to sing,  
Made him to rule beneath the sky,  
Made him to live with God on high!

L. M. H.

## Original Poetry.

For the Transcript and Eclectic.

## BONA-VANCIO.

BY MARIE.

Bona-Vancio, still, and solemn,  
Bona-Vancio green, and fair,  
With liberal hand has nature  
Scattered gems of beauty there.

Where the paths so smooth and pleasant,  
Open vistas soft and green,  
And the sunlight dimmed by shadows  
Casts a soft and mellow sheen!

There the tall oaks bend their branches  
O'er the flowery pathway spread,  
Till they blend their leaves together,  
Form a green arch overhead.

And the moss, that dark and sombre,  
Clings around the wild oak tree,  
As though it would softly whisper,  
Oh! my mother, cherish me!

And the green palmettoes, growing  
On the graves so still and lone,  
And the south wind ever sighing,  
In a low and plaintive tone.

Oh! thou lovely Bona-Vancio,  
Ever still, and ever fair,  
With the mossed oak softly sighing  
O'er the dreamless sleepers there.

## VERDANT.

There is something very pleasing and appropri-  
ate to the youthful season in the light green  
which seems to be the prevailing fashionable  
color in dress. Nature has put on the same col-  
ored vestments, so that a judicious harmony of  
color is everywhere maintained. The tenderness  
of the tints may be considered characteristic of  
the head of the wearer as well as of his feelings.  
Shakespeare, in one of his plays, says "the spring  
is near when green geese are a breeding," which  
shows how studiously he observed nature, and  
that he also noticed the remarkable appositeness  
of color to season. Perhaps the fashion-mongers  
took the hint from him. There may have been  
something also in the character of the particular  
species of animated nature to which he alludes  
which gave it an additional recommendation.

## YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Twenty-One.

There are a few periods in life which may  
properly be termed stations or landmarks.—  
They are very important eras; times, when  
one breaks up existing associations, habits,  
sometimes even principles, and enters upon  
almost a new being. Times anxiously looked  
for, dreaded when approached, and, as a gen-  
eral thing, deeply regretted when past. The  
first such period that occurs in the history of  
a young man, is the time of his separation  
from direct, parental influence, commonly  
known as "being of age;" when he turns from  
the scenes, the duties, the pleasures and fol-  
lies of youth, and looks the world and life in  
the face as, at least, nominally and legally,  
a man and a citizen. Among the opposite sex,  
we believe, a similar point arrives when they  
first emerge from that blissful, vexatious, and  
responsible sphere of opening womanhood;  
when they cast aside thoughtlessness, flirta-  
tion and folly, and become susceptible to the  
transforming power of love, devotion and  
anxiety.

Such hours are pre-eminently hours of re-  
flection; hours, when we should calmly sit  
down and review the past, ascertain the pre-  
sent condition, and prospectively announce and  
resolve for the future. By many the com-  
mencement of a new year is often employed  
for this purpose, but this period, we think, is  
in a measure unfitted for the work, on account  
of the fact, that it is generally used. No one  
can meditate really and beneficially upon  
self, when there is a consciousness that thou-  
sands, perhaps, at the same moment are doing  
the same thing. But a birth-day, especially  
when distinguished by the occurrence of that  
important event before-mentioned, seems a  
time peculiarly appropriate above all others,  
to step aside from the hot, crowded and dusty  
highway of life, into some green arbor of the  
soul, throw off the "habilliments of deception  
and reserve, wipe the sweat of passion and  
care from the brow, and with the influence of  
youthful, moral faculties comparatively un-  
dimmed and undebased, blowing as a gently  
cooling breeze upon the brain, to spend at  
least a few moments in reflective thought and  
self-examination!

While penning these thoughts, I am cele-  
brating my twenty-first birth-day! I have  
come to the portals of the temple of man-  
hood, and my feet are now treading its time-  
worn and echoing vestibule. Behind me lies  
the crooked but flower-skirted pathway of  
boyhood and youth. Its disappointments, its  
regrets, its trials and vexations have all van-  
ished, and from this stand-point the journey  
appears like a bright, beautiful, and joyous  
ramble that stretches, meandering, into the  
mazy distance, until it finally becomes in-  
distinct amid the luminous effulgence of a moth-  
er's new-born love! Oh, the halcyon hours of  
childhood! Who can gaze back upon them at  
such a point, and not feel a heart-pang that  
they have passed away never to be recalled!  
Yet, I am conscious I was not happy while  
enjoying them: indeed, I know that I often  
longed and prayed for this hour to come;  
and thus it ever is with man, sighing over the  
past, dissatisfied with the present, and pic-  
turing out a glorious future!

As I begin to examine the present condi-  
tion of my heart and character, and to con-  
trast it with what it was, I find that I have  
gradually experienced a great change. That  
innocence, freedom from slavish passions and  
light-hearted elasticity of feeling which char-  
acterized early years has departed, and now  
the tablet of my soul is stained with sins, its  
pure impulses fettered by the bonds of custom  
and evil habits, and oppressed with a heavy  
load of care and sorrow! Yes, I who once was  
the joyous, roguish and impetuous lad, am  
now the gloomy, forlorn and cynical misan-

thrope! At times I am happy; occasionally  
some transient gleam of joy will light up for  
a moment the dark horizon, but it only re-  
veals a deeper and blacker shade beyond!—  
Would that some kind angel had interposed a  
friendly hand when, sailing down life's river,  
my fragile boat first shot into the dark and  
swiftly-running waters of sorrow! Would  
that my soul had never encountered the  
blighting shadow of evil! but alas! regrets are  
vain! I find myself already in the current  
and without the power of preventing, am be-  
ing rapidly borne towards that vortex which  
I know involves a hopeless ruin! No longer  
can I cherish and act out the undisciplined  
frankness and simple, confiding faith of yore;  
the curtain has been raised, the spell broken,  
and I have learned by sad and bitter experi-  
ence, that deception and fickleness are too  
often the predominating traits of human na-  
ture! Hope's fires that once burned so bright-  
ly, are now well-nigh quenched by the cold  
damps of disappointment, and only a few  
scarred and dying cinders remain to tantalize  
with the scorpion stings of reflection!

But where is the Future? That too must  
come, laden either with joys and blessings, or  
freighted with sorrows and curses! The thick  
darkness which enshrouds it, can be cleft only  
by the slow but steady advancing of Time's  
sickle, and I must receive whatever awaits  
me. Notwithstanding my disinclination to  
participate in that "life-conflict, whose din  
breaks upon my ears as I cross the threshold  
and look forward, yet the necessity is inevit-  
able. And since it is so, the question of mo-  
ment to me is, what course shall I take?—  
Within the temple there are two diverging  
aisles—I stand at the entrance and must  
make a choice—Father, guide my steps!

HORATIO.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Night Thoughts.

When the labors of the day and week are  
past, how soothing, how refreshing is the hour  
of rest to the care-worn frame! Then the  
mind, become weary in chasing the phan-  
toms of life, relaxes its hold on the busy  
cares of the world, and seeks to withdraw it-  
self from the engrossing and entangling  
scenes of business, and enjoy at least one day  
of rest, free and undisturbed by the trials and  
cares of earth; and then, swift-winged thought,  
by prayer and faith, plumes its flight for a  
purer, higher and more noble sphere of ac-  
tion! How sweet and quiet is the rest of Sat-  
urday night! The busy hum of machinery  
is stilled, the tired workman has ceased  
from his labors, and already the stillness of  
Sabbath begins to reign. Nature too, seems  
preparing for rest; the winds that have so  
rudely swept its harp strings have ceased their  
hearse murmurs, and they now vibrate to  
a gentler touch; the dark clouds have  
rolled away from the sky of ethereal blue,  
and with dazzling brightness and sublime  
glory, the sun sinks in its western bed, wrap-  
ping itself in a golden drapery of light; as  
its lingering rays shoot athwart the sky, it  
seems as if the pearly gates opened to our  
view the golden streets of the heavenly city,  
where the weary soul will be at rest and bask  
in the sunlight of God's countenance! There  
the wicked will cease from troubling, and the  
freed soul will wander over the celestial plains,  
listening to the strains of seraphic music, and  
join in the song of the throng that shall  
praise Him who sitteth upon the throne, and  
render glory unto His name forever more.

As the daylight departs, dark-eyed night,  
with all its starry gems, folds the earth in its  
sable curtains, while the lone whip-poor-will  
pours forth its mournful strains. Many are  
thy silent voices oh, night, and most truly  
and beautifully do they speak forth the glo-  
rious workmanship of the great Master build-  
er and divine Architect, for "the heavens de-  
clare the glory of God, and the firmament  
showeth His handiwork." And who does not  
love to gaze on the sublime beauties of night?  
What though the world is veiled in darkness?  
many a bright lamp is hung on high, to guide  
and cheer the benighted traveller on his way,  
but how deep and profound is the stillness;  
and as we look out into the darkness, per-  
chance at times lit up with the fitful gleam of  
the lurid lightnings, who does not read les-  
sons of God's love and wisdom, written in  
plain, unmistakable characters, and see the  
tracings of His hand and the reflection of  
His glory in all things!

Oh, Night! I love to listen to thy many  
voices, and view thy varied beauties, but  
above all, I love thy hours of rest, and when,  
while wrapped in unconscious hours of sleep  
thy darkness flies away, how cheering is the  
morning light to the waking eye as we gladly  
welcome another sacred day that brings rest  
to the body and strength to the soul! And  
when the lamp of life shall cease to burn, and  
the night of death draws nigh, causing the  
life-light to fade from the eye and the cheek  
grow pale, may the exit of life be calm and  
quiet like the setting sun, and peaceful as the  
hours of night, that precedes the bright and  
glorious morning.

GILBERT.

One reason why we meet with so few peo-  
ple who are reasonable and agreeable in con-  
versation is, that there is scarcely any per-  
son who does not think more of what he has  
to say, than of answering what is said to him.

## MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

For the Boston Cultivator.

## Profanity.

Who, of the good and virtuous, would not  
shun the company of the profane and like  
the wise man "avoid them, pass not by them,  
turn from them, and pass away?" Though we  
are often necessitated to associate with those  
who hesitate not to profane the name of Him,  
who gave us being, still we wish not to ac-  
quire their habits, knowing that our early  
associations have much to do in forming hab-  
its which follow us through life, and long  
continued habits leave a lasting impress on  
the soul, which is acting for eternity! Look  
at the child, ere it has learned to repeat  
half the letters of the alphabet, or even to  
articulate the name of its parent, and we  
sometimes hear it taking the name of that  
God in vain, of whom it has no knowledge;  
and we ask, of whom has it learned it? Do  
we not at once conclude that it has been from  
those under whose influence it has been plac-  
ed? Behold the youth just verging into man-  
hood, crowned with manly beauty, with a  
heart free from care and sorrow, having Hope's  
bright star before him, pointing onward to  
the time when he shall realize all the imagi-  
nations of his young heart, and accomplish  
the many noble deeds which he has planned  
for the future; and he too is uttering the  
name of Him, who is the rightful Governor  
of the universe, with irreverence, being guilty  
of the most unpardonable violation of  
God's law, since it is said, "Thou shalt not  
take the name of the Lord thy God in vain."  
Let us for a moment look at the aged man,  
standing as it were upon the brink of the  
grave, just ready to launch into eternity, and  
do we not shudder at the sound, when we hear  
him blaspheming the name of that God who  
has prolonged his days, and given him suf-  
ficient time to repent of all his evil deeds and  
lay up for himself a treasure in Heaven? but  
ah! he has neglected the one thing need-  
ful, and dark, dark indeed must be the pros-  
pect before him, when he realizes that soon  
he must stand before that Being, and render  
an account for the time allotted him here!  
Profanity seldom walks our streets alone, but  
usually has intemperance or some other evil  
for its companion, for when we see a man of  
intemperance, we at once infer that he is a  
man of profanity. Then let those who are  
virtuous pity the erring, and do all in their  
power to reclaim them, remembering that all  
are liable to err!

MEDORA.

Original.

## THE WEARY ONE'S PRAYER.

Oh! God, our only hope and aid  
When sorrow veils the heart;  
In mercy hear me when I pray,  
And humbly take my part.

Spread o'er me thy protecting wing,  
And shield me from the storm  
That pours destruction on my head,  
And bows my drooping form.

Support my few remaining days  
With thy almighty grace;  
And when I've passed the vale of death,  
Give me to see thy face.

A. R. C. MATHERSON.





A beautiful Bouquet was presented to us, a few days since, by Mrs. Arabella Carter, of this village. The flowers were just plucked from the garden, and were fresh and beautiful. In the centre of this bouquet were placed some of the larger and more common varieties, intermingled with dahlias and other choice flowers. At the base, on one side, was a smaller one of verbenas, of which she cultivates near thirty kinds; and on the other, a collection of roses of different shades, from pure white to dark purple. Her flower garden, from which these were taken, is one of the most carefully trained, in the country. This care is not taken for profit, but simply for the gratification of herself and friends, who have only to see it to appreciate its beauties. We return our most cordial thanks for the beautiful gift.

### Original Sketch.

For the Portland Transcript and Eclectic.  
**HEAD AND HANDS;  
Or, Maggie Marsden.**

BY MRS. C. M. EDWARDS.

In a humble tenement in one of the most shiftless streets of a seaport town lived a poor laborer, called Marsden. He was an Englishman by birth, was said to be a genius—an artist and a poet, but there was nothing in his appearance to justify the report unless his shaggy hair, pale face, sunken, though piercing eyes were expressive of hidden and consuming fires.

Whether it were a failure in his favorite pursuits, or a disappointment of the heart, it was uncertain, but for a long time he lived a lone bachelor. At last, however, he fell in love with a rosy cheeked lass, who with her sister, had just graduated at a tailors' shop and received their respective diplomas, viz., a goose and pair of shears. While our hero was making love in sweet sentimental sonnets to his fair tailoress, a fat jolly butcher—whom they said had grown to his enormous size on the smell of meat—was besieging her sister's heart with sundry presents of steak, tripe, and liver, which—as the family was large—were well received.

The sisters had a great many good natured spats about the comparative merits of their lovers. Polly insisting in defense of hers, "that it was well to have one scholar in the family," while Sally hinted in disparagement "that learning wouldn't fill the cupboard."

"No matter," retorted the other, "he has the head, and I have the hands, together we shall do well enough."

The weddings came off the same day. Mr. Buck, the butcher, furnished a rib of pork and a nice turkey, which M. Marsden carv-

ed with great grace conversing in a gentlemanly way all the time. Polly was triumphant; every one acknowledged it was a great thing to be so learned, and when Marsden spake the whole party was silent.

The brides went to their respective homes, Sally to a little white house that Mr. Buck had built, and Polly to the old dilapidated tenement, for Marsden was fond of ruins.

#### CHAP. II.

Ten years later we find the Marsdens at their old place among the ruins. The husband paler, and shaggier than ever. His dark eyes are larger and brighter, and a sharp hollow cough gives evidence that the smouldering fires are doing their work. The wife is no longer pretty Polly, for labor and anxiety have paled her cheek and dimmed her bright blue eye. However, she has waged a perpetual war with starvation, her weapons of defense being the shears, and tailors goose. People think she has found out her mistake, but she hurls defiance at their thoughts and labors on, though never now, does he read pretty sonnets to her. There is another member of the family, little Maggie, a wild, scared looking child with long, dark hair, and hungry eyes. The father insists she shall be taught to sew, and the mother insists she shall read and write, but both neglect to impart a particle of knowledge save in fretful reproaches. But while the parents were wasting time in settling the matter whether Maggie should be a scholar or a worker (they never dreamed that the two could be blended) the little girl with hungry eagerness had learned to read and was devouring everything that came in her way. One book always lay on the table by her father's side, the wife thought it was always the same one, but Maggie had already discovered that one went, and another came, and the mystery occupied much of her thoughts.

The little girl learned much of her mother's trade, for though the wilful woman would not consent to teach her, the child would purloin bits of cloth and make tiny pants and coats for her doll and in this way became quite an expert seamstress.

Meanwhile the Bucks were thriving wondrously. There were three great stout boys growing fat on the smell of meat; and as many girls rosy and pretty as their mother and aunt had been. Their mother did not grow old in looks, and weighed many pounds more than when married. It was her special delight to dress the young Misses in their crimson frocks and take them down to see Maggie, and then she would comment on her sallow countenance, long arms, &c., not in malice, but to make her sister acknowledge that a butcher was better than a poet. Vain attempt. Polly only sewed the faster, bringing the waxen thread through the horn buttons with a jerk and a defiant twang. And Sally would take away her children leaving a deeper shadow where their crimson frocks had shone.

One day her mother went out to take home some work, and Maggie was left with her father. He called her to his side.

"What are you doing with that little old book?" he asked.

"Reading, father, 'tis a fairy tale."

"Who taught you to read, Maggie?"

"The children in the yard showed me the letters on handbills, and then I learned myself."

"You must learn to sew, child."

"I can sew, but I had rather read. Please father, do you believe in fairies?"

"No, child, but why do you ask?"

"Because I do, I saw one last night in my dreams."

"Maggie, don't talk of dreams, what is at the fire?"

"Only mother's goose."

The name awakened fierce cravings in the stomach of the sick man suggestive of roast fowl, but nothing save the tailor's iron lay basking in the heat of the embers. The father

held his arm around the waist of his child, and she was encouraged to go on.

"I dreamed father."

"Pish, child," impatiently retorted the father, "get me some gruel, I am faint."

The child obeyed, going down on her knees to blow the embers on which it was heated.

"There, I am better now, you may tell the dream."

"Oh, it was this. I thought I was wandering in a castle in your country."

"My country, who said my country was other than this?"

"Aunt Buck. She said—but no matter."

"What did she say?"

"That I was just like you, and never could get a living."

"That is true, you must learn to sew."

"Let me tell my dream, father. I thought an old woman came to me, and said she was my guiding spirit. She was pale, and had a crimson scar on her cheek."

"My mother," sighed the sick man.

"She told me of a brass key in that queer stone pot, and a big chest in the dark garret."

"What else did she say," asked the father with trembling eagerness.

"That there was gold in that chest, and that I might be rich."

"'Tis false, Maggie. Would I starve with gold in the house?"

"Are you hungry, pa?"

"No, I am tired, let me lie down—there, spread the blanket over me—tuck it in, I will sleep."

The sick man slept, but in his dreams, he murmured "a bit of chicken, a little gravy—there thank you," and essaying to smack his lips, he coughed hoarse and hollow.

"Poor father is hungry, and maybe a good fairy is my godmother and may be she has put money in that chest."

Climbing into the cupboard she reached the little pot which had once held foreign sweetmeats, and there sure enough was a big brass key. To light the little tin lamp, ascend to the garret, was but the work of a minute.

The chest was found and the key applied to the lock, but, alas, the little hands were weak and the lock rough from disuse and dampness, and for many minutes she labored in vain. At length wrapping her dress round the key, it was at last turned, and the lid flew open.

Was there gold? Not to the vision of the child, but instead, a pile of old books. Maggie lifted one volume after another, and then gently replacing them, she sank on her knees and burst into tears.

At length a groan from her father recalled the little gold hunter below. She looked in his face; it had that dusky pallor in which a more experienced eye could have detected the presence of an awful visitant, and which filled the child with terror. Throwing her little form on to his bosom, so that her long hair covered both, she lay till his feeble struggle ceased, and then thinking that he had again fallen asleep she too dropped off in uneasy slumbers. An hour after the little sleeper was aroused, but the other slept on.

#### CHAPTER III.

The widow and child lived on in the old tenement. Still plying the needle, clicking the shears, and wringing the neck of the goose in their pressings. And now that there were only two pairs of hands to feed only two mouths they were better fed, besides adding many little comforts to their old room.

There had come to be a better understanding between the two. Mrs. Buck had offered a room in her attic for her sister to sew in, besides giving her all her coarse sewing.

The Bucks had become independent, they lived in a large house, their father had taken to genteel business and the daughters went to select schools, and played with the piano that pa had bought them.

Mrs. Marsden declined with her usual defiant airs, but Maggie only remarked that she had rather live where her father died.

It was a great day to Mrs. Marsden when Maggie brought home a second hand "What-not," and sat it in the corner of the room, and fetched armful after armful of books from the garret, and arranged them upon it. The good mother held up her hands in amazement.

"Why Maggie, what are these?"

"My father's books mother."

"Why, where did he keep them, and what will your aunt Sally say," said Mrs. Marsden, looking out with a hope that her sister might call that moment.

"No matter what she thinks, mother; I shall read these books," said Maggie.

"What, all them?" ejaculated the mother, "and you mean to be learned like your father. Well that's right darling," continued she, as the image of the Bucks in their fatness flitted before her; "yes Maggie you shall have the head and I the hands."

"Please God, mother," said the girl, "I will have both."

From that time Maggie labored and studied, as one who had a purpose, and as she imbibed the sentiments of Poets and Historians her wild dark eye settled to an expression of intellectual radiance, hope animated her countenance, and Maggie became an interesting young lady.

One evening she sat alone over the dying embers till a neighboring clock had tolled out solemn "one," when in lifting her hand to her bosom to warm the icy fingers, the lid of the book fell back and from between its leaves dropped a paper. Maggie took it up, and there in her father's hand was an invocation to Heaven in behalf of the "Infant Maggie." Again and again did she read the sweet parental prayer that his own intellectual aspirations might find lodgment in the bosom of his child, not as a fire to consume, but as genial light and warmth to her moral nature.

It was in measured rhymes, whose soothing melody touched the heart of the child, and she wept till fearing her sobs might disturb her mother, she choked back her tears and again read the precious poem.

Suddenly a strange thought possessed the lone girl. Seizing a pencil she began to trace lines on the manuscript to the same flowing measure, and ere she was aware six verses were added thereto. Maggie trembled in every limb; she fully believed the spirit of her father guided her pen. It might have been so, for are they not all ministering spirits? However, the idea at least was original, for modern spiritualism was then unknown.

#### CHAP. IV.

After those things there appeared in the literary galaxy a little star so strangely bright in all its phases that even the wise men were sorely puzzled at its advent.

Every week the columns of the Republican Palladium were enriched by it. Never before had there been such a sensation in the little town of C., at least not since the printing of their one paper. Everybody read the Palladium, and everybody, whether they understood it or not, praised the effusion which was heralded by the little \*.

At last the young Minister of the place, who ought to have been writing his sermons or composing his prayers began to read the Poets' Corner. And alas the paper with its protective title proved to him a dangerous thing. His eye began to wander over the congregation in search of a terrestrial body which might enshrine the heavenly one which had so dazzled his imagination. Strange to tell that wandering eye was fixed by the deep dark orb of Maggie and wandered no more.

We have not time to tell our readers of the clerical cloak that hovered around the door of the "Palladium Office," nor of the little form that ran against that cloak; nor of the manuscript dropped in the snow; nor of the little bare hand that took it from a clerical glove; nor of the musical "thank you" that caused the clerical bosom to beat time long after the sweet sounds had died away. Nor shall we go into details of the

wedding at aunt Sally Bucks, when Miss Sarah was married, save to say that it was a fat wedding, redolent of roast pork and brown gravy.

Perhaps we had ought to let you know that a certain widow was there, neatly dressed, but with a threaded needle in her side, and a defiant air, as though she asked no favors, not even bridal ones. No wonder, for she had distinctly heard the parson mutter behind his prayer-book that the bridesmaid was queenly, he had blundered too in the ceremony, and addressed her when he said "wilt thou take this man" &c., and the gloved hand on his breast trembled.

And after the ceremony, when the minister sat down in the bay window, to talk a moment with the queenly bridesmaid, his voice grew soft and low, and aunt Sally reckoned he was quoting Solomon's Song.

Maggie Marsden is no more. And the Republican Palladium broke down under the last administration; but there is in New England a clergyman who in his conjugal trust hath no need of spoils. In the nursery, and among his olive plant's, is a brisk widow with an everlasting threaded needle, who as she stitches the children's rents discourses of the grandfather who was all head, herself all hands, while their mother has both head and hands.

### Louis Philippe's Fortune.

There was (says Major Noah) at one time an attempt on the part of several European newspapers to create public sympathy for the poor ex-King of the French, on account of the extreme poverty and destitution to which the ingrate republicans had reduced him. All, however, who were afflicted with tender emotions at the sad idea, may dismiss their sorrow, for it appears that the ex-king, like a prudent old gentleman as he was, has taken pretty good care, amid the shaking of empires and the wreck of his throne, to feather his nest pretty well. His private fortune has suffered great depreciation within the last two years, but still it yields him the snug little income of \$800,000 a year, or thereabouts. This, by his will, he has divided equally among each of his eight children and grandchildren, leaving to each the moderate competence of 100,000 dollars a year, upon which, small as it is, we sincerely trust they may be able to wriggle through life.

### Something to think of.

The number of languages spoken is 3064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One-quarter die before the age of 7. One-half before the age of 17.—To every 1000 persons, one only reaches 100 years. To every 100, only nine reach 65 years; and more than 1 in 500 reaches the age of 80 years. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 of inhabitants. Of these, 33,333 die every year; 7780 every hour, and 60 every minute—or one for every second.—These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married men are longer lived than the single; and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of 50 years than men, but fewer after.—The number of marriages is in proportion of 75 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in Spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. Number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

The Obsequies at Trenton in honor of Gen. Taylor, appear from the reports in their papers, to have been the evidence of a spirit more appropriate to a Fourth of July jubilee, than a solemn manifestation of their sense of the nation's loss, and the affair ended in a dinner! at which toasts were drank, speeches made, &c.

### Funeral Honors.

The "busy note of preparation" is heard on every hand, and the citizens of the Old Commonwealth seem determined that high honors be paid at their capital to the memory of their lamented President. They will not equal in costly pomp the funeral obsequies bestowed by Alexander the Great upon the mortal remains of his bosom friend Hephæstion, the expense of which is said to have been twelve thousand talents, or nearly five millions of dollars. Neither will they compare with the *convoy* which escorted the remains of Napoleon the Grand through Paris, to their last resting place at the Invalid Pensioners Hospital. But they will surpass in splendor and pomp any similar procession ever seen in this section of the world, and will evince the deep hold possessed by the lamented hero upon the hearts of the people.

The procession in honor of the memory of General Washington was also on a Thursday—the 9th of January, 1800. The procession was formed at the State House, and moved at 12 o'clock, through Common, [Tremont,] Winter, Summer, Federal, Milk, Kilby and State streets, to the Old South, where an eulogium was pronounced by George R. Minot, Esq. In a copy of the "Columbian Centinel" of the day previous, which is before us as we write, there are many notices of meeting for the procession, but on comparing them with those now in the "Transcript"—we only find two of the institutions of 1800 advertising in 1850: The "Ancient and Honorable Artillery, Capt. Robert Gardner," and the "Cincinnati"—the Revolutionary soldiers were invited to join the Cincinnati, in whose ranks was "a standard borne by the late American Light Infantry at the siege and surrender of Yorktown." The Freemasons throughout the Union turned out in great numbers at the processions in honor of their Brother Washington, that upright column in the Temple of Masonry, whose base was Virtue, and whose Capital was Glory. Gen. Taylor was not a Mason.

The *Catafalque* will constitute the principal feature of the Taylor Obsequies here, and will be a magnificent affair. We will not describe it in advance, but will say that, (in our humble opinion,) it is more appropriate than was Napoleon's triumphant funeral car, which cost fifty-five thousand francs.

The buildings on the route of the procession, we are informed, will generally be decorated—indeed, the man who refuses some sign of mourning, should be held up to public scorn. The Old State House, Faneuil Hall, and other public edifices, will be draped in deep mourning.

All residents of the vicinity who have any taste for public displays, will do well to visit the city on Thursday.

### Penny Contributions.

A statue of Sir Robert Peel is to be erected at Manchester, England, by means of penny contributions, and a cotemporary suggests that a monument be erected over the remains of Gen. Taylor, the expense to be defrayed by penny contributions of the people at large. We second the motion. It is a common practice in England, on the death of a distinguished person.

Appearances always take precedence of utility. Roses and double pinks are among the least useful of all vegetables, and yet roses and pinks have always a place provided for them even in the parlor. A potato, on the contrary, is among the most useful of plants, and yet who ever saw a potato vine even on the mantle-piece of a kitchen. How is this world taken with show.



### Popping the Question.

The following is the confession of an old bachelor, who describes himself as being now so dried up, that he is little better than a mummy, and expects, some of these days, to be blown away into dust. He advises all young men to get married, and tells them how to manage the "court-ing." The old fellow speaks like one who knows, though he has a touch of the crab-apple in him; perhaps he got jilted when young, notwithstanding he pretends to be so *au fait*.

"Now, gentlemen, this going a court-ing is nothing to be afraid of, if, like me, one understands how to do it. I don't mean to boast, but—the fact was, in my young days I was up to a thing or two. In the first place, give out that you are a marrying man! It will smooth difficulties wonderfully. Brothers will invite you to dinner—mamas ask their daughters to sing your favorite songs—your opinion will be asked on all points—and if the family have a country seat, you can go there every Saturday night and stay till Monday, the summer through, without spending a sou. You've no idea, sir, what an easy thing love-making becomes under such circumstances. A walk by moonlight, a chance meeting at early morning in the garden, or a summer afternoon together in the alcoves, does the business. To tell the truth, I never came so near going as when I spent a week in the country with a bridesmaid I had waited on; there was a porch almost buried in honeysuckle, behind the house, and adjoining the garden, which was a perfect paradise. There we used to sit, and one day, if it hadn't been that the old gentleman woke from his nap and threw up the parlor window, just as I got his daughter's hand in mine, the question would have popped itself.

"You stare; but I repeat, it would have popped itself. The fact is—between ourselves, those things come astonishing natural after all, quite as if one was brought up to them from a child. Don't trouble yourselves about how you look, or what you shall say—the best thing you can do, is not to think of the matter at all, but make a plunge at once, and then the business is soon over. There are a thousand ways to pop the question, as there are a thousand ways to make love. Some do it with easy impudence—some choke for words and stick fast—some deliver a set speech, and look for a clean spot on the carpet to go down on their knees—and some glide into it gradually, like a hawk narrowing his gyrations before he stoops, the poor girl sitting beside him all the time, her heart fluttering in her bodice like a frightened bird. I've heard of one or two poor sinners who popped the question in the street. There's only one way more certain to insure a refusal, and that is to propose in a letter. A woman—let her love you as she will—is always frightened when she comes seriously to think of leaving her parents to trust her all with a comparative stranger, and if you give her time to look at these matters coolly, ten to one she'll give you a denial—I am an old man, and have seen the world, and let me tell you, the girl who yields in tears, on a moonlight evening, would write a civil refusal or an equivocal answer the next morning after breakfast. And then what a fool a lover makes of himself on paper! I read some letters the other day—the gods forgive my sins for writing such.

"It's a mistake, sir, in these matters, to lend the young a helping hand—all they ask is to be left alone—and if there are

any meddling youngsters about, have them put to bed, or drowned, it don't matter which, so they're out of the way. Only give to lovers fair play, kick your match making aunts to the deuce, and, my life on it! the most demure will find a way of being understood, even if, like old Sir Isaac Newton, they have to make love with their feet. It may come rather odd at first, but they will sit looking into each other's eyes, until, by and by, their hands will somehow steal into each other's, and so getting cosier and cosier, the question, when they least expect it, will pop out like a cork from a champagne bottle. It will pop itself."

### A Remarkable Woman.

The *N. Y. Commercial* instances a remarkable display of genuine patriotism by the wife of a gentleman who at one time kept a restaurant in this city:

"If you would like to see a sight 'worth seeing,' go and take your lunch at 'Goslin's American and French Restaurant,' 17 Nassau street. You will there find behind the lunch table, waiting on the guests with modest dignity and cheerful assiduity, a fine looking, rosy-cheeked, black haired female, a specimen of perfect health and cheerfulness, and younger in appearance than the vast majority of women at forty. This is the wife of the host, the mother of twenty-four children—the eldest of whom is thirty-two, and the youngest two years old, thirteen of whom, with ten grand-children are still living; she rises every morning at five and does the marketing for this great establishment; and during several of the busiest hours of the day, sees that the guests are properly waited on and attended to. She confesses to forty-eight years, but without the confession she would not be deemed guilty of forty. Had she lived in the days of ancient Rome, she would have been entitled to, and would have received the honors of the Republic, and certainly it cannot be misplaced to bestow this brief notice on one, who has contributed so many citizens to her country, and whose good conduct in her daily walk in life, and modest demeanor, and cheerful efforts to aid the partner of her lot present so useful an example for imitation."

### To the Ladies.

Kid gloves may be cleansed with milk. Husbands may be subdued by the use of the broomstick. Paint of adhesive quality may be removed from the cheeks in washing with strong ley, and to prevent the skin from being rough, anoint it afterwards with lamp oil. Monkey jackets, it is said, will not be in fashion this summer.

"Can you tell me how I can get to the State Prison?" a gentleman enquired of Bemus, as that worthy was strolling over Charlestown bridge.

"Yes, sir—pick the pocket of the next man that you meet."

### Gossip from Gotham.

"Without, or with, offence to friends or foes, I sketch the world exactly as it goes."

August has brought with it a general vacation to the numerous schoolboys of this city, and we suppose that country uncles, aunts, &c., will have to "suffer some" between this and the first of September. By the way, the "unbounded" affection which the denizens of an over-populated city usually evince, at this period of the year, toward their country friends and acquaintances, is worthy of note.

QUEEN VICTORIA, of England, is the heroine of a pretty little anecdote, which we arrest on its way over the "surface of occasion." It is stated that, when a girl of some 19 or 20 years of age, and not long after her accession to the throne, some sentences from a court martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion; a soldier was condemned to be shot. She read it, paled, and looked up to the officer who had laid it before her, and said, "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times," said the officer. "Think again, my lord," was her reply. To which "the Duke" (for it was he) replied, seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, "he is certainly a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke to his good character, and he may be a good character for aught I know to the contrary." "Oh, thank you a thousand times," exclaimed the youthful Queen, and hastily writing pardon, in large characters, on the fatal page, she sent it across the table, her hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

A young lady thus writes anonymously—"For my own part, I confess that the desire of my heart, and my constant prayer is that I may be blessed with a good and affectionate husband, and that I may be a good and affectionate wife and mother. Should I be denied this, I hope for grace to resign myself—but I fear it will be a hard trial for me."

A sensible girl that she shows the superiority of her nature in candidly expressing herself. Prudes, real genuine prudes, however, will think otherwise. One and all of that class, those who, though rather old, "never would marry," as well as those who have not yet arrived at the "age of discretion," will cavil at such honest expression of feelings which naturally and purely predominate in the heart of every true woman. But, poor prudes, how they are to be pitied, for they can never know the happiness of such action as the above, and that narrowness of mind and lack of soul, which is the basis of their trait of character, must needs ever shut out that sufficiency of discrimination and judgment which teaches that it is utterly vain to attempt to belie nature. How many enthusiastic, intellectual and discreet maidens, however, will applaud the sentiments of the young Irish girl.—*Baltimore Sun.*

### The Empty Cradle.

Every fold counts a missing lamb, and there are few homes where there has been no mourning over a vacant chair. It is hard to part with the darlings of the nursery. Affection clings to them fondly and is reluctant to lose its hold; but the all-wise Father deals tenderly with his children, and removes some of their treasures to heaven, that their affections may follow. Many weeping parents will recognize their own experience in the following paragraphs from an exchange:—  
The death of a little child is to the mother's heart like the dew on a plant, from which a bud has just perished. The plant lifts up its head in freshened greenness to the morning light; so the mother's soul gathers, from the dark sorrow which she has passed, a fresh brightening of her earthly hopes.

### THE CALICO DRESS.

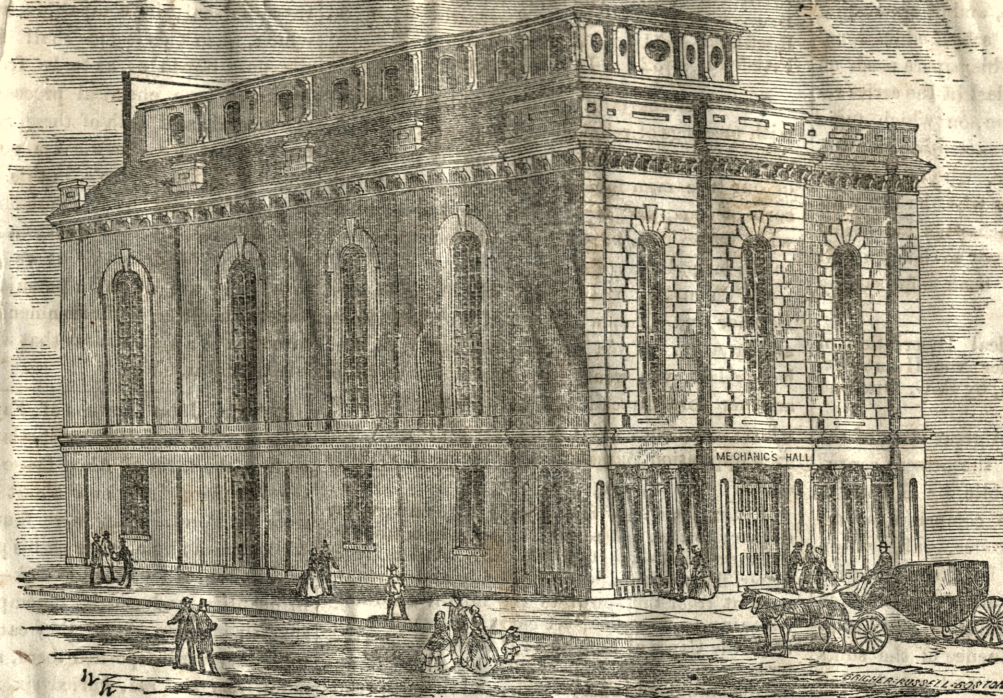
A fig for your "fashionable girls." With their velvets, and satins, and laces, Their diamonds, and rubies, and pearls, And their milliner figures and faces; They may shine at a party or ball, Embellished with half they possess, But give me, in place of them all, My girl with a calico dress.

She is plump as a partridge, and fair As the rose in the earliest bloom; Her teeth will with ivory compare, And her breath with the clover perfume; Her step is as free and as light As the fawn's whom the hunters hard press; And her eye is as soft and as bright— My girl with the calico dress.

Your dandies and foplings may sneer At her simple and modest attire, But the charms she permits to appear Would set a whole iceberg on fire. She can dance, but she never allows The hugging, the squeeze and caress; She is saving all these for her spouse— My girl with the calico dress.

She is cheerful, warm-hearted and true, And kind to her father and mother, She studies how much she can do For her sweet little sister and brother. If you want a companion for life, To comfort, enliven and bless, She is just the right sort of a wife— My girl with the calico dress.

For the Maine Farmer.



The New Mechanics' Hall, Portland.

### THE WOMEN.

[If any of the masculine gender has the courage to offer anything in reply to the following, let him say so. Our discretion enjoins silence.]

MR. EDITOR:—It is said that there is a point, beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and the old proverb that "It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back," fits my case exactly. I'm rather slow to anger generally, but you men have kept up such a barking of late about what women do, and ought to do, and don't do; how they dress, and ought to dress, and don't dress, that I am getting rather stirred up, and have just made up my mind to say a few words, which you may publish if you please, if not—why it's not my fault.

There's a great cry because farmers' daughters don't spin and weave as they used to; it is said they spin nothing but street yarn, &c., &c. But if fathers and brothers get too proud to dress in good homespun—hate the noise of the wheel, and send the wool from the backs of the sheep to the factory, what are the girls to spin?

Men grumble at puny faces and meager forms, but so long as really natural forms are coarse and vulgar, and health is entirely out of fashion, we cannot very much wonder that the few that have such ill appreciated charms should be ashamed of them; and beyond that, if fathers and mothers have eaten and drank intemperately, and by improper living, improper dressing, neglect of bathing, and all the laws of health, have corrupted their own blood and transmitted its corruptions to their children, who's to blame?

If they have suffered the girls to lie in bed till eight o'clock in the morning, and neglected to give them habits of industry and obedience; if they have left them to act, without giving them any rules of action, and they are idle, disobedient and disorderly, who is to blame?

If gentlemen esteem outward beauty more than inward purity, and slatternly extravagance more than industrious neatness, and get what they prefer, whom can they blame?

Our present philosophers say that young men now dare not marry, because no woman is satisfied with an establishment at the beginning, less expensive than her mother had at the end of her life. Now this sounds like a miserable subterfuge. Look at any place where you will, and see if the most showy, extravagant girls are not the first to get married. They not only get married, but leave a score of aching, jealous hearts behind them.

After a while, domestic cares rob the face of its youthful bloom, and ripen an undeveloped, undisciplined temper into a chronic distemper; with no exciting cause for dress and display, the latent germs of disorder and indolence spring into life, and the lack of principle shows itself; then comes the cry, women are not what they used to be!—then the husband deserts his home for the grog shop, and the miserable wife is left to sink into deeper wretchedness, and the husband is not to blame! It is true he did not choose his wife because her temper was chastened and refined, because she displayed those graces of the spirit, patience, meekness, long-suffering, kindness, charity; not because she had been an obedient daughter at home, regarding every one's right, rigid in the performance of every duty. But O wise men, (wise in your own conceits,) hear the weighty reason that decided a "lord of creation" in his choice of a life companion. She had nineteen beaus, he was the twentieth, and it was so rich to carry off so disputed a prize! and then she was so pretty!

If men will say, "I don't want a plain dressing, industrious, prudent woman, and I can't afford a showy, expensive doll," I'll admit they have told the truth; but let not the first half of the truth be left unsaid. I don't deny that there are more frivolous women in society than sensible ones, but I honestly believe there are more than enough to mate all the men who have the sense to appreciate them. So convinced am I of the fact, that I'll engage to find a wife, prudent, discreet, willing to labor and regulate her expenses by her husband's means; who shall delight in comfort more than display; she shall also be constant and chaste, for every man desiring such a treasure, provided he prove himself worthy by possessing corresponding virtues.

The demand for any article regulates the supply, and while the supply exceeds the demand, there cannot be a scarcity. When the market is glutted with any article and there is no demand, who'll invest money in the manufacture of it? Now sensible women are very much like ancient bonnets, they are undoubtedly better than the present style, but who wants to wear them? Men's conduct towards fashionable women is very much as it is toward those monstrous hoops about which they make such a fuss; they ridicule them, and yet call every woman a dowdy who does not wear them; so they ridicule fashionable women, and yet choose them for wives if they can afford it. Now gentlemen, stop this clamor—be sensible and honest; own up to your preferences, don't say one thing and mean another. Consistency is said to be a rare jewel; purchase it, and it may save you the cost of many other jewels neither rare nor

valuable! Believe me, there are many women who groan under the burden of fashionable folly! For my own part, I would far rather move beyond the borders of civilization, and help clear up a farm, as my mother did before me, than live the tedious, artificial life of a fashionable lady!

But writing will not feed the pigs, milk the cows, nor keep the weeds down in the onion bed; so I must close, trusting that sensible women, and men too, will increase till they fill the length and breadth of the land; for which millenium, I remain,

Yours in humble hope,  
RUSTIC NELL.

### Poetry.

#### The Snow-Storm.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,  
And pathless was the dreary wild,  
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night  
A mother wandered with her child.  
As through the drifting snow she press'd,  
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,  
And darker hours of night came on,  
And deeper grew the drifts of snow;  
Her limbs were chill'd her strength was gone.  
"Oh, God!" she cried in accents wild,  
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,  
And bared her bosom to the storm,  
And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,  
And smiled to think her babe was warm.  
With one cold kiss one tear she shed,  
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,  
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil;  
The frost of death was in her eye,  
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—  
He moved the robe from off the child,  
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

LIVE WHILE YOU LIVE.—Thousands of men breathe, move and live, pass off the stage of life, and are head of no more.—Why? They do not partake of good in the world, and none were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue.—*Chalmers.*





[Written for the True Flag.]

## I AM WEARY, MOTHER.

BY MRS. ELLEN RICH.

Let me sit at thy feet, dear mother,  
When the sunset has fired the tree,  
That I fancied was some brave minstrel  
Making love to his fair ladye.

Let me loosen these tresses, my mother,  
As when I was kneeling to say  
My infancy's prayer to "Our Father,"  
In the beautiful far-away.

And lay like a blessing, dear mother,  
The hand that is feeble and weak,  
On the brow of thy sorrowing daughter,  
Thy lips to the perishing cheek;

And murmur the stories of old, mother,  
As you did when I lisped for more,  
That I may dream now of the happy time  
That the world will never restore.

And if I forget my part, mother,  
And weep when I should be gay,  
Don't pause in the melody sweet for that,  
But charm all the tears away.

For I come, weary and faint, mother,  
From the world's rough ways to thee,  
That I may pray like a little child,  
Once more at my mother's knee;

That, shutting out all the cold, mother,  
Of the hearts I could not warm,  
I might forget for a little time  
The darkness, the grief, and the storm.

Tell me over again of the love, mother,  
And speak of the friendship true,  
That I may drink in thy words as, faint,  
The flowers drink in the holy dew.

No more, no more of that song, mother,—  
Alas! I have lost the chime;  
In vain, with a spirit out of tune,  
I keep with thy lay the time.

I had thought to be young again, mother,  
With these early lines of care,  
But I turn in sighs from the laughing flowers  
Of a youth I may never wear.

Let me link my hand in thine, mother,  
Together to seek the flow  
Of the only Lethé, mother dear,  
The weary of earth may know.

## POETRY.

For the Boston Cultivator.

### Heavenly Ransom.

All Nature's repose in stillness at rest—  
My thoughts are all wandering, my mind is oppress;  
I have heard of a Saviour, He pointed to me  
In sorrow, with banner, "I've died once for thee!"

He has formed me to serve him, His plan is complete,  
He placed on His footstool to bow at His feet;  
The pleasures of earth must all sink to decay,  
And where is my treasure, as life wears away?

The Saviour is pleading for you and for me,  
And Heavenly spirits invite us away,  
Away from temptation, from sorrow and care—  
And can we not offer to Jesus our prayer?

Salvation is free, 'tis a glorious theme,  
As free as the waters of yon rippling stream,  
More precious than gold or the pearls of the sea,  
To give it, the Saviour has died on the tree!

The soul that can feel that its sins are no more,  
Beholds the bright rays from an angelic shore:  
His pathway is strewn with the sweetest of flowers,  
His crown is bright laurels from Eden's sweet bowers!

M. S. M.

The featured, that it  
ouble to be any-

For the Boston Cultivator.  
Thoughts—No. 2.

Ho! ho! hum! what a lonely rainstorm!  
The noon of night is approaching, and no  
sound, save the drifting rain, disturbs the  
quiet stillness. The family is sleeping calmly,  
and I alone am watchful—and why am I thus?  
Ah! reader, 'tis an anniversary—a marked  
day on the record of my soul! Five years  
ago to-night, I—but stop—I'm not at the con-  
fessional, am I? No; then I'll not confess,  
but merely say, that five years ago I promis-  
ed to remember that night through succeeding  
years, and I will keep all promises, for they  
are not with me like glass vessels, easily broken.

I've tried every possible method of keeping  
the curtains of my eyes from falling. I've  
whistled our national anthem until I stopped,  
expecting the neighbors to report that I had  
a "spark" this Sunday-night; I've pulled the  
cat's ears, but she's so lazy or sleepy that she  
won't even scratch me, and now what shall I  
do? Ah, dearie me!—I have it! where's my  
old letters? I'll look them over, also, my  
mementos of other days.

Here's a letter, the first one which came to  
hand, that brings a black-eyed witch before  
me, a merry, laughing girl. In the autumn  
of 18—I visited her at her distant home, and  
oft would our shrieks of laughter frighten the  
forest echoes into shrieking full as wildly, and  
we pushed our way fearlessly through the  
woodland skirting Moosehead Lake, and gal-  
loped over the hills like two wild deer—but  
she is far away, and I—I am reading her old  
letters!

This one is from a brother living in the  
sunny South, full to overflowing of love for  
sister Bell. "Dear brother! you are in Bell's  
heart to-night."

Maggie writes to ask if I remember a wild-  
wood frolic which we had in days gone-by?—  
Ha! ha! Elfish Mag, I remember how you  
and I tried, by every possible means, to get  
sister's "spark" to gallant us also, but if you  
recollect, we didn't accomplish our purpose,  
but instead, I gave you my arm man-fashion,  
and we ran nimbly home.

Here's one from an old flame, but alas a  
day! I guess there's nothing left of the old  
flame in your heart, E—, save a smoul-  
dering fire of almost extinguished best.—  
And now I have taken up a whole pile with  
all manner of chirography on the envelopes,  
and therefore I guess this is a miscellaneous  
package, so I'll rummage down deeper.

Oh! bless my life! I've caught on my fin-  
ger, a tress of dark-brown, curling hair!  
another glance, however, and the illusion  
vanishes; it isn't the lock I thought of, for  
this has fallen from a miniature case now  
partly opened, that reveals a sunny face and  
rippling, golden hair. Another and another  
—only look at the locks of hair clipped from  
dear heads in the sunny past! But here is  
the lock I love best; it curls round my finger  
just as lovingly as it did when it danced o'er  
the noble brow, of which there is nothing left,  
save the bleached and crumbling bones!

Guess I must leave this letter-box now, for  
there's a dull pain in my left side; something  
sharp has struck against my heart, so I'll  
tumble these letters all in together, looking  
all the time to the finger round which the  
curling tress lovingly clings, but as it came  
first, now it is last—dear Ada's loved letter  
—and I can't forbear giving one more thought  
to her, ere I look up my treasures, so I will  
say—

Would I could see the brilliant sheen,  
O' bonnie Ada's coal black 'een,  
And trip w' her o'er the lea;  
'Twould mind me o' the days lang syne,  
When we wa' young an' in our prime,  
And our hearts wa' too o' glee!

I have been alternately thinking and writ-  
ting, and now, oh, joy! morn's grey locks are  
floating in the sky, and soon night's window  
will be raised, and through the aperture Au-  
rora's bright face will glance gaily!

BELL.

THE PARROT.—We have no idea that the  
parrot has a sympathetic feeling, or that it has  
the least knowledge of the sense of the world  
he utters, and therefore, in relating the follow-  
ing circumstance, give it only as a singular co-  
incidence.—In a small family in the south part  
of this city, there was a parrot which had found  
a home there for years, and had become a pet of  
the family. A child was taken sick this spring,  
and was not seen by the parrot for some days.  
The bird had been used to repeat her name;  
and in the child's absence kept repeating the  
name so incessantly as to annoy the family.—  
The child died: the repetition of the name was  
kept up, until one of the family took the parrot  
to the room where the corpse lay. The parrot  
turned first one side of its head and then the  
other towards the corpse, apparently eyeing it,  
and was then taken back. He never repeated  
the name again, was at once silent, and the next  
day died.—Portsmouth Journal.

For the Boston Cultivator.  
The Letter.

Mr. Editor:—I had just finished my evening  
repat when a friend came in with a letter.  
Not long previous I had received a communi-  
cation from the same source, informing me of  
the death of a dear brother. My hand trem-  
bled nervously as I tore open the envelope,  
and while my heart was painfully oscillating  
between hope and fear in anticipation of the  
contents, I read the following:

"Dear Aunt:—It seems to fall to my lot  
once more to communicate sad tidings to you.  
Our little Andrew, whom we all loved so much,  
has gone to his long home. Never more shall  
we hear his pleasant voice, or see those bright  
eyes that were wont to beam so brilliantly  
upon us. He was too good for this world, and  
the Lord has taken him from the many trials  
and temptations to a better. Here is a stanza  
that was sung at his funeral:

"Lord what is life? if spent with Thee  
In humble praise and prayer,  
How long or short our life may be,  
We feel no anxious care.  
Tho' life depart our joys shall last  
When life and all its joys are past."

My health is not good, and I think it ad-  
visable to postpone my journey to your place  
until spring. Oh! it seems as though I can-  
not wait until then, but the time will soon  
pass away."

But months, ere that time had passed, the  
hand that traced these lines was laid to rest  
over the stilled heart. Such is life. For  
months had the fell destroyer been at work  
undermining the noble structure; already had  
it begun to totter on its foundation, all un-  
known to its owner. Like the Minot Ledge  
Lighthouse it came tottering into the ocean  
of Lethé. Death, like the rude storm-king,  
sent the invading army of disease upon her,  
from which no appeal could be made, and her  
sun went down at noon. Oh, how the fond  
hearts of those parents were lacerated when  
they beheld the loved form of their daughter  
laid down to rest among the pale nations of  
the dead, to think that ere long the loath-  
some earthworm would clamber over that fair  
brow and heedlessly burrow in the flesh they  
loved so well!

But there was yet another in the distant  
town of F. who had coveted that fair hand,  
but he must give up his claim to his victorious  
rival, death. And how harshly does the un-  
welcome news grate upon his ear when he is  
told that she is no more. In fancy he had  
reared a home and she was to be the guardian  
angel, to grace it with her presence, and make  
it all sunshine with the light of her smiles;  
but a pall is suddenly drawn over the scene.  
Such, such is life, and thus frail are our earth-  
ly hopes, for while we are in the midst of life,  
we are embracing death. And thus are we  
daily admonished not to build a temple of  
worship upon the quicksands of earth, for

when storms arise it will surely be demolished;  
the crumbling relics will fall to earth, a heap  
of ruins. Build your hopes upon the "Rock  
of Ages;" then when storms of affliction arise  
however harshly they may beat upon the tem-  
ment, even if the structure crumbles to the  
earth, it can be but a passport to heaven.

SYLVIA.

A FIFTH AVENUE ROMANCE.—Last Mon-  
day, we observed a funeral train, of the most  
imposing character, standing ready for a  
start, on the Fifth avenue, near one of the  
widest intersecting streets. Upon making  
inquiries concerning it, we learned that the  
deceased had been a man of great wealth, that  
he was exceedingly prudent in all his mone-  
tary transactions, and that he had no rela-  
tives of any account, either by blood or mar-  
riage, to inherit his vast possessions. He  
owned that splendid house from which they  
are about to bury him," said our informant.  
"Wonder who will own it hereafter?" we ex-  
claimed. Our informant proceeded to say  
that about two weeks previous the deceased  
had met, and fallen in love with a very hand-  
some sewing-girl, and that he had succeeded  
in gaining, upon the impulse of the moment,  
a strong proof that she returned his passion.  
When taken ill, and convinced that he would  
die, he made a will, in which he gave to this  
girl the house already spoken of, with all its  
furniture and other appliances, and \$10,000  
in money. This is a very Frenchy story, but  
we are assured of its correctness, and give it  
as a specimen of one of those events of real  
life which, in a romance, would be pronounced  
false and exaggerated.—New York Sunday  
Times.

## Sabbath Reading.

For the Maine Farmer.

### WAIT AND HOPE.

Let us wait! There is hope in the future—  
The day, though it be overcast,  
Will soon shine in gladness and beauty,  
And darkness and danger be past.  
Let us wait for the time unrepining,  
With spirits resigned, though unblest;  
Our toils with the day will have ended,  
And all at the evening find rest.

Let us wait—there's a God that forever  
His love on his erring ones showers—  
There are mansions eternal above us,  
Whose glory and rest will be ours.  
Till our footsteps have passed the dread portal,  
On the dark frown of fate let us smile;  
We shall there taste of pleasure immortal,  
Though here care may cloud us awhile.

Let us wait—soon the woes that now overwhelm us  
Will be but a dream of the past;  
Soon the sorrows and cares that surround us,  
Will give place to gladness at last.  
God gave us our joys and our sorrows,  
And both in the draught of life blend;  
Let us wait, then, that happier future,  
And bravely "hope on" till the end!

MANILLA.

Boston, Feb., 1859.

### ANOTHER HAND IS BECKON- ING US.

Another hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given;  
And glows once more with angels steps  
The path that leads to heaven.

O, half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to heaven a shining one,  
Who walked an angel here.

Unto our Father's will alone  
One thought has reconciled;  
That he whose love exceeded ours  
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in Thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and Thee.

Still let her mild rebukings stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong. [WHITTIER.]

### SATURDAY NIGHT.

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and  
what would the world do without them? Those  
breathing moments in the march of life, those lit-  
tle twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon  
when pale yesterday looked beautiful through the  
shadows, and faces, changed long ago, smiling  
sweetly—again in the hush, when one remembers  
"the old folks at home," and the old arm chair.  
Saturday nights make people human! set their  
hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before  
the world turned them into wax drums, and jarred  
them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron doored  
vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters  
with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It  
is Saturday night, and business branches free  
again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been  
ajar all the week, gently closes behind him, the  
world is shut out! Shut in rather. Here are the  
treasures after all, and not in the vault, not in  
the book—save the record in the old family Bi-  
ble—and not in the Bank.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up, the  
hammer is thrown down, and the apron is doffed  
and labor hastens with a light step homeward  
bound.

May be you are a bachelor, frosty and forty.  
Then, poor fellow, Saturday nights are nothing  
to you, just as you are nothing to anything. Get  
a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but above all, a  
true-eyed—get a home, no matter how little—  
and a little sofa, just large enough to hold two,  
or two and a half, and then get the two or two  
and a half in it on a Saturday night, and then  
read this paragraph by the light of your wife's  
eyes, and thank God and take courage.

THE BEST CAPITAL for young men to start with  
in life, is industry, good sense, courage and the  
fear of God. It is better than all the credit or  
cash that was ever raised.

MEN are sometimes accused of pride more be-  
cause their accusers would be proud themselves  
were they in their places. [Shenstone.]

## TO THE SPIRIT OF POESY

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

Spirit existent within my breast,  
Say, may I never partake of rest?  
Must the stream of existence forever flow  
Turbid, and wild, and dark with woe?  
May no gleam of sunshine tinge its bosom kiss,  
Nor my spirit drink one draught of bliss?  
Am I destined to mingle with those who know  
No beauty, or worth, in the mystic flow  
Of the sweet stream from the spirit land,  
Unlocked alone by God's own hand?  
"Not of my order," I sigh, and feel,  
I dream—then awake to a world too real!  
O Solitude, what would I not give,  
Could I in thy sacred dwelling live—  
Like the hunted deer, I fain would ride  
In thy gentle bosom, from human pride  
And from human hearts of icy mould,  
Whose pulses beat but with hope of gold!  
Alas, that legions of such there be,  
Unknown, and unheeding, of sympathy!  
Bearing the outward form of men,  
But tasteless, and wild as the wolf in its den,—  
Born to devour, to laugh, and die—  
Earth their home. For the bending sky  
With its countless beauties, they heed it not—  
Soulless beings of earth's dark rot,  
Mates for the creatures that round them creep,  
Who exist to perish in lasting sleep.  
Why can I not find on earth a few  
Whose spirits yet drink the refreshing dew  
Falling so softly from unseen lands,  
Dispensed like all blessings by angel hands?  
Spirit existent—whatever thou art,  
Inspiring life of my wayward heart!  
Take from my bosom thy gift again;  
'Tis heavy to bear in this world of pain.  
'Tis an inward fire of corroding power,  
It yields not gold in life's fleeting hour;  
A gift that is useless here—a spell  
Whose power or purpose I may not tell.  
I sought it not—and I would resign.  
Spirit! resume the gift that is thine!  
Make my heart cold to the poet's fire,  
For poverty's fingers have broken my lyre;  
And sorrow, with cloud and storm, has power  
To crush in my bosom hope's springing flower.  
Then, spirit existent, assist me to bear,  
Or take back the gift thou hast made my care!

### "HAUNTED."

BY MISS EMILY R. PAGE.

The soft eyes of a little child,  
Half shadow and half shine,  
That tremble with the light they hold,  
Look hauntingly in mine.  
I kiss the sunny brow, and put  
The baby from my knee,  
For something in its mournful eyes  
I cannot bear to see.

I hush the little voice and sit  
Awhile with book outspread,  
And try to read—but only see  
The haunting eyes instead;  
They look up from each new-turned leaf  
And every thought engage—  
They sit among the words and steal  
The meaning from the page.

Shading my hand above my eyes,  
I look out where the sun  
Drifts through the valleys, and the shade  
Are lengthening into one.  
But still those eyes, so large and sad,  
Are in the sunshine, too,  
And where the shadows tripping come,  
With sandals tipped with dew.

The yellow May-moon, waxen full,  
Is up above the hill—  
And Eve goes gathering in the stars,  
Her horn of light to fill.  
I gaze—and yet, I heed not aught—  
For everywhere I see  
The soft eyes of that little child  
Between the night and me.

They 'mind me of the buried light  
That faded long ago,  
Just as the sunset blushing lay  
Along the hills of snow;  
And so I take the baby form  
Again upon my knee,  
And weep to see the vanished light  
Their mirror back to me.

EDUCATION. If I were to reduce to a single  
maxim the concentrated wisdom of the world on  
the subject of practical education, I should but  
enunciate a proposition which, I fear, is not in-  
corporated as it should be into the practice of  
of schools and families. That principle is, that  
in educating the young, you serve them most ef-  
fectually, not by what you do for them, but what  
you teach them to do for themselves. The popu-  
lar opinion seems to be that education is putting  
something into the mind of a child, by exercising  
merely its power of receptivity, its memory. I  
say nay. The great principle on which a child  
should be educated, is not that of reception, but  
rather that of action, and it will ever remain un-  
educated, in the highest sense so long as its high-  
er mental powers remain inert. It was well said  
by the eminent Dr. Mason, "Let the aim of ed-  
ucation be to convert the mind into a living foun-  
tain, and not a reservoir." That which is filled  
by merely pumping in, will be emptied by pump-  
ing out."

BE GENTLEMAN AT HOME. There are few fami-  
lies, we imagine, any where, in which love is not  
abused as furnishing the license for impoliteness.  
A husband, father or brother will speak harsh  
words to those he loves best, and those who love  
him best, simply because the security of love and  
family pride keeps him from getting his head  
broken. It is a shame that a man will speak  
more impolite, at times, to his wife or sister, than  
he would to any other female. It is thus that  
the honest affections of a man's nature prove to  
be a weaker protection to a woman in the family  
circle than the restraints of society, and that a  
woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness  
of life to those not belonging to her own  
household. Things ought not so to be. Kind  
words are circulating mediums between true gen-  
tlemen of society, and nothing can atone for the  
harsh language and disrespectful treatment too  
often indulged in between those bound together  
by God's own ties of blood, and the still more  
sacred bonds of conjugal love.

[Life Illustrated.]

WHEN TO BEGIN. "That you may find suc-  
cess," said Rev. Charles Brooks in an address to  
boys, "let me tell you how to proceed. To-night  
begin your great plan of life. You have but one  
life to live, and it is immeasurably important that  
you do not make a mistake. To-night begin care-  
fully. Fix your eye on the fortieth year of your  
age, and then say to yourself, 'At the age of forty  
I will be a temperate man, I will be an indus-  
trious man, an economical man, a benevolent  
man, a well-read man, a religious man, and a  
useful man. I will be such an one. I resolve,  
and I will stand to it.' My young friends, let  
this resolution be firm as adamant; let it stand  
like the oak, which cannot be wind-shaken."

BENEFIT OF A CHEERFUL FACE. A cheerful face  
is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weath-  
er. To make a sick man think he is dying, all  
that is necessary is to look half dead yourself.—  
Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous  
complaints. Always endeavor to feel sunshiny,  
especially in a sick room, and to look so too.

"LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER." The  
editor of the New Orleans Advocate has this inci-  
dent about the ravages of the yellow fever in that  
city, related to him by one of the Methodist pas-  
tors:—"The preacher was called a few days since  
to attend the funeral of a young man. Before his  
sickness he was a stout, buoyant, manly youth.  
He was from the State of Maine, and had been  
here but a short time. He was attacked by yel-  
low fever, and soon died, with no mother or rela-  
tive to watch by his bedside, or to soothe him  
with that sympathy which none but those of our  
own 'dear kindred blood' can feel or manifest.—  
He died among strangers and was buried by them.

When the funeral service was over, and the  
strange friends who had ministered to him were  
about to finally close the coffin, an old lady, who  
stood by, stopped them and said, 'Let me kiss him  
for his mother!' We have yet to find the first  
man or woman to whose eye this simple recital  
has not brought tears."



# A Story for the Ladies.

[Written for the True Flag.]

## THE LAST SECRET.

BY PRUDENCE PRIM.

Helen Strong was sitting alone one afternoon, in the early part of December. The wind was blowing chill and drear without, which caused the glowing coals to emit a more grateful warmth within, and the cosy little parlor looked more bright and cheerful, in contrast with the dark clouds, which were hurrying to and fro, as if making preparations for a heavy storm.

There were no clouds upon Mrs. Strong's brow, and the peaceful smile which wreathed her pretty mouth, and the light which beamed in her bright eyes, showed that no storm was gathering in her heart. No; very peaceful were her thoughts that afternoon, as she sat there stitching upon the slippers which were to encase her husband's feet, and she had just come to the conclusion that he was the best husband in the world, and that it was not possible for a woman to be happier than she was, when the ringing of the door-bell roused her from her reverie.

She hastened to the door, and found that her visitor was her old friend, Mrs. Price, who had been her playmate in childhood, her school companion in later years, and, since their marriage, which took place about the same time, two years before, her most intimate acquaintance.

"Oh, Alice," said Mrs. Strong, after the first greetings were over, "what a splendid new hat you have! Do let me look at it! Where did you get it?"

"Isn't it a beauty?" said Mrs. Price, as she took off the hat, and held it out for her friend's inspection. "I have just got it, and come this way to show it to you. So cheap, too—only nine dollars!"

"Cheap, indeed!" replied Helen. "Such a rich plume! Where did you get it?"

"At Mrs. Hood's. She has another just like it, and I want you to have it. I told Mrs. Hood to lay it aside, until to-morrow, for I thought you would get it. Put it on."

"How kind of you! but I did not intend to get any new hat this winter," said Helen, as she placed the dainty thing upon her head. "I have just had the one I wore last winter fixed up, and it looks very well."

"Nonsense! I hope you don't think of wearing that old thing all winter, when you can get such a beauty as this for nine dollars—and so becoming, too!" exclaimed Alice, leading her friend to the mirror.

Helen looked silently into the mirror, thinking that it was indeed becoming; then, taking it off, she gazed longingly upon its softly-waving plume and quivering pendants, as she moved it gently to and fro upon her hand.

"You will get it, won't you?" said her friend, as she watched Helen's longing look.

"I don't know," she replied, doubtfully, still gazing upon the hat; "I should like it, dearly, but I can't bear to say anything to Charles about it. I know he will think it is foolish, and, besides, he has got to make a payment on our lot, in a short time, and I am afraid he cannot afford it."

"We shall have to make a payment, too, the first of January, and George says he doesn't know where the money is coming from; but he wants me to dress a little like folks, so I mean to get what I need, and not trouble myself about money matters. George will fix it up somehow, I know." And the little woman fixed the little hat upon her head, and continued:—"Now tell Charles that he must get that bonnet for you. I will call here to-morrow morning, and go with you to Mrs. Hood's."

When Mrs. Strong bade her friend good-bye, her voice was a little less joyous than when she first received her; and when she sat down again to her stitching, her face was a shade sadder, and

the light of her eyes a little less bright, than when she sat there one hour before. Yet, she was not unhappy; but that hat—if she could only have that, she should certainly be the happiest woman in the world.

In the evening, as Charles was seated upon the sofa, which was wheeled up before the fire, Helen seated herself by his side, and timidly broached the subject which lay nearest her heart—"that love of a hat."

Charles heard what she had to say in praise of the desired article, and then said:—

"Well, what do you want of it, Helen? You certainly cannot wear two bonnets, and you have a very good one now."

"But really, Charles," she answered, persuasively, "that looks quite rusty and old-fashioned by the side of Alice's new one, and I am ashamed to wear it any longer. I wish you could see hers; I know you would admire it."

"Very likely," said Charles, dryly.

Helen had never teased her husband for anything; he had always been willing that she should get what she needed, but now she had never needed anything half as much as that hat. The mere possibility of a refusal made the coveted object seem more beautiful, more to be desired, and her old one more detestable, and she felt impelled to coax a little; so, resting her arm upon his shoulder, she toyed fondly with his glossy curls, and in her soft, winning voice, said:—

"You will get it for me, won't you, Charles? Only nine dollars, you know."

"No, I can't," he replied; "I haven't nine dollars to spare; and, beside, I think the one you have is good enough."

Helen transferred her hand from her husband's forehead to her lap, and looked into his face; it was grave and decided, almost stern. He had never spoken to her in tones so near akin to harshness, and they now fell with a chilling weight upon her heart, and tears gathered in her eyes. She sat in silence for a few moments, expecting he would relent, or at least speak tenderly to her. Even a kiss, or a pitying look, would repay her for the loss of the hat; but they came not, and, calling a little pride to her aid, she choked back her emotion, and seating herself by her work-stand, resumed her stitching.

That evening was a very long one. Helen set an incredible number of stitches. Charles sat in silence for some time, then took up the paper and commenced reading aloud, as was his wont; but Helen thought she had never heard his voice sound so harshly, or had never known the True Flag to contain anything so dry.

The morning meal was partaken of in unusual silence, and Charles went to his shop without once adverting to the subject of their last evening's conversation. She felt grieved, and injured, that he should be so unmindful of her feelings.

Mrs. Price called, as she had agreed, to accompany her friend to Mrs. Hood's.

"But I can't go with you," said Helen;

"Charles thinks he cannot afford to get the hat."

"Oh, that is too bad!" exclaimed Alice, "and I think Charles is to blame. Afford it! He wouldn't feel it at the end of the year. I wish he could see mine; he would change his mind, I am sure. George is delighted with it. He said he would rather have paid twice that sum, than have me wear my old one."

Helen bit her lips, and then replied:—

"I should like the hat, very much, but I suppose I must do without it;" but added, mentally, as she looked at her friend's—"it is too bad, though!"

Alice soon hurried away, for she had a "world of shopping to do," she said, and Helen went about her domestic occupations.

The week wore away, and the Sabbath came; they both went to church—so did Mr. and Mrs. Price. They sat right in front of Charles and Helen, and as Alice turned her pretty head and bowed to them, Helen thought, "Charles will see Alice's new bonnet, now, and he will certainly relent, and be sorry that he did not get me one like it, or at least commend me for my economy."

When Mrs. Strong bade her friend good-bye, her voice was a little less joyous than when she first received her; and when she sat down again to her stitching, her face was a shade sadder, and

in wearing my old one."

But Charles didn't do any such thing, or at least, he did not say so; and Helen, with the grit of a true woman, did not speak of it herself.

Henceforth, the light of Helen's eyes was a little less soft, and her lips assumed the habit of slightly compressing, at times. With this exception, matters, to all external appearance, went on as heretofore, until the next autumn.

One evening, as they were sitting together, Helen said to her husband:—

"I think I must have a new set of furs, this winter. I saw some beautiful ones, to-day, at Ermine's new, cheap fur store, for fifteen dollars."

"I thought you had got your winter outfit completed," said Charles. "You have been getting this long time."

"I thought so, too," said Helen, "but really, my old furs are not suitable to wear with my new mantilla. They look very diminutive by the side of those new ones."

Charles remained silent, and Helen continued; she did not smooth his glossy hair, she did not look lovingly into his face, nor speak in a soft, pleading voice, as she once did. No; she sat erect, and spoke in a clear, decided, business-like tone.

"Alice has got a set, and as our hats and mantillas are alike, I should like furs like hers."

"I cannot afford it," replied Charles.

"I should think," said Helen, a little spirited, "that you could afford it as well as they can. George is doing no better business than you are, and their family is much more expensive than ours."

"I don't know anything about George's affairs," Charles replied. "But I know that I cannot afford it. So don't say anything more about it."

Ah, Charles! Charles! take back those cold, harsh words. Know you not they sow the seeds of disease, which shall root out faith and confidence in each other?

Of course, Helen said no more about it; but when she saw Alice again, and related the reason for not getting the furs, the latter exclaimed: "The miser! I should think he might be ashamed to dictate you about what to get, or what not. I am glad my husband is not so penurious!"

If, heretofore, Helen had ever made any comparison between her own husband and that of Alice, the result would have been decidedly in favor of the former; but now, as they were suspended in the scales by Alice, she perceived that the whole weight of a fifteen dollar set of furs was in George's favor.

Henceforth the light of her eyes was a little more sharp, her lips a little more compressed, and at times might be seen the shadow of a cloud upon her brow; small it is true, not larger than the one which Elijah's servant saw as he looked towards the sea—yet it was there.

Henceforth the seasons of unconstrained heart-intercourse between husband and wife were less frequent. Charles was diligent in business; Helen was untiring in her domestic duties.

A few months after this Helen needed a new silk dress—a black silk; and so, after examining one which Alice had just got, and duly weighing the matter in her own mind, she concluded to get one. But she dreaded to speak of it to Charles, for, although he seldom made any remarks upon her dress now-a-days, or asked any questions in regard to her purchases, yet she had observed of late that money had been sometimes a little grudgingly given, and although she was confident that she stood in absolute need of a new silk dress, yet she was not quite so confident that Charles would think she did.

"But," she argued to herself, "how does he know what I stand in need of? I am competent to judge for myself, I am sure."

Fortified, therefore, with these arguments, she said, one morning, to her husband, just as he was ready to leave the house:—

"Have you eighteen or twenty dollars to spare this morning, Charles?"

"What do you want to do with eighteen or twenty dollars?" said Charles, unbuttoning his coat.

"To get me some silk for a dress," replied Helen, proceeding to gather up the cups and saucers on the breakfast-table.

"Some silk for a dress!" repeated Charles; "I thought you had plenty of silk dresses."

"I have, such as they are," said Helen; "but I want a plain black silk. Mine is figured—no one wears figured silk, now."

"It is a nice one, if it is figured," replied Charles, again buttoning his coat.

"Not as nice as you think; it is becoming quite brown and scanty, too."

"Well, I think you will have to make it do for the present," said Charles, putting on his hat. "I have no money to pay out for silk dresses now."

Charles went out. Helen gathered the remaining dishes together in nervous haste. Her lips were tightly compressed, her eyes emitted a fiery light, the cloud upon her brow became dark and foreboding.

In the course of the day Alice called. She had become her most confidential friend. From her she had received much advice in regard to her apparel, many well-timed suggestions upon the duties of men, and the rights of women, and many invaluable hints on the subject of managing husbands in general.

Now Alice's heart overflowed with sympathy for her friend, and her indignation was aroused against the cause of their wrongs.

"I would have the dress, at any rate," said she. "I would not be told that I must make my old one do!"

"I do not care so much about the dress," replied Helen; "but to be treated so like a child!"

"That is it; I would get the dress, just to show him that I considered myself capable of judging of, and managing my own wardrobe."

"But I can't," said Helen, "I haven't the money."

"Why don't you get it charged, I always do. I never think of asking George; but when I need anything I go and get it. And then I get it made up as fast as I can before George knows anything about it; then put it on and surprise him, you know; then it is so pretty, and so becoming that he always admires it, and is glad I have got it, and it saves him a deal of vexation—men always dislike to be troubled about these things. There is another advantage, too—these men—why, they would be greatly shocked at the idea of paying so much for silk, so much for velvet, so much for trimmings, so much for lace, so much for ribbon, and so on; but if the bill is presented at the end of the year—so much for family necessities—they pay it without a murmur."

"But," replied Helen, "we do not keep an account at the store. Charles does not approve of it, and I am not willing to commence now, even for the sake of the dress."

The fact was, Helen was truly an economical woman; and she was well aware of the ruinous consequences of standing accounts. If she had been convinced that her husband could not afford to give her the desired sum of money, she would have been content; but as he never made any disclosures in regard to his financial affairs, she judged, that, as he was doing as good business as other, she ought to do as others did. And here lay her greatest fault, or rather her weakness; she allowed herself to be governed too much by the example and opinion of others.

"But, you must have the dress," persisted Alice. "It will never do to give up so." Then after a little reflection: "I have an idea—how much money have you at present?"

"Nearly six dollars," replied Helen, producing her purse.

"Well," said Alice, "I will lend you the remaining amount, and you can pay it to me in small sums, as you get it, some future time. Just get the materials, make it up and wear it, without saying anything to your husband about it. Will that do?"

Helen's heart revolted at the idea of having a secret from her husband; but upon reflection concluded there was no other way for her to do and maintain her rights; therefore, quieting her

conscience with these reflections, she accepted Alice's proposal.

The necessary articles were purchased, and the dress was made in the most approved style. Helen could not have found anything more to her taste. But there was a wrong somewhere—not in the dress, but somewhere between her own heart and her husband—not in her own heart she was sure; she had done perfectly right—so Mrs. Price thought, so she thought. Then it must be her husband—yes, the wrong was with him, and there she let it rest. Henceforth he was an austere husband—she, an ill-treated wife. Henceforth a lowering cloud hovered, ominously, over the once happy pair.

To wear the dress, to show her husband she could do as she pleased, required a good deal of nerve, but, inasmuch as Charles possessed a goodly quantity of will, so also, did Helen possess an ample amount of spunk, which, it is well known, is a never failing tonic to the nervous system. Fortifying herself with this feminine panacea, she invested herself in her new attire, on the Sabbath, to accompany her husband to church. But her precautions were unnecessary. Neither by word or look did Charles notice his wife's costume. He was growing meditative, unob-servant, taciturn.

Helen was no more pleased with this, than she would have been with reproach, for—there was a wrong somewhere.

"So inattentive, so regardless of my dress and appearance!" thought she.

Whatever the cause, Charles never spoke of the dress, and Helen had it all to herself, but neither that, nor the reflection that she had won her point, afforded her happiness. She could never think of it without a twinge of conscience, for which she could not account, seeing she was not in fault.

Between husband and wife there was an increasing coldness, although no words of altercation ever passed between them.

Charles was absorbed in business; he spent but little time at home, and when there, was silent. Helen thought him morose.

Helen was much occupied by domestic cares, was thoughtful, often sad; Charles thought—no matter what he thought, women are so often misjudged!

Poor Helen! she was really very unhappy; her mind would often wander back to the once happy days of her married life, when every wish and thought was known to the other, and even the minutest plans were mutually discussed, and bright smiles, affectionate looks, and tender words kept the heart warm, and hope and home bright.

She wondered if it were always thus—if love always waned, and clouds always gathered so soon after the dawning of a propitious morn.

About three years from the time we first saw Helen sitting in her little parlor, thinking of Alice Price's new hat, she might have been seen again sitting in the same place, with her mind deeply occupied. She had changed; not that she was thinner, or paler, or much older, but her features had assumed a sharpness of expression, and the light of her eyes was fitful, as if all was not right within, and one would think the subject of her thoughts not pleasant, but that cannot be a correct conclusion, for she was thinking of a new shawl—a rich, beautiful shawl.

Since the purchase of the black silk, she had never asked her husband for any particular article, but used her usual amount of money, without either asking advice, or exhibiting her purchase. But now, to purchase that shawl, she needed thirty dollars; an amount she seldom had by her at once, and now her purse was empty. Perhaps her expression of unrest was occasioned by a desire to possess the shawl, and a dread of asking for the necessary sum.

Desire for the shawl prevailed, so at evening she told Charles how much she needed it, and what a beauty it was, with its delicate white centre, and rose border; that Alice had one just like it, and that this was the only remaining one in town.

But Charles—unfeeling fellow—could appreciate none of these things.

"I can't spare the money, Helen, so pray don't tease," he replied, almost petulantly.

She did not tease, but the cloud lowered, and the lightning flashed.

Helen was much troubled, but was sustained as she had been on previous similar occasions, by the same never failing remedy.

As usual, she sought the sympathy of her friend Alice. Her advice was that she should get the shawl; but this time she could not assist her with money.

"But you can get it charged, Helen, and soon repay it, as you did me for the silk dress. We managed that nicely, and you can manage this just as well. Tell Mr. Galloon that you have not the money just now, but you wish to secure a shawl like mine, and I will pay him soon."

Success in the first plan caused Helen to yield more readily in this.

Mr. Galloon was extremely happy to accommodate so good a customer, and Helen found herself the owner of the shawl, but it did not bring with it peace of mind, for she more than ever dreaded Charles' disapprobation.

Two or three days passed away. The shawl lay snugly in the drawer, folded in the wrapper, just as it had come from the merchant's hands. She had no desire to disturb it; she was more and more uncomfortable.

One evening Charles came home a little earlier than usual. His step was more elastic, his countenance more cheerful, and the tone of his voice more animated. Although Helen noticed the change, she said nothing.

After tea, when they had adjourned to the parlor, he took his seat by her side, and said:—

"Good news, Helen, good news; and bad, too," lowering his voice; but the good is for you. This house is our own; my shop is my own, too. I owe no man anything—thanks to a kind Providence, my own strong hands, and your industry and economy. The times have been hard. I have not known hardly how matters would terminate, but it is all right now, and" drawing her towards him, "as a sort of thanksgiving, you shall have that shawl you spoke of, if it is to be had!"

Helen was weeping upon her husband's shoulder. At first he thought they were tears of joy, but he soon changed his mind, and urged her to explain the cause of her grief.

"Oh, Charles!" she at length said, "how I have wronged you. Can you ever forgive me?"

"What is it, darling?" said he, in amazement. "You have not wronged me. I have nothing to forgive."

"Wait until you know all," replied she, raising her head. "That shawl is in my bureau. I was angry because you refused me the money. I did not know that you were so troubled to get it—and I was determined to have it at all hazards. I thought that by using economy, I could soon pay for it from my usual amount of pocket money; but oh, Charles, it has made me very unhappy. I have been unhappy this long time. I have thought you did not love me, as you used to, and now I know you will despise me."

Charles drew her towards him, and laid her head upon his breast. His lips quivered, and big drops fell and mingled with her tears. The cloud which had been so long gathering was now discharging itself.

"Helen," said he, at length, "I am the one to blame. I see it all now; I have been cold and harsh. I now recall many instances when I must have wounded your sensitive heart. And you have borne it all in silence. Can you forgive me, love?"

Helen clasped her husband's neck. Then she shed sweet, delicious tears, like the last droppings of a summer shower, when the sun begins to shine and the bow of promise appears in the horizon.

"I have done wrong, my darling," continued he, "in not making you a confident in my pecuniary affairs; but I thought a woman should not be troubled with business matters. But I have learned a lesson—henceforth, no more secrets."

For a long time they sat conversing upon the past. At length, Charles said:—



"But the bad news—I had forgotten others absorbed was I in our own affairs. George P. has lost his place. The mortgage was foreclosed to-day."

Helen started, and the tears flowed afresh. "I am sorry," he continued; "George was a good fellow, and industrious, but he was not prudent; and Alice—such a wife is enough to ruin any man—light-hearted and pretty, but good for nothing but a plaything. And then such horrid accounts she contracted at the merchant's" (Helen shuddered.) It has been as much as he could do to support his family. He has not even kept up the interest on his place."

"Perhaps," said Helen, wishing to vindicate her friend's conduct, "if Alice had known how George's accounts stood—"

"True, true," interrupted Charles; "what lamentable consequences must inevitably result from a want of confidence between husband and wife. Henceforth," he repeated, clasping her hand more tightly, and pressing his lips to her forehead, "henceforth, no more secrets."

Helen's heart echoed the resolution. The cloud passed away, the sky became clear, and the happy pair were refreshed by the gentle breezes of affection. Soft was the light of Helen's eyes, and peaceful the smile which wreathed her lips.

The next day Helen visited her friend. She had confided to Charles the secret of Alice's influence over her, and she now determined to exert an influence of a different nature over her.

She found her overwhelmed with grief; but, although she expressed deep sympathy for her, yet she faithfully pointed out her faults, at the same time confessing her own. Before they parted, Alice resolved to adopt a different course, and after years bore testimony to the strength of her resolution.

Experience is a good teacher. George profited by the lesson thus taught. In his struggles to rise once more to a competency, he found Charles an invaluable friend, ever ready to assist both with advice and something more ostensible.

The cloud has never returned upon Helen's brow, or hovered over her domestic circle.

In an honored corner of her bureau, lies a shawl, worn and faded, but very precious to Helen, as a memento not only of her former folly, but as an indirect cause of her present uninterrupted happiness. It is playfully called by Charles, *The Last Secret*.

#### LETTING DOWN THE ARISTOCRACY.

The elegant Miss Mason, whose father had made a splendid fortune as an enterprising draper and tailor, appeared at a magnificent entertainment in royal apparel. With that fastidious exclusiveness for which latest comers into fashionable circles are the most remarkable, she refused various offers of introduction, as she did not wish to extend the number of her acquaintance; "her friends were few and very select."

The beautiful Miss Taylor, radiant with good-natured smiles, and once well acquainted with Miss Mason, when they went to the public school in William Street, together, noticed the hauteur of her ancient friend, who was determined not to recognize one who would only remind her of her former low estate. But Miss Taylor, the rogue, as clever as pretty, determined to bring her up with a short turn, and not submit to being snapped up by one whose ancestral associations were no better than her own. Watching her chance when the haughty young lady was in the midst of her set, Miss Taylor walked up, and with smiles of winning sweetness, remarked:—

"I have been thinking, my dear Miss Mason, that we ought to exchange names."

"Why, indeed?"

"Because my name is Taylor, and my father was a mason, and your name is Mason, but your father was a tailor."

There was a scene then, but there was no help for it. The little Miss Taylor had the pleasure of saying a very cute thing, which was soon repeated in the ears of a dozen circles, and the wits wished to see her, but the proud Miss Mason bit her lip in silence.

#### Centennial Celebration at Fort Point.

Large Gathering of People—8,000 present—Military Turnout—Oration—Pic-Nic, &c.

The centennial celebration on Thursday, last week, to commemorate the building and taking possession of Fort Pownall at Fort Point, called together one of the largest assemblages ever witnessed in the valley of the Penobscot. The arrangements were all admirably carried out, and the festivities were highly agreeable and pleasant. The number of persons present was estimated to be at least eight thousand. Between twelve and fifteen hundred persons were landed from the two Bangor steam tugs and four schooners and sloops, which came down the river in the morning. A large number of vessels and pleasure boats from this city, Castine, Long Island and other places, filled with persons, arrived in the morning, also, decked out with banners and streamers, and the waters around the point presented a brilliant gala-day appearance. Long lines of carriages of all descriptions, extending along two thoroughfares to the Point, a distance of more than a mile back, together with group after group of pedestrians, attested the large numbers who came landward to attend the festivities. The day was fine, with a cool breeze from the North-West, and all seemed to have gone fully prepared to make themselves comfortable.

Fort Point is the outer promontory of what is now the town of Stockton. Its Indian name we are informed, was "Wassamkeag." It is a bluff point rising quite abruptly on the South and East some sixty or seventy feet from the sea, but on the westerly side a passage opens of easy ascent from the water's edge to the heights above. The prospect from the heights is very fine. Looking down the eastern channel of the Penobscot Bay a long and fine sea-view is had, while all the towns and villages from Bucksport round nearly to Owl's Head, are distinctly seen. The vestiges of the old fort are quite visible—the excavations—cellar of the Commissary house—chapel—old turtling ground—garden of Col. Goldthwait—parade grounds, &c. are all distinctly traceable. On the old parade ground a growth of young trees—some eighteen inches in diameter—now stands. In this grove, which had been neatly and tastefully trimmed and cleared of underbrush, the exercises of the day were had. It is a beautiful spot, and will no doubt become hereafter a place of frequent resort of water parties.

The military, consisting of the Belfast Artillery Capt. Cunningham, whose guns at an early hour ushered in the festivities; the Castine Light Infantry, Capt. Devereaux; and the Bangor Light Infantry, Lieut. Wiggin, took their position on the slope of the hill where they pitched their snow white tents, which, with their showy uniforms and inspiring music, gave the occasion a fine military aspect.

The procession was formed at 12 o'clock, under Gen. S. S. Heagen, Chief Marshal, at the north angle of the old fort, and under the escort of the military, headed by the Belfast Artillery and the Bangor Cornet Band, it proceeded around the fort making a circuit of about half a mile, and then it marched to the grove where a stand had been erected. Hon. N. G. Hitchbon then introduced Joseph W. Thompson Esq., chairman of the committee of arrangements, who announced the officers of the day.—The Rev. Joshua Hall of Frankfort, ninety-one years of age was made President of the Day, assisted by the following Vice Presidents: Capt. John Odum and Paul Hichbon Esq., Stockton; Henry Darling, Bucksport; Hon. Adams Treat and Robert Treat Esq., Frankfort; Hon. H. Hamlin, Hampden; Hon. E. L. Hamlin and Hon.

A. M. Roberts, Bangor; Capt. Phineas Pendleton, Captain Jeremiah Merilow and Charles Gordon Esq., Searsport; Josiah Farrow Esq. and J. P. Furber Esq., Belfast; John Heagen and Elisha Grant, Prospect. Rev. Stephen Thurston, Searsport, Orator; Rev. J. Harris, Stockton, Chaplain; Hon. N. G. Hitchbon, Stockton, Toast Master.

Among the aged people in attendance, was a Mrs. Basic, aged ninety-seven years, who was born near the fort soon after its erection, and who has lived to see its last perishable vestige pass away, and the generation with it.

After the opening prayer by father Hall, in which he prayed for the President and his Cabinet that "if they are not good men oh, Lord make them so," and voluntary by the Band, Rev. Dr. Thurston, Orator of the day proceeded to deliver his oration, which was exceedingly interesting and appropriate, and was listened to by the large concourse of people with great attention.

#### The Oration.

The desire for an acquaintance with the history of one's ancestry, and one's country, is common to man. Hence, nations have their written histories, carefully treasuring up the facts of their origin and progress. Monuments are raised—rites and ceremonies are observed to perpetuate the remembrance of important events. It is fitting that great epochs in history, as the settlement of a country, or a nation's birth, should be commemorated by appropriate observances, annual and centennial. It is well that we should acquaint ourselves with the adventures and sufferings of the early settlers—what it cost them to prepare for their descendants cultivated fields, and smiling habitations. We would go back and look in upon the domestic circle as it was in the beginning, and see how those hardy men and women battle with privation and poverty, with peril and hardship, and the various ills incident to pioneer's life.

For such a purpose we are assembled this morning. It is now one century since the white man erected, on the spot we now occupy, a military fortification, and the first permanent European settlement on the banks of the Penobscot was effected. In a country so new as ours centennial celebrations have been few. I am not aware that there has hitherto been any such in the eastern half of Maine. So far as I know this the first occasion of the kind—the first gathering of a people to commemorate the settlement of a place one hundred years after such settlement was effected.

It will be appropriate to inquire, What was the condition of affairs in this region prior to this event?

What is the history of the establishment of this fort?

What are some of the leading changes which have since transpired?

In respect to the first of these inquiries comparatively little is known. The waters of this noble river had rolled on by this noble promontory for ages more numerous than the "testimony of the rocks" ever has yet revealed. In silent, solemn majesty, rippled only by the winds of heaven, and the wild man's paddle, they had unceasingly emptied themselves into that great reservoir which all the rivers of the earth have not yet filled. In their depths the fish of the seal gambled, and on their surface sported the wild fowl, unawed and unmolested by their common foe. On the land the primeval forest, grand and gloomy, cast its dense shade, not only over the valley of the Penobscot, but over an entire continent, stretching from ocean to ocean. Through its deep glens, and over its lofty mountains roamed the moose and the deer, the bear and the wolf, and multitudes of smaller animals. The feathered tribes jostled and joyous hailed each returning Spring, and each dawning day with the voice of song. Nature had displayed herself in all her varying modcs of silent grandeur, and solemn majesty, of joyous summer and gloomy winter. Months, and seasons and years came and went with their usual alternations of heat and cold, of sunshine and storm, all paying mute tribute to the power and greatness of the Creator.

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The only representatives of the human family for ages unknown, were the wild savages of the forests. Their origin remains to this day an unsolved problem. Conjecture supplies the place of certainty. It probably must supply it the ages to come.

They dwelt by rivers and shores, and gained a precarious subsistence by hunting and fishing. One strong characteristic of civilized nations was fully developed—a passion for war. So far as Indian history is known, they furnish this melancholy proof that they are of the same race as civilized man. The different tribes were often engaged in bitter feuds and bloody strife.

Some formidable tribes of aborigines inhabited what is now the State of Maine. Among these the Tarratines, dwelling on the shores of the Penobscot—a remnant of which still survive, and are now known as the Penobscot tribe—held a distinguished rank. They were the most powerful nation in this part of the continent.

There are no certain traces of any permanent European settlement in all this valley, prior to the building of the fort on this point. It is said that cleared land was found at Sandy Point, and on the southeast end of Orphan's Island, and it has been conjectured that some French families once resided there. But no authentic record of such a fact, as I can learn, has yet been found. Nor have I learned that any traces, any signs of the habitations of civilized man had ever existed there. By whom those lands were cleared or occupied, remains a profound secret. I suggest the query whether it be not probable that the Indians had, at some previous day, made these places their residence, and found it for their convenience to clear away the forest? Perhaps they here raised corn, for it is a well established fact that they had some rude forms of cultivation, when first discovered by European nations. This strikes me as the more probable solution of the problem.

Long before the building of the fort at this place there had been several successive trading houses established on Bagaduce now Castine. Six years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, i. e., in 1626, the colonies erected a trading house at Penobscot for the purpose of traffic with the natives. In six or seven years this house was robbed by the French, and three years later the colonists were obliged to abandon the place.

Subsequently, in 1640, D'Aulney, a Frenchman, established himself there, and built fortifications, and for a season exerted a powerful influence on this coast. In 1665 Baron Castine, a French nobleman, was sent to Canada as an officer in the army. At the close of the war, instead of returning to his native land he allied himself to the savages of this country. He established himself at Bagaduce—in 1667 married a daughter of Madockawando, the powerful chief of the Tarratines—attained great influence over the savages, and was reputed as an active and dangerous foe to the English. He acquired a large fortune by his traffic with the Indians, and late in life returned to France, and there closed his days. His son, "Castine the younger," remained at Bagaduce, and is represented as having been a mild pacific man. Still his house was plundered in 1703 and robbed of its most valuable articles. The predatory habits of both the English and natives—the treachery and cruelty mutually practiced—sorely shock our sense of moral integrity, and our feelings of humanity, and one is often in doubt whether civilized or savage were more to be blamed.

A part of Maine, and the provinces east called Acadia, were for a long time the source of much contention between the French and English, each claiming the right of possession and jurisdiction. Bloody contests were frequent, one power sometimes prevailing, and sometimes the other. In these contests both parties endeavored to enlist the Indians on their side. It is believed that the natives most readily, and more generally sympathized with the French, and aided them in their wars against the English. The infant settlements West of this river were greatly annoyed by Indian depredations, often instigated and led on by the French. Solitary habitations, and even neighborhoods and towns were stealthily approached, and suddenly assailed, and the inhabitants murdered or taken captive. Scenes of ferocity and cruelty on the one hand, and of distress and anguish on the other, the recital of which, at this late day, makes the ears to tingle and the heart to ache, were often witnessed. The Penobscot river was the avenue through which incursions were made upon settlements west of this.

It was to shut up this avenue, and put a stop to these incursions, that a fort at this place was projected. The plan had been delayed from time to time, on account of prevailing wars which had much exhausted the resources, and wasted the inhabitants of the country. In 1757, Thomas Pownal was made Governor of Massachusetts.

He seems to have been eminently fitted for the times, and the work they demanded. It was during what has ever since been known as the French War, in which Quebec was captured, and the French possessions in North America fell into the hands of the English. In 1759 the Governor urged upon the Legislature the duty of fortifying the Penobscot river. "He states that since the British forces had seized upon the River St. John, and fortified there, the enemy had no other outlet to the sea than through the Penobscot river." The policy was to close this outlet, and prevent those evils to the people which flowed through it. The Legislature responded with spirit, and "Resolved March 23d, that 400 men be employed under the Governor's direction, to take possession of the Penobscot country and erect a fortification there." "The enlistments for the expedition were soon complete. The men being arranged into four companies of a hundred each, were put under the command of a Colonel, and embarked at Boston May 4th." Gov. Pownal accompanied the expedition, and kept a journal of proceedings. From this we learn that the armament touched at Falmouth, now Portland, and remained some days, completing their outfit. May 8 they left Falmouth, and the next day arrived at George's river, and there tarried several days. From thence the Gov. sent a part of his forces across the country to Belfast, where the shipping met them the 15th of the month, and took them on board. On the 17th they reached what is now known as Fort Point Harbor.

Gov. Pownal here landed his forces with all the precaution which would have been necessary if the surrounding forest had teemed with vigilant foes. One at this day, can hardly suppress a smile as he reads the Governor's account of the landing, when he remembers that the once powerful nation of the Tarratines had become so reduced that their warriors amounted to only about 70 or 80 men. "There was no enemy—nor, says the Governor, did I expect any. But I could not have justified myself if anything had happened, if I did not take all the same precaution as though there were."

The landing I think, took place at the angle formed by the point and the isthmus, on the west side of the harbor. They reconnoitered the place, and encamped on the point, then called Wassamkeag Point. The Indians had a carrying place across the isthmus between Cape Elison Harbor and Fort Point Cove. Forty men were sent with axes to clear the carrying place about a rod wide. Here a log redoubt was built with a guard room to accommodate 25 men. This was completed in three days after the landing. A like avenue was cut across the narrowest place in the point and the same kind of redoubt and guard-house built there. A road was also cut two rods wide in a direct line from this avenue to the point. On the 21st a nine pounder was brought ashore, and experiment made of its capacity to command the river. Placed horizontally it threw shot into the channel about half way across. At a certain elevation it threw shot across into the woods on the opposite shore.

Although this spot seemed so well adapted for the purpose, the Governor would not decide here to build his fort till he had made further explorations. With a detachment of 136 men he ascended the river May 22d. On the next day he landed on the East side of the river a few miles above Bangor. The History of Maine says the landing was on the West side, but Gov. Pownal's journal, which must be regarded as unquestionable authority, says "East" side. Here he buried a leaden plate with this inscription: "May 23, 1759—Province Massachusetts Bay, Dominions of Great Britain; Possession confirmed by L. Pownal, Governor. This in private life would be a novel and amusing way of obtaining and confirming the possession of property."

While ashore at this place, Gen. Samuel Waldo, who had accompanied the expedition, dropped down of an apoplexy, and expired in a few moments. He was a man of much distinction—the son of a wealthy merchant of Boston—and the proprietor of the Waldo Patent. "He was an accomplished gentleman, active and enterprising; had enjoyed the advantage of foreign travel, having crossed the ocean fifteen times, and was an elegant military officer, tall and portly."

Gen. Waldo having large landed interest in Maine, was ever watchful to promote her best welfare. He proposed to give 100,000 acres of land, provided the Government would erect a Province House on the Penobscot. He attended Gov. Pownal's expedition, not, as it would appear in an official capacity, but as a matter of personal interest. The sudden death of one so eminently qualified to counsel him, must have been deeply afflictive to the Governor.

A story regarding the last words of Gen. Waldo, which, however impressive and striking, I am constrained to regard as apocryphal, has gained so much credence as to find a place in the history of Maine and sundry other writings. The story is, that having landed with Gov. Pownal a few miles above Bangor, "Withdrawing a few paces he looked round and exclaimed, 'here is my bound'—meaning the limit of the Waldo Patent—and instantly fell dead of an apoplexy." Two circumstances make it evident that this story is without foundation—first, Gov. Pownal makes no mention of it in his journal; secondly, and principally—the Waldo Patent did not extend to the East side of the river; it's limit, therefore, could not be reached on that side. His death occurred May 23d—a few weeks before that of his distinguished friend Sir Wm. Pepperill, one of the most useful and honored men of the last century.

The expedition returned to Fort Point the next day, bringing the remains of the deceased General. The Governor caused a vault to be prepared, and on the following day at evening, May 25, 1759, the hero was buried with military honors and religious services. "Upon the landing of the corpse it was received by a guard—minute guns were fired till it arrived at the place of interment. Upon coming to the ground the troops under arms formed a circle. Divine service was performed, and a sermon suitable to the awful occasion preached by the Rev. Mr. Phillips. Three volleys were fired over the grave."

Shall we pause a moment to reflect upon the impressiveness of the scene. On these very grounds stood 400 men, gathered about the remains of a man of renown, who, far from home and friends, had been smitten down without a moment's warning. The blue canopy is the dome of their temple. The sun is already declining, and casting its strengthening shadows over the wild scenery. The birds are warbling their evening songs. Thus in the presence of august nature, in her pristine glory, and under the eye of nature's God, the solemn service proceeds. The voice of prayer echoes from the forest and rolls over the waters. Words of instruction and warning are uttered by the minister of God, and are enforced by the providence of God. The service being ended, slowly and sadly they commit dust to dust, ashes to ashes. Perhaps it was the first funeral of a white man on the western banks of this river. Then, and here was preached the first sermon in what is now Waldo County. Of its author, Rev. Mr. Phillips, no further certain knowledge has been gained. We may trust that he was a good man, and faithful, and that his labors were useful to his fellow citizens.

The ashes of Gen. Waldo, it is supposed, still sleep here. I do not learn that there is any record of their removal.

Gov. Pownal, after returning from his exploration of the river, finding no place equal to this "Point of Passamkeag for defence," determined here to build the Fort. He erected the flag staff, and noised the King's colors with all the ceremonies usual on such occasions, adding—he says—divine service to beg his blessing; for unless the Lord builds the house, the laborer worketh in vain!

After giving directions for the building of the Fort, Gov. Pownal embarked for Boston May 26th, the day after the burial of his friend, Gen. Waldo. The journal terminates with his arrival at the Castle in Boston Harbor May 28, 1759, having been absent 24 days. I know not that there is any record of the further prosecution of the work on the Fort. Williamson in his history of Maine says "the Fortification was completed July 28th"—just one hundred years ago to-day.

The correctness of this date has been questioned. What authority the historian had for it does not now appear. I know of only two grounds of doubting its correctness. One is a minute in the journal of Rev. Thomas Smith, the first minister of Falmouth, now Portland. Under date of July 6, is found this entry—"Penobscot Fort built." In the "Boston News Letter," a paper published in Boston a century since, under date of May 31, 1759, there is a notice of Gov. Pownal's arrival from the Penobscot. In this it is said "The Fort was completed in three weeks or a month." This estimate would, at the latest, bring the time of the completion of the Fort to the last of June, six days earlier than the date in Smith's journal. It therefore is corroborative of his date rather than that of the History of Maine. These circumstances are sufficient to create a doubt of the correct-



# Poetry.

For Zion's Herald.

## VISION OF CHILDHOOD.

I saw a child with flowers at play,  
Chasing the butterflies flitting there;  
His hat he had carelessly flung away,  
And boyish curls in profusion lay  
On his forehead white and fair.

How he laughed for joy!—the happy child—  
Loudly laughed in his childish glee;  
And his glad young heart with joy went wild  
As the song-birds seeing him sang and smiled,  
And joined in his burst of glee.

I thought, as I saw that fair young brow,  
Where throbbed a thrill of joy;  
The breezes that gently kiss thee now,  
Shall change to a storm, and thy soul shall bow,  
When thou art no longer a boy.

Then forward I looked to the time in life  
When his visions of youth would fade;  
Where, joining in the coming strife  
With unknown cares and dangers rife,  
Life's corner stone is laid.

And I earnestly prayed that he then might be strong,  
Though the test might be severe;  
That the shock might silence the siren song,  
That had held his spellbound spirit long,  
In an airy, dreaming sphere.

Forward again I looked through time,  
Where age his form had bowed;  
Where the music of life—its evening chimes—  
Floats o'er the soul's bright sunset climes,  
With a sigh that is sad and subdued.

That brow has lost its youthful bloom,  
It is marked with lines of care;  
Another life he will soon assume,  
The mystic life beyond the tomb—  
His spirit is almost there!

The shaking locks are white and spare,  
That fall o'er his temples now;  
That aged head is bald and bare,  
Save a silvery circle, that vanishes, where  
It meets with his timeworn brow.

We are gazing upon a child again,  
Though not a youthful child;  
And gazing we see that memory's chain,  
Has joined as one these children twain,  
And the man is lost in the child.

The thoughts of youth are his once more,  
With all life's earlier scenes;  
Forgotten is now life's tempest roar;  
While shells from the other childhood's shore,  
Are all that memory gleams.

May our Father's blessing rest upon  
His children, old and young;  
May we sing, when life's goal has been won,  
When all its duties have been done,  
The song by seraphs sung.

July, 1859. LEANDER S. COAN.

## SWEET AND LOW, SWEET AND LOW.

BY TENNYSON.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west,  
Under the silver moon;  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

## Fairy Sisters.

How many of our readers have heard of the FAIRY SISTERS, or DUTTON CHILDREN?—They are the smallest specimen of children of nine and eleven years of age, so far as known, in the world. They are not bigger than a good sized wax doll. But they are real living dolls. Yes, and one of these beautiful little creatures is worth more than a thousand wax dolls.

Albert Norton, Esq., under whose management they have been exhibited to large audiences in Boston and vicinity. The following description of them, written by some one who had seen them:

"Etta, the eldest, was born in Weston, Middlesex county, Mass., and at the time of her birth, weighed only three and a half pounds. What a dear little baby she was! Can you imagine a beautiful, finely formed little babe, weighing only three and a half pounds? This little new comer attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood, and soon the ladies, little boys and girls, fathers and grandparents, came flocking in to see the little—the very little baby. One day, when a large number of persons were present, Mrs. Davis, the Aunt, wishing to show how extremely small the baby was, placed her in a sugar bowl, and that upon the table causing great mirth and laughter among the little folks that were looking on. Well, Etta is now, in 1859, eleven years old, weighs fifteen pounds, and is 28 inches high. If you are eleven, do you think that you are five or six times as heavy as Etta Dutton is?"

I must now tell you something about Dollie Dutton. 'Oh! what a dear little girl she is!' all who see her say. 'And nine years old—we can hardly believe our eyes—how very small.'

One little girl, viewing Dollie sitting in her little chair, says,

"Ma, ma, do tell me, can she talk? Is she alive?"

"Oh, yes, dear," the mother replied; "we shall see presently."

It was not long before Dollie arose from her little chair, walked forward and spoke a beautiful piece about Anna's chickens; and then the little boys and girls stamped their feet and clapped their hands for joy, to see and hear so small a little orator. Dollie was born in Farmington, Middlesex County, Mass., and at that time weighed but three pounds. At that time, Etta was but two and a half years old, and could walk and talk, and weighed eight and a half pounds.

Now my little friends, imagine what a happy day that was for Etta Dutton. A sister—a little sister that she could hold in her tiny arms. Imagine, for once, two human beings unitedly weighing but eleven pounds; the one folding the other, with ease and pleasure, into its little, ah, how small, arms!

From that day to this, those little sisters have lived together in the greatest harmony and friendship, ever expressing the strongest affection for each other as all good little children should. They now unitedly weigh twenty-eight pounds and are twenty six and twenty-eight inches high, and have not increased in weight a pound each for years.

I must tell you another interesting little story about these fairy sisters. Soon after the birth of Dollie, a gentleman and lady residing in Boston, hearing of these wonderful little girls, and feeling anxious to see them, went to the house of Mr. Dutton, in Farmington to see them. After having seen the children and nearly ready to depart, unnoted the lady placed Etta into her husband's hat and then walked towards the door, inviting her husband to accompany her. Upon picking up his hat, he found Etta finely hid away in its crown.

We said one of these little children is worth more than a thousand wax dolls. Yes for little Etta and Dollie have souls that will live forever. We hope these precious little ones will ever be surrounded by those who will carefully watch for their souls, as those that must give account—teaching them to reverence God's holy name and Word, and day, and to live that dear Savior who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." May they, with all good children, at last, in that bright world above, be folded in his blessed arms and carried in his bosom.

We hope all our friends may have the pleasure of seeing these FAIRY SISTERS. A Boston pastor says of them.

"I can only say, as I contemplate these human wonders,

'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all.'"

## Map of Waldo County.

We are glad to see that this important and much desired work is completed and ready for delivery. This is undoubtedly the largest and most beautiful map ever published in Maine. No pains or expense have been spared to make a complete work in every particular, and we are confident our citizens will be universally pleased with such an invaluable representation of every point and portion of the county. We were not prepared to see so much information and detail embodied in such an attractive style. Every road, pond, stream, town-line house and owners name attached, &c., is shown. Each village has its separate plan in detail and its Directory. Belfast is also given on a large scale, with a valuable Directory for general reference, and a fine perspective view of the city as it appears from the hill on the east side of the harbor.

The map elicits the warmest encomiums from the large number of citizens who have already received it in Belfast and elsewhere, and for the credit of the county, we ardently trust the enterprise and skill that have been employed to produce it, will be properly appreciated and rewarded. The cost has been very heavy, and there must necessarily be a large sale to remunerate the publishers.

The distributors are delivering the work as fast as they can be received from the manufacturers in Philadelphia, and will pass through the various towns of the county in a few weeks to supply subscribers.—We would suggest as a matter of convenience to both subscribers and publishers, that the money be left at their residences in case of their absence when the distributor calls.

## THE ANGEL OF THE YEAR.

Like a spirit glorified,  
The angel of the year departs; lays down  
His robe once green in spring.  
Or bright with summer's blue;  
And having done his mission on the earth—  
Filling ten thousand vales with golden corn,  
Orchards with rosy fruit,  
And scattering flowers around—  
He lingers for a moment in the west,  
With the declining sun—sheds over all  
A pleasant farewell smile—  
And so returns to God.

## POEMS.

BY W. DEXTER SMITH, JR.

Asking what lends you that look of deep care,  
"Poems, so touching!" you answer me, Clare,  
And still from that book you are reading—  
Weeping o'er ideal sorrows and fears:  
Oh! may the future—with swift, falling years—  
To your heart no true griefs be leading!

Poems, sweet sister, are found ev'rywhere,  
True hearts are poems most wonderful, Clare;  
Now list to a secret worth knowing—  
In the brown depths of your bright, soul-lit eyes  
I can read poems more sweet and more wise  
Than all your books have been, Clare!

## THERE ARE BEAUTIFUL DREAMS.

There are beautiful dreams of the spirit-life,  
That come to the sick heart;  
Like zephyrs that flit o'er the waters of strife,  
To bid the wild tumult depart.

There's a beautiful hour like the hush of the sea  
As it dies on its waveless shore,  
When the tempests of earth have ceased to be,  
And life's little time-voyage is o'er.

There's a beautiful thought as vast as life,  
As it sweeps o'er ages to come;  
It gathers the flowers of infinite worlds  
To garland its spirit home.

There's music, such as heaven alone can know,  
Though its echoes are heard on the earth;  
And myriad worlds its echo shall throw,  
Still back to the place of its birth.

There's a love and a power, a grasp of mind  
That spirit alone may know;  
That throw all the riddles of schools behind,  
Where the tides of eternity flow.

## AN UNFORTUNATE WIDOW.

Col. Smith, in his recently published "Theatrical Journey-work"—by the way, an exceedingly interesting and amusing volume, as exhibiting the early struggles of the drama in the west and south-west—relates the following odd occurrence during his peregrinations in Georgia:

"Between Cabela Swamp and Line Creek, in the 'Nation,' we saw a considerable crowd gathered near a drinking house, most of them seated and smoking. We stopped to see what was the matter. It was Sunday, and there had been a quarrel for a gallon of whiskey.—The first thing I noticed on alighting, was the singular position of one of the horses of the party. He was kneeling down and standing on his hinder feet, his head wedged in between the ends of two logs of the grocery, and he was stone dead, having evidently run directly against the building at full speed, causing the house partially to fall. About five paces from the house lay the rider, quite senseless, with a grass in his throat which might have let out a thousand lives. As I said, most of the crowd were seated and smoking.

"What is all this?" I enquired. "What is the matter here?"

"Matter!" after a while answered one in a drawing voice, giving a good spit, and refilling his mouth with a new cud, "matter enough—there's been a quarrel race."

"But how came this man and horse killed?" I asked.

"Well," answered the chewing and spitting gentleman, "the man was considerably in liquor, I reckon, and he run his hoss chuck again the house, and that's the whole on it."

"Has a doctor been sent for?" inquired one of our party.

"I reckon there ain't much use of doctors here," replied another of the crowd. "Burnt brandy couldn't save either of 'em, man or hoss."

"Has this man a wife and children?" inquired I.

"No children that I knows on," answered a female who was sitting on the ground a short distance from the dead man, smoking composedly.

"He has a wife then?" I remarked.

"What will be her feelings when she learns the fatal termination of this unfortunate race?"

"Yes," sighed the female—it was an unfortunate race. Poor man, he lost the whiskey."

"Do you happen to know his wife?"—has she been informed of the untimely death of her husband?" were my next inquiries.

"Do I know her? Has she been informed of his death?" said the woman.—"Well, I reckon you ain't acquainted about these parts. I am the unfortunate widdier."

You, madam! You the wife of this man who has been so untimely cut off?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Yes, and what about it?" said she. "Untimely cut off? His throat's cut, that's all, by that 'arnal sharp end of a log; and as for its being untimely, I don't know but it's as well now as any time—he warn't of much account, no how!"

She resumed her smoking, and we resumed our journey.

## [From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.]

## THE DAY OF REST.

Rest, rest! it is the Day of Rest—there needs no book to tell the truth that every thoughtful eye, each heart can read so well; rest, rest! it is the Sabbath morn, a quiet hush the air, whose whisper'd voice of peace repeats that rest is every where.

O weary heart! O heart of woe! raise up thy toll-own brow  
The fields, the trees, the very breeze—they are all resting now:  
The air is still, there is no sound save that unconscious hum,  
The sweetest song of summer-time that from the woods doth come.

And even that seems fainter now, like voices far away,  
As though they only sang of rest, and labor'd not a day.  
The hum of bees seem softer, too, from out the clear blue heaven,  
As if the lowliest creatures knew this day for rest was given.

The precious tracts of meadow-lands, of beautiful fields,  
And all the groves are undisturb'd by sound of Labor's feet:  
The soldier in his Sunday garb, with peace within his breast,  
Reams idly by the garden-side, and feels himself at rest.

The streams, the trees, the woods, the breeze, the bird, and roving bee,  
Seem all to breathe a softer sound, a holier melody:  
You little church, too, tells of rest, to all the summer air.  
For the bell long since has ceased to peal that call'd a day.

But while I stand amid these tall elms, a sound comes creeping near,  
Like music heard in dreams of heaven, that sacred sound doth steal  
From where the old church aisles repeat the organ's solemn peal.

Now Heaven be praised! a gracious boon is this sweet rest to me—  
How many shall this truth repeat to-day on bended knee!  
Now Heaven be praised, a gracious boon is this sweet Day of Rest!

## LOVE AT SIGHT.

### A Sketch of Saratoga.

It was at the — house last summer that my friend Clement Y. and myself were refreshing ourselves by a short trip to the Springs.

All the world beside ourselves were there; in short, Saratoga was literally jammed. Clement had admired the beauty of some and laughed at the pretension of others, until the morning we were about to start, when as we were at breakfast I was called upon in an under tone to look at a new divinity who was seated opposite to us. I did look and beheld one of the loveliest faces I ever saw, possessing withal the charm of a highly intellectual as well as physical beauty.—There was too an expression of much softness and gentleness with a warmth that might have glowed from an Italian sunset. In fact, a rich glowing summer sunset is not a bad comparison to the face that appeared before me.

As for Clem., he appeared entranced; he did not put a mouthful of food into his mouth until this divinity left the table, and then he ate abstractedly, as one might in a dream.

He accompanied me to my room, but when I spoke of packing, prior to our departure, I might as well have spoken in the unknown tongue, for all he seemed to comprehend that the time of our stay had transpired.

I was compelled to be in New York at a certain time and was obliged to leave Clement, who promised me he would only stay to dine, just to have one more look at the beautiful vision, and that he would join me in New York next morning.—"In fact, Paul," said he, "I will be there nearly as soon as a yourself."

Many successive mornings came, but Clement Y. came not with them. I was beginning to grow uneasy about him, thinking he might have possibly gone mad and shot himself for love, when I read a letter in his hand-writing dated at Boston, which was filled with nothing but praises of the wondrous fair one and which ended:

"I have ascertained that her name is Imogen; her last name is still a mystery. I heard one of her companions speak that beautiful name to her last evening when he addressed her. I have tried every means, but can gain no introduction to her. If I do not effect an introduction soon, I shall be compelled to introduce myself, for I am satisfied of one thing, that we were designed by Heaven to make one."

After this, I followed letter, dated now at the White Mountain House, and now at Niagara; the whole tour was taken by the beautiful fair one and her two protectors, two fierce whiskered Spanish-looking individuals, and in their wake my friend closely followed, putting up always

At length one morning Clement burst into my room with—

"She is here, Paul; she puts up at the Metropolitan, where I am also stopping."

"Ah, Clem! is that you, my boy!—Welcome back to New York."

"I have resolved, Paul, to introduce myself to Miss Montell; I have discovered her name, also the relationship of the two gentlemen with her. One is her brother and the other her uncle. They watch her like tigers, but I will declare myself to her in spite of them."

"Are you mad?" exclaimed I.

"Yes, mad in love!" replied he.

I now tried to reason with him, but no argument was of any avail. He knew and thought of but one thing, and that was the beautiful Imogen Montell.

I walked up to the Metropolitan that afternoon, as Clement had been absent ever since morning. I felt some curiosity to see the beautiful creature who had so infatuated him, and hoped I might see her in the drawing-room.

I was fortunate enough to effect my object, for as I opened the door of the drawing-room, the lady was sweeping out of the drawing-room with all the air of an offended queen.

And there stood my friend, Clement Y. "I have told her my passion," said he; "she was nearly indignant, insisted that she was insulted. I told her I did not intend an insult toward her, but that I was merely relating the truth. I gave her my card, and told her I should call at this time to-morrow."

The sequel was related to me by the lady herself.

My friend kept his promise, called the next morning, found the lady seated by the table, and as he was about to speak to her, her two friends stepped forward, each with a horse-whip in his hand.

"I expected this, gentlemen, but I am prepared," said Clement Y., at the same time drawing a revolver from his bosom, and laying it coolly upon the table beside him.

His perfect coolness so won upon the lady that she interposed in his behalf.

In less than three weeks they were married.

PEOPLE WHO LIVED A GREAT WHILE.—The British census, just published, gives several remarkable instances of longevity. Thus, Part lived 152 years and six months. Henry Jenkins 169 years. But still more remarkable, according to the parish register of St. Leonard's Shoreditch, Thomas Carn died on the 28th of January, 1688, aged 207 years.—From 1759 to 1780, forty-eight persons died, the youngest of whom was 130, and the oldest 175. In 1797 a mulatto died in Fredericton, North America, said to be 180. According to Kirby's Wonderful and Eccentric Magazine, there were two Hungarians in the seventeenth century, who lived to a remarkable age—John Rovel and his wife—John reached his 172d year, and Sarah her 174th. In great Britain more than half a million of the inhabitants, namely 586,030 have passed the barrier of "three score years and ten," more than a hundred and twenty-nine thousand have passed the Psalmist's limits of four-score years; and 100,000 the years which the last of Plato's climacteric square numbers expressed—9 times 9—81; 9,487 have lived 90 years or more; a band of 2,038 aged pilgrims have been wandering 95 years and more on the unended journey, and 319 say that they have witnessed more than a hundred revolutions of the seasons.

THE CENTENARIANS.—During the year just passed 47 persons died in the United States who had reached the age of 100 years and upwards. The oldest person was a colored woman, who was at the time of her death one hundred and forty-six years of age.—The next oldest was an Indian woman, who died at 142 years of age. Of the total number 15 were colored people.

I LOVE THEE!—I LOVE THEE!

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I love thee!—I love thee!  
'Tis all that I can say;  
It is my vision in the night,  
My dream in the day;  
The very echo of my heart,  
The blessing when I pray!  
I love thee!—I love thee!  
Is all that I can say.

I love thee!—I love thee!  
Is e'en on my tongue;  
In all my proudest poetry  
That chorus still is sung,  
It is the verdict of my eyes  
Amidst the gay and young;  
I love thee!—I love thee!  
A thousand maids among.

I love thee!—I love thee!  
Thy bright and hazel glance;  
Thine mellow tone upon those lips  
Whose tender tones entrance.  
But most, dear heart, of hearts, thy proofs,  
Thy still and steady change!

1854  
What these brought and chose

added

1854  
these were sales

1854  
these were sales

1854  
these were sales

1854  
these were sales

1854  
these were sales

1854  
these were sales





CONSTANTINOPLE.  
THE SERAGLIO POINT.

Original.  
"DEAR ONES FAR AWAY!"

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

OFTTIMES when o'er these lofty walls, the Twilight's veil  
is thrown,  
Within my solitary room, I sit and muse alone;  
And, as the curtains of the West close round the dying  
day,  
The Past, the lovely Past returns with dear ones far  
away!

Oh, then how sadly in my heart, its olden memories  
throng!  
The many, unalloyed delights, to childhood that belong,  
Before the blossom and the rose of life has felt decay—  
When I was folded in the arms of dear ones far away.

I hear my father's greeting mild, my mother's gentle  
call,  
My brothers and my sisters twain—they're present with  
me, all!  
And some are buried deep beneath the ocean's dashing  
spray,  
Yet unto me their spirits come, with dear ones far  
away.

I see the old, familiar scenes; the cheerful hours we  
knew,  
Within the mirror of the mind successive rise to view;  
And though, like unsubstantial dreams, I cannot bid  
them stay—  
Such passing pictures hold the shapes of dear ones far  
away.

While thus I muse on distant friends, and look through  
vanished years,  
My eyes, as in my childish days, are filled with pleasant  
tears;  
For Earth was bright before me then, and life was in its  
May,  
When they were mine in very truth—those dear ones far  
away!

Thanks be to Heaven for that high power that Time  
cannot destroy—  
A power that fills the saddened heart with images of  
joy,  
Since into clear and brilliant light, Imagination's ray  
Can throw the well-remembered forms of dear ones far  
away!  
July, 1839.

If one train of thinking be more desirable than  
another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature  
with a constant reference to a Supreme, intelligent  
Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual  
sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of  
every thing that is religious. The world, from thence-  
forth, becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act  
of adoration.

Original.  
TO A BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. D. HARRINGTON.

AY, wreath the rose, the pale, pure rose  
Above her maiden brow;  
Fit emblem of the virgin Love,  
That warms her bosom now;  
And thus, as bright amid the shade  
Of the rich tresses' raven braid,  
Those spotless petals rise,  
In lovely contrast with the light  
Of her dark, lustrous eyes—  
So bright, dear girl, should Sorrow shed  
Shadows along thy path,  
And dim awhile the cloudless dream,  
Thy youthful spirit hath—  
May Love, like that fair, stainless flower,  
Rise up in the darkening hour,  
Still shine with its celestial ray,  
A beacon-light above thy way.

DEATH OF REV. DR. EPHRAIM PEABODY.  
—A Boston exchange in announcing the re-  
cent death of Dr. Peabody, in that city, at  
the age of 49, says, "not only his own pa-  
rishioners, but persons of all denominations,  
will unite in lamenting so distinguished and  
excellent a minister, and so amiable and es-  
timable a man." Mr. P. was a native of  
Milton, N. H., but received his collegiate edu-  
cation at Bowdoin College in this State,  
where he was graduated in 1827, in the class  
with John P. Hale, John S. Abbott and oth-  
ers. Mr. Peabody was known as a poetical  
writer of no little excellence. He did not  
reach the threshold of "old age," as gener-  
ally interpreted, yet we trust he was enabled  
to experience the confidence of Faith, thus  
beautifully expressed in one of his own  
hymns.

"When age shall come—ah, blessed age!  
If in its lengthening shade,  
When life grows faint and earthly lights  
Recede, and sink, and fade,  
Ah! blessed age! if then, Heaven's light  
Dawn on the closing eye,  
And Faith upon the call of God,  
Can answer—'Here am I!'"

Written for the New York Waverley.  
A FRAGMENT.

BY WILLIE WARD.

When sorrow's clouds so dark,  
Float o'er thy youthful head,  
When love's and hope's bright flowers  
Their fragrance all have shed,  
When friends have left thy side  
And all looks dark to thee.

Original Poetry.

WHEN I WOULD GO.

BY ANNA M. EATON.

I would go when the autumn leaves are red  
On the vine by the cottage door,  
And see the light on the summer hills  
In the land of evermore.  
Where the sky is blue the whole year long,  
And those beams of gladness stay,  
That come to earth in a radiant throng,  
But only to pass away.  
When I see the moon so round and bright,  
Rise up in the twilight air,  
Or the morning shake from her wings of light  
The sunbeams everywhere,  
Forever more in my deep deep heart,  
The wish is pleading low,  
When the glories of the year depart,  
I too would haste and go.

I would lay aside my earthly robes,  
And my sandals worn so bare!  
I would take the thorns and withered leaves  
From the garland in my hair,  
And with my Faith, like a pearl of price,  
Held closely in my hand,  
I would seek the gates of Paradise,  
That lead to the summer land.  
There are few, I know, who would miss me here,  
There are few whose hearts would swell  
There are few to shed regretful tears,  
And so it would all be well  
For me to go when the leaves are red  
On the vine by the cottage door,  
And see the light on the summer hills,  
In the land of evermore.

COME TO ME.

BY HARRIET N. HAVENS.

Come to me, dearest, when pleasures abound,  
When music and gladness thy pathway surround,  
When life like a melody sweetly flows on,  
And trials, and discord, and sadness have gone.  
Come to me, dearest, when sorrow is nigh,  
When friends proving fickle, have coldly passed by,  
Come when the heart shadows lengthen and fall,  
Hiding the sunshine of life like a pall.

Come when the soul has grown weary with sin,  
Rest in my heart, love—there's welcome within;  
Come when despairing of pardon from Heaven,  
With God I will plead thy name.

THE STOLEN KISS.

BY JOHN LUKE CLENNELL.

As pretty Sarah once, in sportive mood,  
Whilst watering a spot of garden-ground,  
Ran after me as quickly as she could,  
Trying to wet me, all the garden round,  
Our peals of laughter making merry sound,  
I row'd that if the maid should water throw,  
That she should atone for the fault atone,  
For I would come where tempting kisses grow,  
And, like a thief, would run away with one,  
By pressing her sweet lips against my own.  
My threat unheeded, she kept running on,  
And in a trice the splash of water threw;  
When I—(but mind, we were just then alone)—  
Soon found the place whereon the kisses grew.

THE ANGEL OF HOME.—Some families have in  
them an angel whose presence heals by calming the  
waters.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

O speak not lightly of  
A lady's love! It is her paramount,  
Especially over which keen guard  
All things most rare in her tenacious sex;  
Its radiant truth; its fragrant chastity;  
Its goodness of the "havior of the heavens";  
Its modesty—enchantment of all these—  
Setting them off with veil more rare and rich  
Than ever needle broad'd, or the loom!

CAUTION TO FEMALES.

For some years past, a set of contemptible  
scamps have been in the constant habit of insert-  
ing advertisements in various daily journals, de-  
scribing themselves as parties possessed of splen-  
did incomes—as engaged in a most lucrative em-  
ployment—in short, as anything and everything  
the most likely to impose upon the parties to whom  
these kind of advertisements are especially ad-  
dressed; proceeding next to state, that owing to  
peculiar circumstances they are compelled to have  
recourse to the medium of a public advertisement,  
in order to obtain that most inestimable blessing,  
an amiable and affectionate partner for life; or, in  
plain English, a wife.

After this comes a full statement of certain  
things that will be required on the part of the  
lady; and the first generally named is, that she  
must be possessed of an excellent temper (the ad-  
vertiser always taking care to describe himself as  
one of the best tempered fellows on earth; it is  
therefore, but natural that he should be anxious  
"to meet with a lady of an equally happy disposi-  
tion.")

The advertiser is a gentleman by birth and edu-  
cation: of course the lady must be one capable of  
"entering into, and enjoying literary conversation,  
and have been accustomed to the best society."  
These and a thousand other descriptions of the  
advertiser, and requisites on the part of the lady,  
may be found in certain journals by those who are  
curious in such matters, and will take the trouble  
to refer to them; and we will not weary our read-  
ers with any further extracts from them.

There is, however, one point of similarity between  
the whole of them; and although last, not "least  
in the dear love" of this description of lovers. It  
is simply this—that the lady must be possessed of  
property in her own right, equal to that of the ad-  
vertiser—or, rather, of that which he describes  
himself as possessed of. This is a *sine qua non*.  
Beauty, wit, temper, &c., are nothing compared to  
it, although very pleasant additions, no doubt.  
These infamous announcements agree in this re-  
spect, and one other, viz., an assurance that the ut-  
most secrecy may be relied upon, &c., and a request  
that no person will be induced to reply to the ad-  
vertisement from impertinent curiosity.

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that  
not one of these precious advertisers is either  
the party or in the station of life that he de-  
scribes himself to be, nor to tell them that many  
of those who describe themselves as gentlemen of  
independent property find no little difficulty in  
raising the means "to pay the expenses of the ad-  
vertisement."

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.—Said a young  
lady, who was fashionably educated at boarding-  
schools, and indulged in idleness at home, so that  
there was neither strength nor elasticity in her  
frame:

"I used to be so feeble that I could not even lift  
a broom, and the least physical exertion would  
make me ill for a week. Looking one day at the  
Irish girls, and noticing their healthy, robust ap-  
pearance, I determined to make a new trial, and  
see if I could not bring the roses to my cheeks,  
and rid myself of the dreadful lassitude that op-  
pressed me. One sweeping day I went bravely to  
work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three  
chambers, the front stairs and hall, after which I  
lay down and rested until noon, when I arose and  
ate a hearty meal than for many a day. Since  
that time I have occupied some portion of every  
day in active domestic labor, and not only are all  
my friends congratulating me upon my improved  
appearance, but in my whole being—mind, body  
and spirit—I experience a wondrous vigor, to

There is a vast quantity of ignorance extant,  
respecting early education. Some people are care-  
less of example—the great moral teacher. Imita-  
tion is inherent in a child; good and bad being  
presented to a young mind, a thousand to one, but  
it will choose the thorn and leave the rose-blossom.  
Alas for human nature! Home-education is what  
is wanted, and what is home-education? We will  
endeavor to reply to the self-asked question.

Walk with a little child, listen to its sweet con-  
verse—the prattle, sweeter far than all the talk of  
the philosopher, more attractive than all the learn-  
ing of the schools. Hear it talk of cowslips, prim-  
roses, and daisies, and then when you speak to it,  
learn lessons of truth. The fine gold has not yet  
become dim—but he who walks hand in hand  
with the pretty prattler, has it partially in his  
power to prevent the worldly oxide from rusting  
the tender soul. Every shop may convey a lesson  
fraught with intelligence,—every passing event  
may convey a moral. Doctor Johnson once re-  
marked that "he never sat down with any man  
from whom he could not learn something." So a  
child with its keen, quick eyes, never observes any  
thing which has not an important influence on after  
life. Talk of "Sermons in Stones," you may find  
them written everywhere:—No street is without its  
inscription—no lane without its legend. Strolling  
with a child companion, knowledge is both given  
and received.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure is a species of happiness applicable only  
to perceptions; that being the case it is a kind of  
happiness frequently accompanied, preceded, or  
followed by pain. A single pleasure, if intense,  
prevents attention to any other. The overwhelm-  
ing pleasure arising from the pathos of poetry, the  
sublimity of oratory or the beauty of music, ren-  
ders us, while in its vigor, insensible to the ex-  
quisite versification of the poet, the elaborate  
elegance of the orator, or the fascinating melody  
of the composer. It is only when the emotion is  
somewhat abated in its strength that we perceive  
the pleasure it produces. Thus pleasure, when  
intense, engrosses the attention so entirely that it  
renders us insensible to every other perception; it  
therefore occasions a higher degree of satisfaction  
or happiness when it is moderate, and attracts the  
attention only feebly or partially.

There are three kinds of pleasure. Pleasure may  
be either corporeal, ideal, or mental. In the first  
instance it is derived to us through the medium of  
the senses; in the second instance, through the  
imagination, and in the third, through the mind.  
But even this division of the different kinds of  
pleasures may be again subdivided. Corporeal  
pleasures are not confined to those arising strictly  
from the senses. They are extended to those ap-  
parently seated in the organs through whose medi-  
ation they are received—such as the pleasures  
residing in the respective organs of taste, smell,  
and touch. The two other organs, vision and hear-  
ing, cause no pleasure. They are qualifications;  
but the pleasure has faded away, never more to be  
recovered; for that they originally occasioned  
pleasure is unquestionable, since a person confined  
in darkness for an unusual term, or a blind man  
restored to sight, will, on coming forth into the  
daylight, and being enabled to see, declare that  
vision is a pleasure, and that he feels a most deli-  
cious sensation in the eyes.

THE LOVER'S PRIDE.

I believe there is no period of life so happy as that  
in which a thriving lover leaves his mistress after  
his first success. His joy is more perfect than that  
at the absolute moment of his own eager vow, and  
her half-assenting blushes. Then he is thinking  
mostly of her, and is to a certain degree embarrassed  
by the efforts necessary for success. But when the  
promise has once been given to him, and he is able  
to escape into the domain of his own heart, he is a  
conqueror who has mastered half a continent by his  
own strategy. It never occurs to him; he hardly  
believes that his success is no more than that which  
is the ordinary lot of mortal man. He never reflects  
that all the old married fogies whom he knows and  
despises have just as much ground for pride, if such  
pride were enduring; that every fat, silent, dull,  
sommolent old lady whom he sees and quizzes has  
at some period been deemed as worthy a prize as  
his priceless galleon; and so deemed by as bold a  
captor as himself. Some one has said that every  
young mother, when her first child is born, regards  
the babe as the most wonderful production of that  
description which the world has yet seen. And  
this, too, is true. But I doubt even whether that  
conviction is so strong as the conviction of the  
young successful lover, that he has achieved a tri-  
umph which should ennoble him down to late gen-  
erations. As he goes along he has a contempt for  
other men: for they know nothing of such glory as  
his. As he pores over his *Blackstone*, he remem-  
bers that he does so, not so much that he may  
acquire law, as that he may acquire Fanny; and  
then all other porers over *Blackstone* are low and  
mean in his sight—are mercenary in their views and  
unfortunate in their ideas, for they have no Fanny  
in view.—Castle Richmond.

Poetry

LOST TREASURES.

Let us be patient, God has taken from us  
The earthly treasures upon which we leaned,  
That from the fleeting things which life around us,  
Our clinging hearts should be forever weaned.

They have passed from us—all our broad possessions:  
Ships, whose white sails flung wide past distant  
shores;  
Lands, whose rich harvests smiled in the glad sun-  
shine;  
Silver and gold, and all our hoarded stores.

And, dearer far, the pleasant home where gathered  
Our loved and loving round the blazing hearth;  
Where honored age on the soft cushions rested,  
And childhood played about in frolic mirth:

Where underneath the softened light bent kindly  
The mother's tender glance on daughters fair;  
And he on whom all lean with fond confiding,  
Rested contented from his daily care.

All shipwrecked in one common desolation!  
The garden-walks by other feet are trod;  
The clinging vines by other fingers tutored  
To fling their shadows o'er the grassy sod.

While carking care and deep humiliation,  
In tears are mingled with their daily bread;  
And the rude blasts we never thought could reach us,  
Have spent their worst on each defenceless head.

Let us be cheerful! The same sky o'er-arches—  
Soft rain falls on the evil and the good;  
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwelling,  
God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Faith, hope and love still in our hearts abiding,  
May bear their precious fruits in us the same;  
And to the couch of suffering we may carry,  
If but the cup of water, in His name.

Let us be thankful, if in this affliction  
No grave is opened for the loving heart;  
And while we bend beneath our Father's chiding,  
We yet can mourn "each family apart."

Shoulder to shoulder let us breast the torrent,  
With not one cold reproach nor angry look;  
There are some seasons, when the heart is smitten  
It can no whisper of unkindness brook.

Our life is not in all these brief possessions;  
Our home is not in any pleasant spot;  
Pilgrims and strangers we must journey onward,  
Contented with the portion of our lot.

These earthly walls must shortly be dismantled;  
These earthly tents be struck by angel hands;  
But to be built up on a sure foundation,  
There, where our Father's mansion ever stands!

There shall we meet, parent and child and dearer  
That earthly love which makes half heaven of  
home;  
There shall we find our treasures all awaiting,  
Where change and death and parting never come.

A HINT TO MOTHERS.

Rising early is a habit of high importance to fix  
in children, and, in forming it, there is far greater  
facility than in other cases. They usually retire to  
bed sometime before their parents, and at day-  
light, or at least at sunrise, are generally awake  
and anxious to rise. Many of them are actually  
bred up with difficulty to the habit of taking a  
morning nap, which, when once formed, generally  
prevails through life.

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

When a girl marries, why do people talk of her  
choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has  
she any choice? Does not the man, probably the  
last she would have chosen, select her? A lady  
writer says:—"I have been married many years;  
the match was considered a good one, suitable in  
every respect—age, position, and fortune. My first  
husband when I married him, because he had by  
unwearied assiduity succeeded in gaining my affec-  
tions; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly  
should not have chosen him. As I look at him in  
his easy chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog  
at his feet, a pipe peeping out of the many pockets  
of his shooting-coat, I cannot but think how differ-  
ent he is from what I would have chosen. My first  
penchant was for a clergyman—he was a flatterer,  
and cared but little for me, though I have not for-  
gotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a  
lawyer—a young man of immense talent, smooth,  
insinuating manners; but he, too, after walking,  
talking, dancing and flirting, left me. Either of  
these would have been my 'choice,' but my present  
husband chose me, and therefore I married him;  
and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way  
with half the married folks of my acquaintance."



February 24 1861

There is nothing which gives one so pleasing a prospect of human nature as the contemplation of Wisdom and Beauty. The latter is peculiar to that sex which is therefore called Fair, and when both meet in the same person, the character is lovely and desirable.



SERVICE OF SILVER PRESENTED TO DR. D. K. HITCHCOCK.

#### A LITTLE LONGER.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
Shall violets bloom for thee, and sweet birds sing,  
And the lime branches, where soft winds are blowing,

Shall murmur the sweet promise of the spring.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
Thou shalt behold the quiet of the morn,  
While tender grasses and awakening flowers,  
Send up a golden tint to greet the dawn.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
The tenderness of twilight shall be thine,—  
The rosy clouds that float o'er dying daylight,  
Nor fade till trembling stars begin to shine.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
Shall starry night be beautiful for thee,  
And the cold moon shall look through the blue  
silence,

Flooding her silver path upon the sea.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
Life shall be thine, life with its power to will,  
Life with its strength to bear, to love, to conquer,  
Bringing its thousand joys thy heart to fill.

A little longer yet, a little longer,  
The voices thou hast loved shall charm thine ear:  
And thy true heart that now beats quick to hear  
them,

A little longer yet shall hold them dear.

A little longer, joy while thou mayest;  
Love and rejoice, for time has naught in store;  
And soon the darkness of the grave shall bid thee  
Love and rejoice, and feel and know no more.

A little longer still—patience beloved;  
A little longer still, ere Heaven unroll  
The glory and the brightness and the wonder  
Eternal and divine, that waits thy soul.

A little longer ere life, true, immortal,  
(Not this our shadowy life,) will be thine own,  
And thou shalt stand where winged archangels  
worship,

And trembling bow before the great white throne.

A little longer still, and heaven awaits thee,  
And fills thy spirit with a great delight;  
Then our pale joys will seem a dream forgotten,  
Our sun a darkness, and our day a night.

A little longer, and thy heart, beloved,  
Shall beat forever with a love divine;  
And joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal,  
No mortal knows, and lives, shall then be thine.

A little longer yet, and angel voices  
Shall sing in heavenly chant upon thine ear;  
Angels and saints await thee, and God needs thee;  
Beloved, can we bid thee linger here?

#### I am Sick.

"I am sick!"

The floating curtains are waved aside by fingers  
white as snow-blossoms; from the pale lips  
comes that touching plaint, "I am sick."

Scorching the brain and seething the blood,  
how the hot tide of fever rolls through all her  
veins! Its red warrant is painted on her cheek.  
The arms, bare, white, and shadowy as a cloud,  
palpitate to the heavy heart-throbbing. Hark!  
you may hear it like the skeleton finger of death  
rapping at the slender life portal.

Dry and fetid the atmosphere. Luxury can  
give it not the dewy freshness of health. Rare  
plants at the windows shed their perfume in vain.  
Odors in richly chased vials clouded with gold,  
shut not out the breath of the destroyer. Pale,  
almost as a lily shorn of its yellow tresses, the  
sun faintly lies at languid length upon the snowy  
counterpane. It fain would nestle in her bosom,  
and ripple through the uncurled masses that  
loving hands have brushed back from the pure  
forehead. But it brings no healing on its wings,  
and they have pinioned them.

An old man, stately in port, but careworn,  
moves amid the costly drapery, with folded arms  
and lips firmly locked. Ever as that low moan,  
"I am sick," smites his ear, he is beside her.  
Like a holy psalm, his chastened tones soothe  
her poor heart, and she is content while he  
smooths the damp tresses, clasping in his, her  
small, hot hands. Beautiful, pale faces flit one  
by one between her and the light; their hearts  
are almost breaking with grief, as they glide in  
and out with noiseless footfalls. The white-  
headed physician enters with stealthy tread, and  
like a father bends over her. He answers not to  
the low sob, and the pleading prayer in the mo-  
ther's eyes as he departs—he understands why  
his hand is wrung in the pressure of that other  
aged hand.

"I am sick!" God help you, poor child of  
want in that cheerless home. Instead of shining  
drapery, matted straw and filthy rags. No soft  
carpet, but rude boards between whose creaks  
the mice gambol through the dark night.

"I am sick!" Broad streams the sun in, un-  
hindered by tree or curtain, playing with the  
tangled hair, mocking the wild glare of those  
hollow eyes. No mother's breast to pillow the  
throbbing brain, no father to lighten the death-  
pang with his caresses. Soft footsteps linger not  
by that couch of misery. Squalid beings gather  
there sometimes, and croak of evil. The children  
hush not their rude sports as they frolic against  
the broken door. What if a chance pebble  
crashes through the old window? The sick one  
is none of theirs.

In the deep of the night, while mid-darkness  
takes her solemn march from grove to grove, and  
from valley to mountain-top—the veil is raised  
from heaven, and two shining ones, hand in hand,  
enter into the glory of their Lord.

It is well with the darling of a rich home, who  
breathed her last sigh upon the bosom that bore  
her; it is well with the meek pauper, whose worn  
frame lies upon the straw pallet, unconscious ob-  
ject of rude sympathy—they have entered the  
land of brightness and beauty together—they  
have waked upon that life wherein no one shall  
say any more, "I am sick!" [M. A. D.]

#### MARY DEE.

Around the cottage there was heard,  
In spring, the song of many a bird,  
But Farmer Dee would always say,  
His sweetest bird ne'er flew away;  
And a voice arose, in childish glee,  
So soft, so sweet, 'twas Mary Dee.

Summer came; upon each morn,  
Flowrets bright and fair were born;  
Soon as their beauties would disclose,  
In bursting bud, or blushing rose,  
Those near the cot would captive be,  
By tiny hands of Mary Dee.

Autumn dawned; one by one  
The birds their distant flight begun;  
Songs ceased within the cot,  
Sickness came, oh! name it not;  
Hushed the voice, once wild and free,  
Cold the cheek of Mary Dee.

Winter passed; joyous spring  
Did again her offerings bring—  
Blossom, flower, lovely bird,  
Morn and evening songs were heard,  
One bird no more you'll see,  
Father, 'tis thy Mary Dee. [Traveller.]



Original.  
WHAT I LOVE.

I LOVE to ramble forth at eve  
Of a bright summer's day,  
When from my toils I have reprieve,  
And drive each care away.

I love to have with me a friend  
On whom I can rely;  
How sweetly thus the hours to spend—  
How swift the moments fly.

I love, as 'mong the fields we rove,  
To call the brightest flowers  
And give to him with whom I love  
To while away the hours.

I love, while roaming 'mong the trees,  
To find a rural seat  
And, fanned by evening's pleasant breeze,  
Sweet friendship's words repeat.

I love to have a cozy chat,  
While round us moonbeams fall,  
And stars like brightest diamonds sat  
On the ethereal ball.

Then to my home I would retrace  
My footsteps o'er the lawn,  
To seek repose in sleep's embrace  
Until the morn should dawn.

ISABELLA.

Original.  
COURTING BY PROXY.  
AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A TEACHER.

THE winter of 1854-5 found me engaged in the humble capacity of teacher in the W— Seminary, at F—, in the little State of New Jersey. Born and bred a true Yankee, it was but natural that I should entertain strong prejudices in favor of New England, with her excellent institutions, her intelligent and enterprising men, and handsome women; and that, on entering upon the duties of my "profession," I should hold a sovereign contempt for Jersey people and Jersey institutions.

Local associations are wont to beget local prejudices, which once firmly seated are hard to be overcome. To my mind the good people of the little "borough," where I had located, were little less than "Dutch bores"; "uncouth ignoramuses," whose most cherished institutions were "lager bier," and "saour kroust." Thus conscious of my superiority, I determined to stand aloof from their society, and invest myself with a dignity that would repel all familiarity, and thus escape the degradation, which, in my mind, must necessarily ensue from such associations.

But alas! of what avail was my assumed dignity and determination to stand aloof from the society of those with whom circumstances necessarily brought me in daily contact. Man is, by nature, a social being. There is within him a living principle, impulses, ever active and sympathetic, welling up from the deep fountains of the heart, impelling him to seek intercourse with his fellow men; and, though he may indeed prefer the society of such as possess common sympathies and kindred tastes, yet like Napoleon in exile, or the renowned Robinson Crusoe, he will take to him intimate companionship those around him.

But few weeks had elapsed, ere I had formed several acquaintances; and as months passed, and my sphere of acquaintance in the village grew wider, my prejudices wore away, and I really came to love the place and the people upon whom I looked upon at first with contempt and distrust.

Among my more intimate acquaintances was that of Judge Van D—, a distinguished member of the Jersey Bar. Descending from the Dutch on the one side, and the Yankee on the other, he inherited not only the name but sufficient of the Dutch element to make his person somewhat plethoric, and render him easy and pleasing in his address, while he possessed sufficient of the Yankee to endow him with that business tact and shrewdness for which they are so noted the world over.

Frequent were the calls which I made at Judge Van D—'s office; when released from the cares and perplexities of my vacation I would seek an hour's cheerful conversation with one who possessed so large a fund of wit and general information; and, moreover, one who could appreciate with me the delightful task of rearing the tender mind, and teaching the young idea how to shoot; for, like many other distinguished (?) men, the judge himself wielded the sceptre of the pedagogue, previous to commencing the practice of law.

Surrounded with affluence, he had won, by his talents, high honors and a proud position at the bar, and in the community where he resided. Judge Van D— belonged not to the class of people, who, having risen by force of circumstances from an humble condition to wealth and honor, seek to disguise their former indigent circumstances, afraid to make known their struggles with poverty, and the means whereby they attained wealth and position; neither did he think it as compromising the dignity of the bench to allude to his former career as teacher of youth, which allusions were generally accompanied by some anecdote, or some incident, both amusing and instructive.

I had become a constant as well as welcome visitor at the Judge's residence, and enjoyed the society of his family no less than that of his honor the Judge himself. The reason for which might be guessed, when it is known that Judge Van D— was the father of two amiable and accomplished daughters, and the "Yankee schoolmaster" was a bachelor of three-and-twenty!

It was during one of my many visits at his residence that the Judge related to me the following singular episode in his experience as a teacher, which, for its happy denouement and pleasing results proved exceedingly interesting.

"One incident occurred," said he, "which has affected since, and is likely to affect my whole life." "Ah! what indiscretion could you possibly have committed, Judge," I inquired, "which could thus influence your whole life—nothing very bad I hope?"

The Judge smiled. "No," said he, "I have never regarded it as an indiscretion; but listen and you shall determine for yourself," and giving his wife, who was seated on the opposite side of the room, a peculiar and expressive look, he commenced as follows:

"It is now nearly thirty years ago, and while teaching in the Academy at W—, that I first met

and became acquainted with a young man by the name of Eugene Mansfield, a nephew of the gentleman at whose house I resided while at W—. Young Mansfield's parents were both dead; his mother dying while he was quite young, and his remaining parent, some three years previous to the time of our acquaintance, leaving Eugene in possession of a large property; and having no home of his own, he had taken up his residence with his uncle, a wealthy old Dutchman, whose whole family consisted of himself, his 'goot vrow,' and one daughter, Barbara, a rosy-cheeked, comely lass of eighteen; hence it was rumored that young Mansfield had a double motive in taking up his abode with his rich uncle—viz., that of getting a wife, and uniting the two farms whose broad fields lay contiguous.

"Certain it was the old 'burgher' had revolved the idea in his mind more than once; cherishing it as a consummation devoutly to be wished, and looking forward to the time when he should witness the double wedding of Eugene and Barbara and the two farms. But, alas! for human calculations, and especially those of my worthy host, Mynheer Van Zandt!

"Eugene Mansfield was possessed of a vivacious temperament, a warm heart, and an ingenious disposition; and thrown, as we were, into each other's society, the reserve which naturally exists between strangers soon wore away, and in a short time we were on terms so intimate that we possessed scarcely a secret we would not unburden to each other, or purposed a plan that we did not mutually aid each other in carrying out. Many were the jokes we would crack, as seated beside the cheerful fire in our room. We related to each other the various amours and flirtations we had carried on with the 'demoiselles' of the borough.

"Although Eugene was strictly attentive in matter of courtesy toward his fair cousin, always ready to accompany her to church, or to an evening party, or sleigh-ride, much to the gratification of mine host, who always manifested his approbation by taking down his 'meerscham' and treating himself to an extra 'smoke,' yet I was confident in my own mind that my friend, Mansfield, had no very deep-seated regard for Barbara Van Zandt. It was a matter of policy with him. I did not like to impute to Eugene wrong motives for his marked attention to his cousin; but it seemed too evident to me that he wished to conciliate favor with his rich uncle; as the old Dutchman was now in his dotage, his hands nearly run—then there would be a rich patrimony to be divided, and might he not receive a liberal slice? At any rate, such were the ideas that took possession of my brain, and I determined, so far as propriety would admit, in justice to the girl, to probe his feelings on the subject, and if my suspicions were correct, to administer a severe reproof.

"While waiting for an opportunity to broach the subject to him, an incident occurred which brought about a full explanation of the whole matter—'Charles,' said he, bursting into my room one night, where I was entertaining myself with a copy of Shakespeare's plays, his good-natured face wreathed in smiles, denoting he had some agreeable intelligence to impart. 'Charles, I have a precious misive for you!' at the same time producing from his pocket a couple of delicate and highly-perfumed *billets*, one of which he handed to me. It proved, on opening, to be an invitation from the Misses Vandewater, to attend a social party given at their residence in the village on the following evening.

"This was certainly unexpected; for the Vandewaters were reputed the wealthiest and most aristocratic family in the borough.

"Shall you go," I inquired of young Mansfield?

"Certainly," said he; and now, Charles, I am going to make you a proposition. You know how I am situated here; that upon every such occasion I have paid the gallant to my fair cousin, Barbara Van Zandt. This I found, soon after taking up my residence here, to be absolutely necessary, particularly so if I desired to make my sojourn pleasant, and am on friendly terms with my uncle. But I fear I am carrying matters too far. I would not have Barbara think my attentions are to ripen into a positive engagement, and for this reason and this alone, I would have you invite her to accompany you to the party this evening. Will you please do so?"

"Certainly," I replied, if such is your wish. I found no difficulty in carrying out my friend's proposition.

"A small but gay company, the *elite* of the village, had assembled at the palatial residence of Mynheer Vandewater that evening; and no one seemed to enjoy himself better than my friend—Mansfield. He was in the best of spirits. Among the guests assembled on that occasion was a young lady by the name of Kate Van Clief, who had come from the neighboring village of L—, to spend a few weeks with her cousins, Julia and Leonora Vandewater; and it was on her account that the Vandewaters had given the party. Kate Van Clief was truly a charming girl; graceful and sylph-like in form, she seemed the embodiment of all that is lovely in the person and character of woman. Eugene was not blind to the personal attractions of Miss Van Clief. Early in the evening he obtained an introduction, and as I was pleased to observe, played the agreeable with marked success. No walk or play was proposed but Kate must be his partner.

"Poor Barbara! she was ill at ease. She had accompanied me thither, purely out of respect: had she acted in accordance with her feelings, she would have remained at home. Knowing full well the cause of her abstraction and forced gaiety during the evening, I endeavored, by conversation, to restore her to her former cheerfulness and good humor, but to no purpose.

"Time sped on golden wings. The party broke up and we returned home; Eugene to dream of Kate Van Clief, and Barbara Van Zandt to sigh over crushed hopes and chill disappointment. Early the next day Eugene came into my room, and his first words were—

"Well, Charles, what do you think of Kate Van Clief? handsome, isn't she?"

"I smiled at his enthusiasm, and echoing his sentiments, told him she was indeed very beautiful, and also that I had a bone to pick with him—not because he had managed to occupy so large a share of Miss Van Clief's attention during the evening,

but for the manner in which he had treated poor Barbara; and thereupon commenced to give him in particular, and young men in general, a sound lecture for trifling with the affections of young ladies.

"He acknowledged the injustice of his conduct towards his cousin, and promising to make a reparation, so far as consistent with his feelings, he left the room.

"Eugene called on Miss Van Clief frequently during the few weeks she remained at her uncle's, and it soon became apparent that she had one warm admirer, that one heart worshipped at her shrine. Yes, there was no mistaking the symptoms. It was a genuine case of love—of love at first sight!

"Charles," said Eugene to me one afternoon as I returned home from the Seminary, 'have you an engagement for this evening?"

"I replied in the negative.

"Well," continued he, with a slight hesitation, 'we have been for sometime on terms of intimacy, and I think I can safely trust you with a secret?"

"As this was said half inquiringly, and half guessing his secret, I assured him he could with perfect safety.

"Well, then," he resumed, closing the door and seating himself beside me, 'you are aware that I have a special regard for Miss Van Clief, and—' 'Special regard!' said I, interrupting him—'Why don't you say you are in love with her, and done with it?"

"Well, Charles, in love then," said Eugene, laughing; 'but what I want to say is, that although I have called on her several times, and have reasons to think she does not regard me with indifference, yet I have never—'

"Popped the question," I remarked, with assumed gravity, to tease him.

"No," not what I was going to add, is, I have never ascertained how far I may press my suit, or if she is not already engaged.

"Why not go and make an honest declaration at once? I haven't a doubt as to the result—Come, I am anxious to attend a wedding," said I, in a half-serious and provoking manner.

"But she has gone home to L—I returned yesterday."

"I advised him then to open a correspondence. 'That,' said he, 'is just what I have been revolving in my own mind; but there is one difficulty in the way, I am ashamed to confess it, but I am no penman. I can scarcely write my own name; and now if you will befriend me in this matter—write all the letters and arrange it all to your own liking—I shall not only feel very grateful, but if successful, will reward you with a handsome present!"

"Well pleased with the idea of acting as proxy for my friend, and anticipating a little fun, I cheerfully consented to do so; and, seating myself at the table, wrote a very tender epistle to Miss Van Clief, calling to my aid the choicest terms, and seasoning it with the strongest expressions of love I could command. And although I knew how essential it was to feel what we write, yet I flattered myself that my first effort at inditing love letters was far from being a failure.

"With what anxiety did Eugene await the return of mail, and how eagerly did he seize the dainty missive from the hand of the postman, and hurrying to my apartment, break the seal and read, not a cold negative to the dearest wish of his heart, but, couched in the sweetest language, and most beautiful diction—not only a permission to correspond, but a reciprocity of kind regards!"

Here the Judge paused a moment in his story, and exchanging another of those peculiar smiles with his wife, led me to suspect she was in some way connected with the incident he was about relating. I was about to ask a question, as the Judge resumed:

"Time passed on, and matters progressed finely. I had written several letters for Eugene, and each time made my best effort to come up to the style and diction of the charming missives he received in reply, but I soon gave up. Eugene was in ecstasies; and, in fact, I could not but envy him his good fortune, and was more than half in love myself with the charming author of those sweet, tender missives I had the pleasure of perusing, so modest, and gave such evidence of a superior and well cultivated mind.

"The warm months had come, and the Seminary at W— was closed for a short vacation. My health had become somewhat impaired by the confinement of the school-room, and feeling as though I needed some recreation, I proposed to Eugene a visit to R—, then a noted resort for invalids and pleasure-seekers, who repaired thither to enjoy the invigorating sea-breeze and salt water bathing—Young Mansfield acceded to my proposition; and, in a few days, we were numbered among the guests at the House.

"During the third day of our sojourn there, quite a sensation was produced by the arrival of Mr. Van Clief, accompanied by his invalid wife, his daughter Kate, and a stranger, a young lady apparently of some two-and-twenty years, with whom I have since become somewhat acquainted," said Judge Van D—, casting a glance towards his wife.

"This arrival brought an unexpected pleasure to my friend, Mansfield. He was overjoyed at the prospect of spending a few weeks in the society of her he so ardently loved. The meeting between Eugene and Kate was cordial in the extreme. The more so, as it was unexpected, for on such occasions the heart's deep emotions speak in words and actions. There was no studied reserve of manner, no suppression of feeling, but all is natural and sincere.

"If you have spent a season at one of those noted resorts of the *beau monde*, you are familiar with the various sports and pastimes that make up life at a fashionable watering place. It is one continual round of excitement, and, seemingly no end to the dancing and bathing and their accompaniments, till one gets satiated, and longs to escape the artificial refinement, the hollow sneering, and freezing formalities that exist there. Such at least was my experience. Eugene, however, was content to remain; and, certainly, had I been like situated, I should have been as contented as he; but as it was, there seemed no further enjoyment, and I mentally resolved to return to W—the next day.

"While in this state of feeling, Eugene entered my room, and learning my intention to leave for W—the next day, said I should do no such thing; that, heretofore, he had acted in accordance with my wishes, but now for once he should assume au-

thority and I needn't expect to return for the present; at all events, I must remain to attend the ball that was coming off on the following evening, as he had promised a young lady an introduction to me on that occasion.

"The deuce take your balls," I exclaimed, somewhat impatiently. 'I am heartily sick of them, and as for the young ladies here, they haven't a solitary idea above dress and waltzing with the gentleman, Miss Van Clief excepted.'

"Why, Charles," said he, 'you talk as if you had been jilted. I am sorry you entertain so poor an opinion of our lady guests. Thanking you for one exception, I shall venture to make still another, that of the young lady I propose to introduce to you to-morrow night. If you succeed in making her acquaintance I am satisfied you will agree with me perfectly.'

"Saying which, Eugene left the room, to join Kate in a walk by the sea-shore. As discretion is the better part of valor, I consented to remain. The ball came off with the usual attendant upon such occasions. I need not enter into particulars, suffice it to say, Eugene fulfilled his promise, and received an introduction to a Miss Wilbur, a young lady from Massachusetts, of winning manners and possessing appearance. Although naturally reserved in the society of ladies, I became sufficiently acquainted with Miss Wilbur during the evening, to ascertain she was a lady of no ordinary intelligence, and as much superior to the butterflies of fashion that flitted around us as one might imagine. A few days subsequent to the ball, Eugene informed me that he had received and accepted an invitation to accompany the Van Clief's home to L—, and they were designing to start the next morning. This was good news to me; and as the most direct route to W— passed through L—, I busied myself in making preparations to accompany them.

"As the stage drove up next morning, how was I surprised as well as pleased to find Miss Wilbur was to be one of our fellow-passengers. With permission, I seated myself beside her, and soon we were engaged in conversation. I had never before met with a young lady so well-informed upon nearly every topic brought up, and so rapidly did the time pass, that, before we were aware, we had arrived at L—.

"Here I must part company with my friend Eugene, his charming Kate and her parents. 'Ah! do you go, too, Miss Wilbur?' said I, as I saw her making preparations to leave the stage. She replied in the affirmative, and with one of the sweetest smiles bade me 'good-by.' And with a hearty shake of the hand, a 'good-by' all around, and a charge from Eugene to 'keep steady' till he returned, the stage drove on, and, in due course of time, arrived at W—.

"I mention these particulars to show the extent of my acquaintance with Miss Wilbur; up to this time, and even then, what relation to the Van Cliefs, or why she accompanied them, was a mystery I was unable to solve. It was now quite late in the fall. I was still teaching in the Seminary at W—; Eugene had returned home and resumed his correspondence with Miss Van Clief; and, judging from the tenor of their letters, matters were fast approaching a crisis; in fact, Eugene did not hesitate to tell me they were engaged.

"Mynheer Van Zandt, whose health had been gradually failing for some months past, was now seriously ill, and it was evident, from the nature of his illness, that he could survive but a short time. There is a period in human existence when, having outlived our allotted 'threescore years and ten,' and our limbs are palsied, that we seem to be a burden to ourselves and friends. Thus it was with Mynheer Van Zandt; and, as if conscious that his sands were nearly run out, summoning in proper authority, his will was made, duly witnessed and sealed.

"Eugene was absent. He had been gone some days, and knew nothing of his uncle's sickness; moreover, it was uncertain whether he had gone on a visit to L—, or elsewhere on business. But the old man grew impatient, and, at his request, I had written, requesting his immediate return; and, not knowing his whereabouts, thoughtlessly directed the letter to Miss Van Clief, conjecturing, if he was not there, she would at least know where he was. My conjecture proved true, and Eugene hurried home just in time to attend the funeral of his deceased uncle.

"Scarcely were the last sad offices for the dead performed when the will was brought forward and opened. On examination, it was found the old man had cherished, to the last, his idea of uniting in marriage the only two living representatives of the Van Zandt family, and their fortunes. To his daughter, Barbara, he had willed one-half of his property, both real and personal; and to his nephew, Eugene Mansfield, the remaining half, to be taken possession of when the marriage between himself and Barbara should be consummated, with the provision that his 'goot vrow' should have a maintenance therefrom during the remainder of her days; and, in case the marriage did not take place, the whole property should fall to Barbara Van Zandt.

"Shortly after the death of old Van Zandt I had occasion to visit L— on business; and, while there, accidentally met with Miss Van Clief. After the usual civilities had passed between us, she politely requested me to call at their residence and spend the evening, adding 'there was a young lady there anxious to see me.' I cheerfully accepted the invitation, wondering what young lady could desire an interview with me; and, being a diffident bachelor, the idea excited my nervous system no less than my curiosity. Accordingly, I called at Mr. Van Clief's, and, ringing the bell, was ushered into the parlor to await the arrival of some one, I know not whom. Presently a young lady entered, and, rising, I found myself face to face with Miss Wilbur!

"The recognition was mutual. Observing my embarrassment, she commenced an explanation. 'Miss Van Clief,' said she, 'informed me, on returning this afternoon, that she had met with you in the street and invited you to call, stating that I desired to see you. Although Miss Van Clief was not commissioned to make such a statement, I acknowledge I have expressed a desire to meet with you, and for this reason: do you recollect, she continued, 'addressing a letter to Miss Van Clief, requesting the return of Mr. Mansfield, if he should be there, as his uncle was dangerously ill?' I re-

plied that I did. 'I saw the letter,' she continued, 'and at once recognized the hand-writing as identical with that of certain letters I have lately had the pleasure of perusing; pardon my familiarity, but I would like to know if my suspicions are correct?"

"The whole matter flashed through my mind in a moment! She was a confidant of Kate Van Clief, and, through my carelessness in directing that note to Kate, the whole matter was exposed; the authorship of those letters had been traced to me. I imagined the result. It was a gross deception on the part of Eugene; and might it not be the means of breaking off the engagement? I determined, to the discomfiture of my friend, to make a clean confession.

"Seeing my hesitation, she inquired again, 'Did you not write those letters, addressed to Miss Van Clief, from Mr. Mansfield?' I acknowledged myself the author. 'It is, perhaps, necessary I should explain,' said she, 'how I became familiar with your hand-writing. It is nearly three years since I came here to reside, as a private teacher or instructor, in Mr. Van Clief's family, during which time I have been regarded rather as one of the family than a hired governess; while Kate, who is nearly of my own age, has been to me as a sister. We have been each other's confidants as well as companions. Although a generous, warm-hearted girl, she has had but few opportunities for improvement, being an invalid most of the time during her school-days. She possesses, therefore, but little education, and on the receipt of Eugene's first letter she came to me with the request that I should write the answers to his letters and carry on the correspondence in her name, which I have done thus far; and hence it seems that both have been writing by proxy!"

"This was an unexpected disclosure to me. 'And does Miss Van Clief know of this?' I inquired. 'She has not the least suspicion that you had ought to do with those letters,' said she. Congratulating each other upon our success, we proposed to keep the whole matter a secret till after they were married, meanwhile we would enjoy it ourselves. It was a late hour in the evening when I returned from Mr. Van Clief's, no less pleased with what I had heard than with the idea of becoming better acquainted with Miss Wilbur.

"A few weeks subsequent to the interview I have just related, a joyful event took place at the residence of Mr. Van Clief. It was no less an occasion than the marriage of Eugene Mansfield and the charming Kate Van Clief. The wedding was a splendid affair. The proxies were both present to witness the consummation of that event to which they, unsuspectingly, had contributed so much in bringing about—the one acting as bridesmaid, the other as groomsman for the happy couple. And Barbara—not Van Zandt now but Mrs. Martin, (for, shortly after her father's death, she found a sovereign remedy for the heart malady she so long suffered under in the person of Charles Martin, a young physician of the place,)—was present on the happy occasion, and witnessed the ceremony with much composure.

"At the 'home-bringing,' which came off on the following evening, at the residence of Mrs. Van Zandt, there was still another wedding, when Miss Wilbur, the lady who now sits on the opposite side of the room," said the Judge, pointing towards his wife, "and your humble servant were married. After the ceremonies were over, and we were all seated around a table piled high with tempting viands, I took the opportunity to relate the whole circumstance of the correspondence between Eugene and Kate. There was some blushing, accompanied with loud laughter from the guests present.

"Well, I am satisfied," said Eugene, 'for I got a good wife by the means.' 'And a good husband,' replied Kate. My wife looked at me as if she would endorse the sentiment; and I must confess," said Judge Van D—, in conclusion, 'from that day to this I have never had occasion to regret that I acted as proxy for my friend, Eugene Mansfield.'

Original.

TO LOTTIE LINWOOD AND LILLIE LINDEN.

SURELY the bright angels must whisper to thee,  
Thou gifted minstrel of the spirit-lyre;  
Yet thy life-barques seem to glide o'er a starless sea,  
And thy souls seem all earthly good to fire.

Bright and fadeless chaplets are in your pathways  
strown.

But each meekly wears the laurel wreath of Fame;  
For each are softly trading earth's dark paths alone,  
Trusting on the scroll of life to place a name.

O! feelst thou not the touch of angel fingers  
On thy fair woman brows, and does not a voice  
From the spirit-land, whose soothing cadence lingers  
Around thy souls away, oft bid thee rejoice?

When the crown of thorns your brows too strongly  
press—

O! may you feel the holy angel's soft caress,  
As they whisper, 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'  
GIPSEY RECLUSE.

OPEN SECRETS.

BY ALICE CARY.

The truth lies round about us, all  
Too closely to be sought—  
So open to our vision that  
'Tis hidden to our thought.

We know not what the glories  
Of the grass, the flower, may be,  
We needs must struggle for the sight  
Of what we always see.

Waiting for storms and whirlwinds,  
And to have a sign appear,  
We deem not God is speaking in  
The still small voice we hear.

In reasoning proud, blind leaders of  
The blind, through life we go,  
And do not know the things we see,  
Nor see the things we know.

Single and indivisible,  
We pass from change to change,  
Familiar with the strangest things,  
And with familiar, strange.

We make the light through which we see  
The light, and make the dark—  
To hear the fark sing, we must be  
At heaven's gate with the lark.

Original.

A FOREST REVERIE—No. I.

The summer has come! That sweet flowery season which delights both the old and the young. How bright the sun looks as it rests lovingly on yonder green hill, with its tall grass gracefully undulating to the breeze that sweeps o'er it so gently. And the flowers, those sweet gifts which the Almighty in his infinite goodness has given to us thankless mortals. How we have longed to see their tiny petals open to the zephyr's wooing breath, and breathe their rich fragrance. How oft have we, when winter's snows were piled up in all their lofty grandeur, and whistling winds rudely shook the jewelled trees, till their sparkling gems were scattered to the earth, looked forward with pleasure to the pleasant rambles we would have in the forest wilds and by meandering streams, to gather flowers; while, to add to the enchantment of the scene, the warblers would serenade us with their inimitable songs of surpassing sweetness. Ah! there is no season half so beautiful, so full of poetical beauty as summer, nor is there a month that is so brief. Let us enjoy it while we may; let us dance o'er the green sward as we were wont in childhood; scale stone walls—climb tall trees—wade in the rippling streams—plunge through the thick bushes; and let the woods resound with our laughter, and let gurgling streams echo them back to us, as we bound along; it will bring a rich tint to our cheek, which no medicine in the known world can do; it will purify, elevate, and beautify our whole being! No one who is communing with nature continually and listens to its sweet teachings, can be very immoral. It is calculated to refine, poetize, and to lift our thoughts far above this lower sphere, to Him who created all these things for our enjoyment, Were it not for birds and flowers, trees and streams, this world would be a blank; there would be no charms for the eye to rest upon. What an endless variety of flowers do we gaze upon! there is a beauty of form as well as fragrance, and color to please the eye, as well as the nose. How coldly and indifferently some pass by the flowers that bloom beneath their feet; and it seems as if those little ones were gifted with an instinct, and knew when they were loved or neglected, for I have seen a little flower when brushed too rudely, turn its tender head away, as if it weep for the cold neglect it had received. But, for my part, I can never crush a little flower that lies in my path, accidentally, without feeling sad for its untimely fate. It seems too much like wounding the feelings of some loved one who is soon to lie 'neath the sod, where no regrets for the unkind word can reach them. I remember when a child, I trod upon some sweet flowers, as I carelessly tripped along in childish glee; and I wept long and passionately as I beheld its tender leaves all withered and crushed, and I would have given worlds, to have left it blooming as before. I felt as though I had committed a crime, and I involuntarily looked upward, and imagined that the sun frowned upon me. I arose, and putting the crushed flower tenderly in my bosom, thoughtfully wended my way homeward, and resolved never to crush anything in my way again.

C. KENDALL.

Newburyport, Mass., Sept., 1860.

FRIENDSHIP.

A true friend is one that never changes, in adversity the same as when the sun of prosperity shone upon us, casting a veil of charity over all our faults, standing firmly by our side when calamity's dark cloud is lowering around us; believing—nay, stopping never to listen, when poisoned tongues are ready to brand thy name and thy fair fame with infamy and disgrace; one that clings the closer, as the wild waves of sorrow encompass us on every side, like a trusty pilot stands calmly and faithfully at the helm, inspiring us with hope and trust in our kind.

There are friendships that strengthen as each intervening year rolls on—friendships tried and true; bright jewels of the soul, oasis in the desert of our day of life; how blank this existence, did not soul commune with soul, and send its radiating beaming light athwart our pathway, hallowed in the hearts best and holiest instincts by its blessed influence.

LOUISE.



# MY ELLA'S GRAVE.

BY THAT low and lonely marble,  
Over which the spring birds warble;  
That willow gently drooping,  
Like a guardian kindly stooping;  
Where my Ella's soundly sleeping,  
There have I been sadly weeping,  
Weeping for my Ella dear.

Once we dreamt of joy and gladness,  
Thinking not of any sadness;  
Thinking not that on the morrow  
We indeed might part in sorrow;  
Thinking no prayer when him we loved,  
That the hand of death should sever  
Our loving, faithful hearts.

But my dreams of bliss have perished,  
And the hopes I fondly cherished  
For her spirit, soaring from us  
To a land of holy promise,  
Left for me to journey lonely,  
From the land where I have only  
Sadly o'er her grave to weep.

'Tis in spring-time, when the roses  
Blossoming o'er where she reposes,  
Shed a fragrance round her pillow  
'Neath the gently weeping willow,  
That I oft, to weep in sadness  
While the spring birds sing in gladness,  
To my Ella's grave repair.

When the vesper bell is pealing,  
And its notes are softly stealing  
On the evening breeze, and calling  
Man to prayer when on him falling;  
Then the moonbeams bright and cheerful  
Fall upon me sad and fearful,  
Bowing at my Ella's grave.

EDMONS.

# THE ENGINEER.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

IT was a day in the latter part of November.—Early, the previous night, the snow had commenced falling; and the morning sky was piled with dense, vapory clouds of a dun, hucless gray. Big drops of rain fell sulkily from the dismal drapery overhead; and the snow, which had found the earth in a winding sheet of spotless white, was rapidly becoming transmuted into an amber-colored mass of muddy water.

Anon, the rain came faster and more angrily.—The upland streams were swollen—the little rills became mad rivers, and overflowing the banks inundated the lowlands, and covered with a murky pool the broad slope of the intervals.

In the mountain regions of New Hampshire the scene baffled description; those only who have lived in the shadow of these everlasting hills can imagine it. He who has looked upon the ruins of the ill-fated "Willey House," and drawn in his mind a vivid picture of that awful night when the "mountains moved from their places," can form a faint idea of it.

Still the rain fell; the giant trees were torn from their trail hold upon the precipices, and drawn by the resistless waters into the channels of the rivers. Horses, cattle, human habitations even, were swept away to swell the mighty avalanche. The roar of the accumulated waters was like distant thunder; and the wild hollow voice of the wind made the lullaby still more terrible!

At the northern terminus of one of our great railway thoroughfares, the flood was absolutely frightful! Bridges were torn up and borne away; barns and hayricks became miniature arks, and the solid ground was gullied and washed to an extent unknown in that region.

Within a pleasant cottage in the little hamlet of "Five Roads," around a cheerful fire, were gathered a beautiful group—beautiful in their loving faces and attitudes of perfect affection. But their happy countenances were shadowed now, as by some unwelcome foreboding; and the dark eyes of the wife and mother sought the troubled face of her husband with a glance of mingled entreaty and indication.

Three children, of the respective ages of eight, six, and two years, sat between their parents; noble, intelligent boys were they; and the rosy, baby face of little Charles mirrored forth the sadness of his elders. For the space of a few minutes there was silence, then the lady spoke.

"Must you go to-night, William?"  
The young man arose, and coming round to the side of his wife, drew her head down on his shoulder, and kissing the fair, upturned brow very tenderly, he replied:

"Yes, dear Lina; I must go, or lose my place, which is a very profitable one, you know. But somehow, Lina, you don't know how I have treaded this evening's work—hush! hush! darling!" he added, as the poor wife's tears burst out afresh—"it's only an idle superstition of mine! There is no actual danger! The road is firmly graded, and all as well when we run over the rails at eleven o'clock. We shall do bravely, I dare say."

"William!" and the white arms tightened their clasp about his neck—"don't, don't go! Better lose everything than your life! When you get back to Cliveville, go the agent and tell you cannot run the engine back to-night; it is not the downward trip that I fear, it will be night then, but the return. O! Willie, through all the horrid darkness which will be sure to settle down as soon as sunset! Don't go!"

The young man was strongly agitated during his wife's appeal, but when she ceased, he drew himself up, with a powerful effort to be calm.  
"Cheer up, cheer up, dear wife; it's only a little while, and then I shall be back at home again!" He took out his watch and, glancing at the dial, continued—"It is four o'clock now, and at nine we shall be back—only a few hours, Lina; so cheer up, and have a good fire, and a cup of hot tea ready against my return, for I shall be cold and wet!"

He arose, put on his overcoat, cast one intense, yearning look at his children, and went out, followed closely by his wife. In the entry he held out his arms to her, and for a moment he kept her close to his breast—then unloosening her, and leaving a passionate kiss upon her forehead, he tore himself away. Far off, on the hill above the village, he waved his hand in farewell, and was lost to view.

"God in heaven, protect him!" burst from the lips of Lina, as she closed the door against the

rushing blasts, and returned to the warm hearthstone and her precious children.  
William Mayfield was the head engineer on the M— railway, and his liberal salary enabled him to support comfortably his little family. He could not account, on this particular day, for the repugnance he felt to running his train back to the city—the sensation which pervaded him was both new and strange. He knew well that the track, which was laid through a region of hills and rivers, was in many places overgrown, and that the incessant beating of water was dangerous to the foundation of the road. He had spoken to the sub-agent of the doubtful propriety of going over the rails without previous examination, but that gentleman had laughed at his misgiving, and ordered him to start the train at the usual hour. In obedience to this command the cars were set in motion at precisely half-past four. The rain still fell heavily; and as the locomotive sped on, the engineer saw with direful foreboding the swelling and boiling of the water about the narrow stone bridges, and against the dizzy embankments on which the track was laid. At length the terminus was reached in safety. It was then six o'clock. Deep darkness had set in, and the rain drizzled mournfully from the leaden sky.

Mr. Mayfield immediately sought the head agent, and reported to him the state of the line. The man of wealth and power, seated in his velvet-cushioned easy-chair before a glowing grate, laughed at the engineer's representations.  
"Nonsense, Mayfield! What has happened to you? The train must run over the road to-night, whether or no! You either keep your station this evening, or renounce it forever! As you please!" and the gentleman returned to his paper.

There was a struggle in Mayfield's breast. His situation was a lucrative one; his wife had been raised in luxury; turned out of business on one road would effectually prevent his being employed on another. He rose slowly to his feet.

"I will go," he said, "and on you rests the responsibility!"  
The Eastern train, which connects at Cliveville with the trains over the M— road, was detained by the bad weather a considerable time, and it was near eight o'clock when Mayfield's train started. The night was black as Erebus. No human eye could distinguish the line of the horizon—the sky was inkly as the earth! The rain had, in a measure, abated, but a thick fog enveloped everything. The great polished "reflector," on the front of the engine, cast a light but a few inches—all beyond was black chaos.

Slowly, and with great care, Mayfield drove on. "Five Roads" Station was passed; the lights of Dorset and Litchfield flew by like the torches of spirits, and the train plunged into a dense forest known as Whitehall. At the farther outskirts of this forest ran a deep and narrow river intersecting the railway, and passed beneath it through an arched stone culvert. Mayfield reduced steam, and the trusty fireman and his assistant wound up the brakes. "Little Falls" Crossing was reached, Mayfield blew the whistle; in a few moments they would be upon the bridge. With straining eyes Mayfield sought to pierce the gloom; the dim light of the great lamp flickered for a second over the boiling waters—a rumbling as if the solid earth was rent in twain—a crash—a plunge—and that freight of human souls hung suspended between time and eternity!

The bridge had been swept away, and the ill-starred locomotive had plunged headlong into the yawning abyss! O! the horror of those brief moments between the plunge, and the return of realization to the terror-frozen passengers! The lights were extinguished in the fall, and the occupants of the cars, although uninjured, were in a state bordering on distraction. The conductor, who was an intrepid young fellow, seized the fragments of a broken settee and burst open a window. No sooner had this been effected, than he sprang through an opening, and luckily struck the ground with his feet. The lower brakeman joined him with a lantern, which fortunately had been kept burning, and the word which burst simultaneously from each was,  
"Mayfield!"

"I have called him, but received no answer," said the brakeman, while the cold pallor deepened, on his stern, grieved face. Mayfield was his cousin.

Snatching the lantern from the palsied hand of his companion, the brave conductor hurried forward. He passed the fearful chasm on the overturned body of a freight car, and at length reached the locomotive. Down an embankment of forty-five feet, it lay, buried in water.

There was a dwelling house near by, and the inhabitants, alarmed by the singular noise hastened to the spot with lanterns. Messengers were immediately despatched to the neighboring houses for aid, and the whole vicinity was soon alive with men, women and children, flocking to the scene of the catastrophe.

The passengers were released from their horrid confinement; and with depressed spirits, the men set to work to reduce the water about the engine. At the end of two hours of hard labor, a trench had been cut through the gravel, and the mad waters rushed in. Fifteen minutes served to reveal to the eyes of the anxious gazers the overturned engine—a mere wreck, broken and mutilated.

"Who will descend with me?" asked the conductor, Mr. Selwyn, preparing to go down. Mayfield's cousin, and a young farmer, stepped forward. Slowly and cautiously, for the bank of sand and gravel so long tortured by the flood, was but a precarious foot-hold, they proceeded, and at last reached the bottom.

The labor of a few moments exhumed the engine house from the heaps of broken machinery and the waste rubbish of the channel. Mr. Selwyn pried open the door.

"Poor Mayfield! Wretched Lina!" he exclaimed, passing his hand over the body of the engineer, whose faithful hand still grasped the safety valve! True to his charge was William Mayfield to the last. The fireman and his assistants were literally torn in pieces.

From appearances, it seemed that Mayfield had lived for some time in this horrible chamber-house, for his flesh was still warm, and from the disarrangement of his apparel, those who saw him were led to the conclusion that he had striven hard to free himself from the jaws of Death! He had

doubtless heard the spades of his friends as they worked to reach his place of confinement—maybe, he had even understood their conversation as they toiled. If so, who can imagine the agony of that soul's feelings?  
The dead bodies were taken out, and laid side by side on the rough embankment; and eyes which were strangers to weeping dropped silent tears over them.

At length a by-stander broke the oppressive silence.  
"Who will tell his wife?" he asked, indicating poor Mayfield with a nod of the head.  
Every eye sought the face of Mr. Selwyn. The young conductor brushed the moisture from his eyes—hesitated a moment, and then said:  
"Yes, it must be done. I will tell her, but it will break her heart; poor thing!"

A horse was procured from a farm-house near by, and Mr. Selwyn set out. The distance to A— was about fifteen miles; and through the horror of the night he spurred on.

The lights of A— broke on his view—Mayfield's house appeared, the bright glow of a cheerful fire beaming out through the gloom. With hesitating step Selwyn approached the door. The slight noise of his footsteps reached the listening ears within; the door flew open, and a pair of soft, warm arms fell around his neck.

"O! Willie, Willie! God be thanked! You don't know what I have suffered this dreadful night!"

"Mr. Selwyn unwound the clinging arms from his neck, and supported the half-fainting form into the house; and with every vestige of color gone from his face, he said—

"Mrs. Mayfield, compose yourself, I have much to say to you."

"Great God! it is true! Willie is dead! I felt it! Mr. Selwyn," and she clutched his arm with a gripe like iron; "tell me the truth."

"Madam, I dare not deceive you—your husband is, I trust, in heaven!"  
Shall I speak of the scene which followed? No, no! my pen would be powerless. Let the curtain fall over it.

Lina Mayfield still lives—a pale, grief-stricken woman! The light of happiness has fled forever from her eyes, and the shadow of a life agony has stolen the roses from her cheek. Silver mingles with the brown of her tresses, and her ringing laughter is hushed.

Day after day, to the noisy factory, goes this devoted mother, to earn, in the dust and gloom, the paltry sum which clothes and educates her fatherless children. She is striving to bring them up good men; and if the example of a woman, purified by affection, can affect their future lives, then will her object be attained.

Original.

TO J—C—.

I AM away from thee, my love, thy voice I do not hear.  
Thine eyes of light shine not on me, ah, no! thou art not near.  
Though other forms are round me now, and thine I do not see,  
My thoughts are still with thee, my love, my thoughts are still with thee.

Bright gleams the light on every face amid the festive throng,  
And music sounds for dancing feet that swiftly glide along;  
Although I join with them the dance my heart feels lone and drear,  
For oh! thou art not here, my love; oh, no, thou art not here.

Though many strive to win my heart, they cannot, for 'tis thine;  
And yet, and yet I often fear thou never wilt be mine.  
Thou lovest me, I think, dear one, but still it may not be,  
I worship none but thee, my love, I worship none but thee.

They know not that I love thee thus, for silently I hide  
The secret buried in my breast—yes, even thou'rt denied  
The knowledge that my lonely heart in vain for thee doth beat,  
And yet its throbs are sweet, my love, and yet its throbs are sweet.

The festive scene is over now, again I am alone;  
And dearer still in solitude art thou to me, mine own;  
In fancy I behold thee near, but no, it cannot be,  
I am away from thee, my love, oh very far from thee.

CHARLIE.

# KEEPING A HORSE.

IT is very funny, says a writer in the Springfield Republican, to mark the almost numberless methods which the parental instinct will adopt for its satisfaction. The little girl is satisfied with a doll, provided it approach nearly enough to her own size to have one of the characteristics of a baby—provided it be something which can be hugged, and will admit of a change of attire. The boy takes to dogs and horses—something which he can drive and order about, and play with. We know some very estimable maiden ladies who lavish their waste affections upon stump-tailed and red-eyed poodles. The cat is a universal recipient of tenderness, which was meant to be maternal, and intended for a legitimate object. Lambs, monkeys, canary birds, crows, parrots, goats and rabbits have all been favored with the outpourings of the paternal instinct, so universal in human nature.

There comes, sooner or later, in the development of a man, the desire to keep a horse. We do not allude to the requirements of business, but to something incident to a man's mental condition.—This time is not determined by the data of independent circumstances, for many men cannot refrain from keeping a horse, though they be poor as Lazarus. It comes upon a man between the age of thirty-five and forty, and usually upon those who have given up all idea of ever having children, or having had several, have ceased to have them, and there is no longer a baby to enchain the attention and demand care. Whether this is only a coincidence, or a fact legitimately illustrative of our philosophy, it may be hard to determine accurately.

An unappreciative outsider, to hear one of these horse-smitten men talk of his animal in the stable, would think him mad or dreaming. He pats him as he would a pet child. He admires him, combs his mane, and really feels as a personal insult, any

# Poetry.

## A FAMILY PICTURE.

BUT ONE PAIR OF STOCKINGS TO MEND TO-NIGHT.

An old wife sat by her bright fireside,  
Swaying thoughtfully to and fro,  
In an ancient chair whose cranky caw  
Told a tale of long ago;  
When down by her side on the kitchen floor  
Stood a basket of worsted balls—a score.

The good man dozed o'er the latest news,  
Till the light of his pipe went out;  
And unheeded, the kitten with cunning paws  
Rolled and tangled the balls about;  
Yet still sat the wife in the ancient chair,  
Swaying to and fro in the fire-light glare.

But anon a misty tear-drop came  
In her eye of faded blue,  
Then trickled down in a furrow deep,  
Like a single drop of dew;  
So deep was the channel—so silent the stream,  
The good man saw naught but the dimm'd eyebeam.

Yet marvelled he more that the cheerful light  
Of her eye had weary grown,  
And marvelled he more at the tangled balls—  
So he said, in a gentle tone:  
"I have shared thy joys since our marriage vow,  
Conceal not from me thy sorrows now."

Then she spoke of the time when the basket there  
Was filled to the very brim,  
And now there remained of the goodly pile,  
But a single pair—for him;  
Then wonder not at the dimmed eyelight,  
There's but one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

I can but think of the busy feet,  
Whose wrappings were wont to lay  
In the basket, awaiting the needle's time—  
Now wandered so far away;  
How the brightly steps to a mother dear  
Unheeded fell on the careless ear.

For each empty nook in the basket old,  
By the hearth there's an empty seat;  
And I miss the shadows from off the wall,  
And the patter of many feet;  
'Tis for this that a tear gathered over my sight;  
At the one pair of stockings to mend to-night.

'Twas said that far through the forest wild  
And over the mountains bold,  
Was a land whose rivers and darkling caves  
Were gemmed with the fairest gold;  
Then my first born turned from the oaken door,  
And I knew the shadows were only four.

Another went forth on the foaming wave  
And diminished the basket's store—  
But his feet grew cold—so weary and cold—  
They'll never be warm any more—  
And this nook in its emptiness seemeth to me  
To give forth no voice but the moan of the sea.

Two others have gone towards the setting sun  
And made them a home in its light,  
And fairy fingers have taken their share,  
To mend by the fireside bright;  
Some other baskets their garments fill—  
But mine! oh mine is emptier still!

Another—the dearest—the fairest—the best—  
Was taken by angels away,  
And clad in a garment that waxeth not old,  
In a land of continual day.  
Oh wonder no more at the dimm'd eye-light  
While I mend one pair of stockings to-night.

Original.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY HATTIE.

VERY many and varied are the reflections which have flitted o'er the mind's vision in regard to the above query. Very many must have been the opinions of the past three-score-and-ten, judging from the current of the lives of those who, during that period, performed their part in the drama of life; for, looking back upon the past history, we may observe different modes of living, different avocations, and different hearts within. Perhaps we may note in the annals of some worthy individual, that from his youth up he sought not honor, wealth or the world's applause, but in the recesses of his lowly heart sought to be beloved by all, to bestow justice to his friend and neighbor, and to make himself useful to those around him. Faint glimpses of other's lives may have left their shadows on our hearts, dark and sorrowful to look upon, without an aim, a purpose, living carelessly on from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, caring little for anything but self and their own wayward passions. Another may have sought wealth as his chief end of life, with the golden coffers heaped about his side. While the fourth, in turn, may have labored for the world's upholding, the public applause—honor in administering to the

nation over which he reigns or in inditing grand and noble specimens of literature in which mind is fully revealed, the highest powers awakened. And thus might we go on tracing, down the hill of Time, the records of those—who have, by worthy deeds and noble impulses, written their names in golden letters upon our hearts; those, too, who, by a reverse of character, we fain would forget—yet cannot—for by their cunning, artful treachery, the good we would still cherish were made to lay low, prostrate at the feet of those who scorned virtue, morality, and truth; yet not long, for the good are ever rewarded, the "just made perfect," while he who abandons the true principles of right must abide the consequences which fail not to bring unhappiness and bitter regret.

Thus, I say, might we go back and think over the lives of the past myriads who have inhabited this earth, and in our close analysis shall we not see that each and all were establishing unto themselves a name? Many, no doubt, were working, toiling on, seeking for a great and glorious name either in one profession or another. Many, too, cared not, or thought not even of such a thing as a name of any character; yet for all this indifference they had a name—whether a good or a bad one; their lives, their very acts spoke out in loud expressions, and they were known by their motives and acts of daily life, from which arose a name either of one class or another; and it is not even so at the present day? We see all around us striving, as it were, for something; perhaps the aim is a meagre one, the calling of an humble birth; but be that as it may, we still are winning a name of some character. How important then that our every thought, act, or expression should be right, should be truthful to ourselves, our own consciences, and to God; for if by our every day acts we are known and called, if by our own exertions we gain a name, ought we not thus to exercise our faculties aright, seeking for virtue and holiness rather than the ill devices of the world—the alluring yet destroying voice of the tempter which bringeth unto us but a name of horror and disgrace.

But, after years have passed and we have secured unto us a name, what, does the reader ask, is in a name? Methinks, dear reader, thine own heart dost readily answer—much, very much; for on a good name depends a vast amount of happiness, not only to those immediately connected, but the influence of such an one, who beareth a name full of greatness and honor, reverberates afar, and the world abroad taketh note that he liveth. On the other hand, a name of evil report strikes discordantly on the ear, and those who catch the unharmonious echo are made sad and miserable. Oh! surely, there is much in a name.

But, dear reader, I would not be misunderstood; I would not have you judge that I valued a name alone as the only requisite; far from it, for merely a name glowing in gilded letters without the worth or merit, is valueless, and gaineth in the end no good.

Some there are in life who seek only for the outward title, assuming to play the agreeable to those perchance who are in circumstances calculated to smile on them, or to bestow favor in some particular calling. Their homes are open to receive such welcome guests; the parlors must be well adorned; the choicest delicacies of the season must be brought forth to gratify their tastes; while the host and hostess do their utmost to make all about them pleasant and convenient to their desires. The guests may be of public note, they may possess a name of general applause throughout the land, fortune may have smiled on them, and friends (?) may have acquiesced to their every nod; if so, our host and hostess extend greater cordiality; festivities are celebrated; expensive dinner parties given, without calculating at all upon their meagre demands to meet the requirements of such occasions. They think not of their own circumstances, but, eager to gain the upholding of the world at large, rush blindly on from step to step, thinking to gain a name by so doing; and in the hearts of some who cherish the same spirit of self-esteem, they do secure a name—an appellation which soundeth well for a season—but its echo touches not pleasantly upon the hearts of great and good minds who worship at the fair shrine of truth and honor.

What doth it gain a man if he wins unto himself a name, falsified by his every act of wrong and disobedience? What great achievement hath he won when he is called liberal unto the destitute, a friend to his fellow man, advocate of religious principles, and yet not given arms in cheerfulness or of his own free will; who in every dealing with others is really unjust and severe; who maintaineth that religion is good, its principles important, merely for the sake of being popular—to gain a name thereby. But even then, though he is ranked high in the world's broad field of battle, in the closer walks with friends, within the precincts of his own home, he is fully known—his character truly revealed, and sooner or later the world taketh knowledge of him as he really is, not what he would assume.

There are others of a different character, who seek for a great name, not merely to be known by that name, but thinking more of their own advantages, deluding themselves with the idea that if they gain such a title, such an honor, they can glide on smoothly in life, reigning supreme above all others, while others in turn must bow to their every desire, each whim or caprice indulged; sad delusion; for hardly do they reach their highest point, their fondest hopes scarcely realized when they learn that all of earth's children are far from deeming them what they would wish, and cherished day-dreams and empty sounding names have fled from their minds, and then would they interrogate within themselves what, oh, what is in a name?

A name, if rightly used and faithfully represented by the current of our lives, is a symbol of ourselves. We falsify our names, 'tis true, oftentimes, yet many there are who remain true and faithful to the names they bear; sincerity is their watchword, fidelity their guide. They may be sincere to evil, they may be faithful to wrong, but be that as it may, they bear and are known not as false pretenders eager to appear what they are not.

Those who are truly faithful to themselves, to man, and to God, who are making their lives useful to others, studying the best interests of mankind, endeavoring to promote good in whatever form it appears, and above all seeking for the true germs of purity and Christian love, laboring to sustain "true and undefiled religion," which touches the heart rather than the head—such as these deserve an

honored and respected name; and they who are faithful to the above secure such a name, which is everlasting and permanent.  
Then let us, dear reader, seek for truth, virtue and holiness. May our lives be spent profitably, pleasantly and peacefully, and may calm Religion shed abroad over our own hearts its soft, serene light, diffusing its holy hours of sweet enjoyment and blest repose, trusting in a Saviour's love. Then while on earth a goodly name shall be ours, and after the joys of Paradise are open unto us, friends still loved and left will cherish our memories, and our names to which we were ever faithful, will be enrolled in glowing colors on the tablets of their hearts.

Original.

## A MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF MATRIMONY.

BY A BACHELOR.

BROAD is the matrimonial road,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a nobler path,  
With here and there a Bachelor!

It happened once, (not long ago)  
That Hymen had a banquet made;  
And asked the better halves thereto,  
Of some who were in snares betrayed.

While toast and song, and witty jest  
From guest to guest went freely round;  
Thought Hymen, "I've a mind to test  
How they have wedlock's fetters found."

"I now request," said he, "that you  
Shall call to me the truth relate  
What prompted you to plunge into  
The solemn matrimonial state."

"Why each forsook in early years  
The joys of maiden's single life;  
And stood beside my altar here  
A blushing, cheerful, happy wife?"

The first who spoke was Mrs. A.,  
A little hen-pecked husband's spouse;  
And subject it were safe to say,  
Of many rich domestic rows.

"You ask why I became a wife—  
I surely answer you as free;  
It was that I might have, through life,  
A man to tend and wait on me!"

The next in turn was Mrs. B.,  
A lady young and ever gay—  
At her husband's shrine a devoted,  
And fond of gilded wealth's display.

"Would you the reason know," she cried,  
And tossed about her haughty head—  
Why I became another's bride,  
Or why I chose a man to wed?"

"I chanced to meet a wealthy man,  
Though silly, vain, and very old;  
I wooed, as only woman can,  
And won him for his pile of gold!"

The fair and witty Mrs. C.,  
With more of woman's wisdom spoke;  
"I'll tell you why I wear," said she,  
The awful matrimonial yoke."

"In early life my hopes ran high,  
Ambition was my only god;  
It was my dream, my wish, that I  
Might walk where genius ever trod."

"When one I met, of whom 'twas said,  
He bears a titled, honored name;  
I quick the chance embraced to wed  
For station and for worldly fame!"

Next Mrs. D., an ancient dame,  
And once a spinster nice and prim;  
Arose to say, it was a shame  
To marry for a woman's whim.

Hers was a motive far more strong  
Than any they could ever give;  
She could not tell why she so long  
A single life alone should live.

"But when kind fortune favored me,  
I quickly did embrace," she said,  
"The chance to 'scape the obloquy  
Of dying a despised old maid!"

Said Mrs. E., "I was not for pride,  
Nor gold, nor fame I freely own;  
When but a child my parents died,  
I married for a happy home!"

"Dear me! how strange some people talk,"  
Young Mrs. F. then loud exclaimed;  
"To prattle thus is but to mock  
What God himself of old ordained."

"For home, or fame I did not wed,  
For station, or for shining gold;  
By fancy I was captive led,  
Through passion I was cheaply sold!"

There Hymen, who, it seems, till now,  
Had listened in a mute surprise,  
No more would hear the marriage vow  
Contented before his truthful eyes.

"I know," said he, "and must confess,  
When married folks there are so few,  
Those people now by true love blessed  
Are happiest Cupid ever knew."

But now, as your assertions prove,  
Before my holy altar here  
Not one its shrine hath sought for love,  
Unselfish, holy and sincere."

"How inconsistent is that faith,  
That vow of mutual love and trust  
That vows its birth, perchance its death,  
To selfishness and mutual lust!"

"If selfish aims and dark deceit  
Shall virtuous woman's love destroy,  
Hope you in married life to meet  
With happiness and constant joy?"

"Go, now, and, if in time thou shalt  
Have need to seek, by law, divorce  
Know thou the cause whose sad result  
Must follow in its natural course!"

With a low murmur all the guests  
Took leave, and Hymen, too, was gone;  
And left the bride and bridegroom  
To their own fate, and to their own.

And now, dear reader, let us see  
What Hymen has to say to thee;  
And let us see, if we can find  
A nobler path than that of him.

And now, dear reader, let us see  
What Hymen has to say to thee;  
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BY PERCIE BROWN.

POOR, darling Emma, how does thy pale face come before me now as I used to see thee, so white and sad, sitting on that little seat in the corner of the schoolroom, so close to that cruel tyrant we called our teacher. I can now see those tears falling one after another down thy cheek, and thy compressed lips in vain attempt to separate and plead thy innocence. Sweet one, the morning of thy life was all sadness; there was not a single ray of joy in its whole course, and not strange would it have been if every future bliss had been made gloomy and sad by the remembrance of past sorrows.

Such are often my reflections as memory carries me back to the little brown school-house where most of my childish years were spent. Not a recollection is awakened that is unconnected with the pale, sad face of Emma Grant. She was, it was said, the second daughter of Abram Grant, a man of intemperate habits, who lived in the district. There were several brothers and sisters besides Emma, all strong and healthy. She alone was pale and sickly. As a family they were very plain and coarse in features, but Emma was pretty. She was it is true pale and sad, but her eyes were large and expressive, her form graceful, and her manners refined to that degree that attends wealth and education. She did not seem like the others, and many doubted whether she was really the daughter of Abram Grant, but it was seldom disputed, and so no one in time doubted it in the least. Unlike those she called brothers and sisters, she never resented injuries, never murmured when ill treatment was exercised towards her, never pleaded her own innocence only by tears. Nor did she want for energy. No scholar recited such lessons as Emma, or stood oftener at the head of the class. No one tried to please a teacher or obey school orders like Emma; no one strove with more zeal to excel in scholarship, knowledge and goodness than Emma; yet strange as it may appear, she was despised by both teacher and scholar. She was one of the unfortunate few in our world who stand alone; who can neither sympathize with others nor unite with them in their vanities; who look for kind, answering hearts, and spend years of earnest search, panting and longing for just one to love and pity, yet ask and look in vain. Such was Emma. She was termed odd, selfish, babyish, hooted at when she neared the schoolroom, and shunned by all as unfit to associate with. The teacher too caught the mania. If anything wrong was done in his absence Emma was always the guilty one and always punished. He never pleaded her cause or proved her guilt. A few boisterous accusations were enough and the heavy lash fell unmercifully on the unprotected neck of the only lamb amid that drove of wolves. No one at home loved her. There she was the slave of a drunken father and a brutish mother. No wonder that she learned to wear a sad face and that it grew paler every day, while her step became more slow, until her little form lay prostrate and low on her bed of straw and refused to rise. Vainly threats and blows were freely used, she only partially rose, and fainting fell back again. Fortunately some friends of charity called and uninvited entered the sick room. A physician was recommended, but the cruel parents absolutely refused the entrance of one beneath their roof. Accordingly the police were summoned, and by force the little sufferer was conveyed to a charitable house and placed out of the reach of those monsters in human shape. For a long time she lay almost unconscious; life and death seemed striving each with all its might to gain the victory, yet death seemed most confident of success and turned aside, forgetful of the conflict, while life, doubting yet hoping, reached forth its hand and conquered. She lived, and pale and emaciated looked up and returned a smile to the kind face above her. It was the first smile she had received for many a year, and it sank away down into her soul and cooled the fever raging there; made the pulse beat with a more natural throb, and was the first step to her recovery. It seemed all a mystery, and yet she was happy. She asked for nothing more, wanted nothing

more; it was enough; better than all the cordials in the world; it reached the springs of the broken spirit and she was, aye, more, much more than happy.

Emma was well again. Gaining confidence from the kind treatment she received, after an urgent request she told her history. Away back as far as memory could wander she told of wrongs unnumbered, of kindness on her part, unrequited by her unfeeling parents, till her listeners grew sick at the recital and begged to hear no more. And when her brutal father stood at the door and demanded his child she was too far away to hear his cruel words, and raving like a madman he gave up his fruitless search.

Settled in a home of comfort and plenty we next behold the subject of our story. An aged man and woman are seated near the fire that burns brightly upon the hearth. A servant girl, hired man and two bright-eyed little ones, together with Emma, make up the group. The innocent prattle of the little boy and girl helps to drive away sadness and care from all their hearts; yet occasionally, as the aged couple turn their eyes upon those young faces, images of their own loved ones, now lost to them forever in this world, will force themselves upon their minds, and they pause to brush away the fast coming tears.

With Emma all is strange. There is a certain something connected with every object before her so familiar, so like a dream of long ago that she starts at every sound and wonders if she really lives, or has been transplanted to a fairer clime, from whence she first came to our sinful world. Yet nothing can brush away the sadness from her sweet face. It is indelibly written there and sealed with many years of suffering. Even her sweetest smile is a sad one, and her gayest laugh is checked by the remembrance of past sorrows she cannot forget.

"Is there not a striking resemblance between Emma Grant and our own child Emma as she used to look?" said Mrs. Lee one morning to her aged husband. "It cannot be that my old eyes deceive me so much. There are the same eyes, the same auburn hair, and her forehead is just the same as Emma's was. How strange that one should be sent to our roof so like her for whom we so long have mourned."

"My eyes are growing dim," answered the old man, "and I cannot see the resemblance you speak of, yet her voice sounds familiar to my ear and brings back freshly to my mind the first years of our married life. I am glad it is so, and if our imaginations can picture a resemblance let us strive to forget the past and be happy in the present, thanking God for His mercies in sending us this little wanderer to cheer our declining years."

A sigh was the only reply as they resumed their work, and the little ones came bounding in to prepare for school.

Swiftly time passed away. Emma was very happy in her new home and schoolroom. In the former she was treated as a daughter; in the latter as an equal and even superior by many. Her voice was ever kind; her lessons perfectly learned and manners refined. She caused no envious feelings, while she won the love and esteem of all. Merrily passed the years. Emma had reached her eighteenth year; Ettie and Almy, who were twins, their sixteenth. As brothers and sisters they had grown up together, and as such they loved each other. They were all educated liberally, and were enjoying the pleasures of home and the autumn winds. Almy however had not yet finished his studies, and as he bade adieu to his sisters on his return to school he felt more than ever the worth of such love as they bestowed upon him, and took his leave with much sorrow. Many kind letters were received and as many returned to the absent brother.

When he came home again he was not alone. He was accompanied by a classmate whom he dearly loved. He was easy and graceful in his manners, talented and thoroughly studied, and soon won the respect and love of all. How swiftly passed the vacation. They almost forgot they lived in their round of pleasure. When they returned Emma alone was tearless. The sadness of youth brooded like a cloud upon her pale brow. Yet she wept not, nor smiled, nor whispered farewell. Like a statue of marble she stood and took each

proffered hand, returned the pressure, but spoke not, apparently breathed not, till the coach moved away and left her standing supporting the head of her weeping sister. Almy would not return again for a long time, and they counted the hours as so many years in their loneliness.

Days and weeks passed away, and how eagerly did the sisters watch for letters from the absent loved ones. They came often, long and full of expressions of brotherly affection for each, but for Ettie there were others fraught with something unlike a brother's love. They spoke of a heart overflowing with esteem for one who though little known was warmly remembered. In time they became more frequent and of a more serious nature, and after many meetings and partings Ettie was borne away a happy bride to a distant land, and Emma, paler and sadder than former years had known her, bade her adieu with an almost bursting heart.

In the suburbs of a distant city, occupying a room of comfort and luxury, we behold a man of thirty-five or forty years of age reclining upon a couch, above which a female form is bending and kindly administering to every want. He is very pale, and his slight form shows that consumption is fast preying upon him and he must die. Reviving at length from a death-like stupor, he said in a firm and decisive voice:

"It is too late, Emma. If I must give up the search for our lost one and also everything else of an earthly nature let us return to those we left behind, and let me die in my paternal home and be buried by the side of my kindred. I have spent my life in a vain search for the lost, perhaps the dead, and have left loved ones to mourn my absence, and it may be in our long absence they have passed away from earth or mourn us dead. Let us return. Dearly as I loved our Emma I must now give up. If she is in the spirit world I shall soon see her. At most it cannot be long. Yes, I will nerve myself for the journey and go back to die in my own father's arms."


A few more weeks and a gallant vessel anchored in one of our eastern harbors, and the sick man we last spoke of, with his wife, stepped upon the wharf and took a carriage for the interior of the city. Again we see them borne with the speed of lightning through city and town till they reach the quiet village of R—. As they near the pleasant dwelling of Farmer Lee, the old man and woman open the door and strain their eyes to look upon the strangers. The hope is yet dimly burning in their breasts that they shall behold their children at last, and no wonder that they start at every sound and open the door to every stranger. A moment more and there is a strange mingling of sobs, kisses and stifled, half-uttered words. It is a joyful meeting; tears of joy are streaming from every eye. Almy and Ettie too are there, and receive the warm embrace of their parents for whom they have long mourned as dead. Emma alone is silent, but there are wild emotions swelling her young heart as she gazes upon the group. But the eyes of Emma Lee are fastened upon her. Her feelings are such as a mother only knows, and she knows it is her child. Almost wild with excitement she listens to her history, which brings its proof with it, and at once they all are united in a family band, amid tears and praises to God.

Restored to his family and finding her he had sought for many years, Mr. Lee soon recovered his health and lived many years to bless his family and friends. His daughter Emma was his comfort and joy, and cheerfully did she watch over the declining years of her newly found parents. Yet she wore the same pale, sad face; and when the gifted and talented bowed at her feet and asked but one smile she turned away, while her face grew more sad and wore a paler hue.

"Once only have I loved," would be her only answer; "I never can again. My life in childhood was all full of sorrow; my spirits were then crushed. I have no power to rise above recent trials, therefore I seek not joy. My parents are most dear to me of anything earthly, and I shall live only for them."

So all turned away in sadness, and Emma remained a maiden.

*this afternoon*  
*and in all*  
*Emma*  
*Ettie*  
*Almy*  
*Dear Emma*



Poetry.

A REMARKABLE POEM.

[The following striking poem was recited by Miss Lizzie Doten, a Spiritual trance speaker, at the close of a recent lecture in Boston. She professed to give it impromptu, so far as she was concerned, and to speak under the direct influence of the spirit of Edgar A. Poe. Whatever may be the truth about its production, the poem is in several respects a remarkable one. Miss Doten is apparently incapable of originating such a poem. If it was written for her by some one else, and merely committed to memory and recited by her, the poem is nevertheless wonderful as a reproduction of the singular music and a "fine action of Poe's style, and as manifesting the same intensity of feeling. Whoever wrote the poem must have been exceedingly familiar with Poe, and deeply in sympathy with his spirit. But if Miss Doten is honest, and the poem originated as she says it is, it is unquestionably the most astonishing thing that Spiritualism has produced. It does not follow necessarily in that case, that Poe himself made the poem—although we are as apt to believe a great many spiritual things on less cogent evidence—but it is in any view of it that it may be taken, a very singular and mysterious production. There is in the second verse an allusion to a previous poem that purported to come from the spirit of Poe, which was published several years since, and attracted much attention, but the following poem is of a higher order, and much more like Poe than the other.—Springfield Republican.]

From the throne of life eternal,  
From the home of love supernal,  
Where the angel feet make music over all the starry floor—  
Mortals, I have come to meet you,  
Come with words of peace to greet you,  
And to tell you of the glory that is mine forevermore.

Once before I found a mortal  
Waiting but to catch some echo from that ever-opening door;  
Then I seized his quickened being,  
And through all his inward seeing,  
Caused my burning inspiration in a fiery flood to pour!

Now I came more meekly human,  
And the weak lips of a woman  
Touch with fire from off the altar, not with burnings  
as of yore;  
But in holy love descending,  
With her quickened being blending,  
I would fill your souls with music from the spirit  
celestial choir.

As one heart yearns for another,  
As a child turns to its mother,  
From the golden gates of glory turn I to the earth  
once more,  
Where I drained the cup of sadness,  
Where my soul was wrung to madness,  
And life's bitter, burning  
being swept my burdened  
being o'er.

Here the harpies of the ravens,  
Human vamps and cravens,  
Preyed upon my soul—  
In anguish sore  
Life and I then seemed misnamed,  
For I felt accursed and fated,  
Like a restless, wrathful spirit, wandering on the  
Strygian shore.

Tortured by a nameless yearning,  
Like a frost-fire, freezing, burning,  
Did the purple, pulsing life-tide through its fevered  
channels pour,  
Till the golden bowl—life's token—  
Into shining shards was broken,  
And my chained and chafing spirit leapt from out  
its prison door.

But while living, striving, dying,  
Never did my soul cease crying:  
"Ye who guide the lost, and furies, give! oh, give  
me, I implore,  
From the myriad hosts of nation—  
From the countless constellations,  
One pure spirit that can love me—one that I, too,  
can adore!"

Through this fervent aspiration  
Found my fainting soul salvation  
For, from out its blackened fire-crypts, did my  
quickened spirit soar;  
And my beautiful ideal—  
Not too saintly to be real—  
Burst more brightly on my vision than the fancy-  
formed Lenore.

"Mid the surging seas she found me,  
With the billows breaking round me,  
And my saddened, sinking spirit in her arms of love  
upheld;  
Like a lone one, weak and weary,  
Wandering in the midnight dreary,  
On her sinless, saintly bosom, brought me to the  
heavenly shore.

Like the breath of blossoms blanding,  
Like the prayers of saints ascending  
Like the rainbow's seven-hued glory, blend our souls  
forevermore.  
Earthly love and lust enslaved me,  
But divinest love hath saved me,  
And I know now, first and only, how to love  
and to adore.

Oh, my mortal friends and brothers!  
We are each and all another's,  
And the soul that gives most freely from its treasure  
hath the more.  
Would you lose your life, you find it;  
And in giving love, you bind it,  
Like an amulet of safety, to your heart forevermore.



